Vol. CXL. MARCH, 1935. No. 840.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature and Science

Editorial Comment Child Murder as Entertainment The World Court, a Queer Court		641
The Pendulum Starts Back	*Brother Cajetan*	650
My Song Stands Tiptoe (*Poem*)	*Mother St. Jerome*	656
The Return (*Story*)	*Michael McLaverty*	657
Reminiscences of John Boyle O'Reilly (Part I.)	*W. F. P. Stockley*	664
In the Name of Local Pride	*Lashley Grey Harvey*	673
Strange Hurt of Beauty (*Poem*)	*Jane Coffin*	676
I Live in the Country	*Alan Devoe*	677
Deirdre MacDade's Discovery (Part II.) (*Story*)	*P. J. O'Connor Duffy*	682
"Old St. Mary's" (*Poem*)	*Evelyn Deasy*	686
The Wanderers	*Joseph B. McAllister*	687
The Fairy Lough (*Poem*)	*Liam P. Clancy*	690
Potpourri	* * *	691
Avignon	*Michael Monahan*	694
The Mind of John LaFarge	*John LaFarge, S.J.*	701
Song of the Fisherman's Wife (*Poem*)	*Sister M. Patricia, R.S.M.*	710
"Ireland Calling!" (*Story*)	*Mary Louise Gray*	711
Prelude (*Poem*)	*Eleanor Downing*	717
Mr. Gandhi's Future Plans An Interview with the Indian Leader	*B. Shiva Rao*	718
The Drama	*Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt*	721
The Ball and the Cross: A Medieval Miracle and its Modern Consequences Dark Days and Fair The Japanese Martyrs	* * *	728

Nova et Vetera 737 Foreign Periodicals 742 Recent Events 745

Our Contributors 749 New Books 751

Published by the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle (The Paulist Fathers) in the State of New York.

Copyright, 1935, in the United States, Great Britain, and Ireland, by the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle (The Paulist Fathers) in the State of New York. All rights reserved.

Publication and Advertising Office—The Catholic World, 401 West 59th Street
Editorial Office—411 West 59th Street

TERMS: Single copy, 40 cents. Subscription rate for 1 year, Domestic, $4.00; Canadian, $4.50; Foreign, $5.00.

Entered as second class matter July 8, 1879, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 9, 1918.

Catholic Press Publications

Walsh: **A MANUAL OF DEVOTION FOR SEMINARISTS**—The ideal manual for a young ecclesiastic. Boxed, beautifully printed on bible paper, full leather binding, vest pocket size, ix + 195 pages. **Price $1.10**

Ross: **THE ETERNAL SACRIFICE**—This text deals in a vivid manner with a full explanation of the Sacrifice of the Mass. Particularly appropriate for boys and girls of eighth grade and high school age. Bound in attractive green binding, 22 full-page illustrations, 8 vo, cloth, x + 198 pages. **Price $1.25**

Ryan: **COLLEGE HANDBOOK TO NEWMAN**—Endorsed by authorities as a splendid guide to the study of Newman. Pleasingly bound in two-color binding, cardinal red and oxford blue. 8 vo, cloth, v + 121 pages. **Price $1.25**

Fitz-Gerald-Mahoney: **PROSE AND POETRY FOR PRECIS WRITING**—For the teacher and student of English composition. An excellent anthology of good English. 8 vo, cloth, xiv + 184 pages. **Price $1.25**

Cooper: **THE CATHOLIC IDEAL OF LIFE.** 8 vo, cloth, xi + 200 pages. **Price $1.25**

Cooper: **THE MOTIVES AND MEANS OF CATHOLIC LIFE**—Dogma, Prayer, Sacraments. 8 vo, cloth, 267 pages. **Price $1.25**

Cooper: **CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH**—Treats of the Church, The Sacred Scriptures, The Life and Personality of Christ. 8 vo, cloth xv + 509 pages. **Price $1.80**

Cooper: **LIFE PROBLEMS**—Concerning religion, faith, life work, marriage, citizenship and recreation. 8 vo, cloth, xiv + 207 pages. **Price $1.25**

Every Catholic home should have a set of the Outlines by Doctor Cooper. Social problems are confronting our parents and teachers on every side and the above books fill a real need.

Foran: **THE PSYCHOLOGY AND TEACHING OF SPELLING**—Parents, teachers and students will find the text an up-to-the-minute presentation. It is thorough and practical. 8 vo, cloth, xi + 234 pages. **Price $2.40**

CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL REVIEW—A magazine for parents, teachers, professional men and women. Treats problems of interest to all engaged in educational work from the kindergarten through to the university. 10 issues the year. **Price $3.00**

THE CATHOLIC EDUCATION PRESS

1326 Quincy Street N. E. **Washington, D. C.**

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD

MARCH, 1935

EDITORIAL COMMENT

CHILD MURDER AS ENTERTAINMENT

"THE mink coats were saying to the Saville Row top-coats and the burgundy mufflers, 'Hel-lo darling! Isn't it divine! Isn't it wonderful!'" "Yes," answers Edna Ferber the novelist, acting as special correspondent for the *New York Times*. "It *was* wonderful and horrible and sickening and depressing and wonderful. It made you want to resign as a member of the human race." "It," as the shrewd reader will immediately have guessed, was the general hullabaloo at the trial of Bruno Hauptmann for the kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh baby.

Miss Ferber was not the only writing person to complain of the nauseating and obscene spectacle. Heywood Broun, more often flippant than indignant, for once gave vent to honest disgust. "A mist," he says, "arises from Flemington and drifts across the meadows engulfing the millions in America. This fog contains a deadly gas which eats away the fibers of human decency. A man is on trial for his life and he is charged with the commission of a horrible crime. But I am beginning to believe that the nature of the proceedings may constitute an even greater offense against the public welfare. No one will ever know the extent of the ravages which may occur when an entire nation is under a barrage of morbid detail. Engrossment in the case is so profound and widespread that we are losing sight of all reasonable human values."

Murder as a Circus

For the honest wrath of these two sophisticated metropolitans, I, for one, am duly thankful. It does much to offset the shame of the spectacle of millions of our fellow-humans taking orgiastic delight in a battle between experts to send a man to the electric chair or save him from it. I am no Freudian, but if some student of abnormal psychology insists that the intense preoccupation of the people in every minutest detail of a murder trial gives evidence of a blood-lust lurking in the unconscious, I confess myself unprepared to disprove the ugly theory. The stuffy courthouse in the little New Jersey village may perhaps have been the modern substitute for

the Roman arena, and it may be that millions who would not have the nerve to look upon a real gladiatorial combat accepted instead the sight of two lawyers fencing, not with swords but with words over a human life. A rather diluted pleasure indeed, compared with the fierce frenzy of the mob in an ancient amphitheater, but the modern degenerates must be satisfied with an imitation until society becomes savage enough to show them the real thing.

Morbidity Fostered By Newspapers

UNFORTUNATELY Broun and Ferber were only a whisper in a whirlwind. The very papers for which they wrote (the *New York Times* and the *World-Telegram*, both "high class" journals) poured out a deluge of words, as much as twenty or thirty columns a day about the trial. Presumably the people were eager for it: only a very stupid editor would clutter up his pages with a mass of stuff that his subscribers wouldn't read. One special correspondent gives the statistics: there were 700 newspaper men, including 129 with cameras; one syndicate (Hearst's, of course) had 50 men on the spot, among whom was their chief sports writer; 45 direct wires carried news of the trial to London, Halifax, Buenos Aires and even Australia. We Americans have no corner upon morbidity. As if the wires were insufficient, motor cyclists and airmen rushed frequent bulletins to New York. All told, 300,000 words a day were sent out to the avid breathless world. Heywood Broun says: "It is my impression that during all the time I have been reading metropolitan papers closely, no single story has commanded a like amount of space. . . . It took far fewer columns to tell readers that America had gone to war. The armistice ate up less space. Fire and flood and earthquake have marched across the front page with headlines of equal size, but not one of these stories penetrated so deeply into the dark continents of news which lie within."

The Literary Digest summed up the situation: More correspondents, sob-sisters, sports writers, psychiatrists, cameramen converged on Flemington than represented American papers in France during the World War. . . . A dozen airplanes used an emergency landing-field. The planes were hired by sketch-artists, film-companies and photograph-agencies. A carnival atmosphere enveloped the town of Flemington, where restaurants advertised "Jafsie Chops," "Lindbergh Steaks" and Hauptmann Beans"; thousands of visitors flocked of a Sunday to squeeze in and out of the court room, pose on the judge's bench and in the jurors' box; a locust swarm of cheap venders and fakers trafficked with the mob as at a country fair.

The Associated Press actually gave the number of drinks consumed: 16,128 glasses of beer, 12,600 drinks of rye, 3,226 of applejack, 3,100 of Scotch and 1,218 of brandy and cordials in the little town in the first month of the trial. The same great international news-gathering agency even counted the cigars and cigarettes and estimated how much money the ladies of the Flemington Methodist Church had made by selling lunches during the "wave of prosperity."

The New York *Nation* called the whole affair "The Biggest Show on

Earth." At the circus, to quote Miss Ferber again, "we sit and look and look, hundreds of us who have no business there and who should be turned away. Politicians, actors, theatrical producers, social reporters, lawyers, novelists, playwrights. We sit and stare hungrily like vultures perched on a tree watching a living thing writhe yet a while. We are like the knitting women watching the heads fall at the foot of the guillotine. We have got into the room through cajolery and bribery and trickery and lies—high-ups and low-downs." She says she felt like cabling Hitler, "You win, Butch!"

Vultures in a Court Room

As for me, I might almost feel like cabling Freud to apologize for the harsh things I have said of him, and admit that he may be right. Down deep we do seem to be loathsome reptiles.

The more pretentious papers attempted hypocritically to justify themselves for catering to the ghoulish instincts of their readers. Some editors offered the disingenuous explanation that full reports of crime are a deterrent against crime. Others alleged that they were but servants of the people, compelled willy-nilly to cater to the demands of their masters. It is the plea of every pander from the beginning of the world: "give them what they want!"

And what of the ethics of the press? There ain't no such animile. An old newspaper man has told me —"off the record" as far as names are concerned—of the proprietor of one of the greatest dailies in America who admitted that ethical principles may prevail in the newspaper world when the financial consequence is inconsiderable, but that when big money is involved, ethics go out the window. Ethics, honor, common decency went out the window, out the door and up the flue during the Hauptmann trial.

I HAVE compared the scene at Flemington with the gladiatorial games. There were points of resemblance between the two. One evidence of the essential sameness of the spirit that animated the American mob and the Roman is that the spectators in the court house as in the Colosseum laid wagers on the chances of the man whose life was in danger. What schoolboy is there who does not remember from the oration of Spartacus the line, "and bet their sesterces upon your head"? Damon Runyon, the aforementioned chief sports writer of the Hearst syndicate, deposes, "in the taproom of the Union Hotel when the wassail flows freely, you hear proposals to wager at odds of 5 to 1 on the conviction of Hauptmann of murder in the first degree." To give him credit, Runyon calls these gamblers "misguided and conscienceless souls," and their action "depravity."

Five to One on the Chair

WHEN I was a student in college I knew a highly venerated professor who was famous in his small circle for an uncanny knowledge of human nature. No one seemed to know how he came by it, for he was something of a recluse. One explanation was that he read the newspaper accounts of murder trials. I cannot remember if in those days the newspapers printed the testimony verbatim, with oceans of comment. If so, I now declare (it would have been *lèse majesté* to

say it then) that the old gentleman wasted a great deal of time to no purpose. Reports of murder trials, with all their accompaniment of prurient curiosity and ghoulishness would lead to a horrible misconception of human nature. After all, Freud is *not* right. We are *not* all jackals, or blood-sucking vampires. The Freudian fallacy is in accepting the abnormal as normal. The abnormal is indeed very low. One who sees the nastiness, the slightly suppressed savagery and the sadism in men, may be said, I suppose, to know human nature. But of course he *doesn't* know human nature. There are spots on the sun, but the sun is not all spots. There are slums in the cities, but the cities are not all slums. Not all the race is cancerous, leprous, syphilitic and gangrenous. But the last conclusion from the ballyhoo of a murder trial must be that more men —and women—than we had imagined are mentally diseased. If they were a majority of mankind, we must perhaps confess with Edna Ferber a temptation to resign from the human race.

Learning of Man By Murder?

THE danger of our being projected into the World Court seems for the moment to have passed. "Projected" is the word, for the attempt was made to rush proceedings in the national House and Senate by way of clearing the way for "more important" matters. There *are* no more important matters. The administration's idea of sneaking us into the World Court in a hurry was a legislative trick. But the President's card was trumped and the trick taken by the team of Father Coughlin and Mr Hearst. Father Coughlin's five millions of adherents and Mr. Hearst's followers (perhaps largely the same) swamped the telegraph offices and deluged the desks of the senators with protests, and the plan for swift disposal of the World Court question went awry.

Why the unseemly haste and secrecy, no one seems to know. The devil, they say, is always in a hurry, and when executives and legislators with a long term of congress ahead of them and not a particularly crowded calendar were told to "Hurry! Hurry!" it does seem as if there was some devilish desire to catch the people napping and commit them to something that they do not approve. How there can be any honest doubt about the attitude of the people at large on the matter of "foreign entanglements," it is difficult to see. Time and again they have expressed their disinclination for the League of Nations, all its works and pomps, all its divisions and subdivisions, adjuncts and appurtenances whether acknowledged or clandestine. An administration which pretends to doubt that fact can be enlightened at any time by a plebiscite. Even President Roosevelt's vast popularity (to date) would not save either the League or the World Court from a tremendous trouncing at the hands of the American electorate. The President knows that. Congress knows it. Hence the haste. However, it wasn't, after all, Father Coughlin or Mr. Hearst that tipped over the applecart. It was a realization by the senators that the people would work vengeance on them if they didn't obey. With the disbursement of nearly five billion dol-

The World Court Menace Once Again

lars worth of governmental patronage looming up, the politicians, eager to be on the right side, were prepared to vote for the President's measure. But with the warning of some scores or hundreds of thousands of telegrams (statistics differ) they decided to do the will of the people rather than of the President. Presidents (even popular presidents, whose hands drip with patronage) come and go, but the people remain. The senators were on the point of betraying the people, but changed their mind to save their skin.

Unanswered Questions

OF course, no one could expect to learn the truth about the Court from the orators on either side during the brief debate. Together with millions of other citizens, I listened to radio speeches and read the newspapers, but no one, not Father Coughlin or Hiram Johnson, or Mr. McAdoo (Wilson's intimate, who used to favor the League and the Court but has lately turned against them), not Borah, not Nicholas Murray Butler, not Dr. John A. Ryan, nor any one else gave a sufficiently simple and clear answer to the questions in my mind and—I imagine—in the mind of millions of other interested but legally inexpert persons.

So I had recourse anew to a document, *The United States and the World Court* by Philip C. Jessup, Assistant Professor of International Law at Columbia University, with a Foreword by Elihu Root. It is published by the World Peace Foundation which, we read, "focuses its activities upon making the facts available in clear and undistorted form." Perhaps this document *is* clear, but I wish it contained less legal jargon.

Jargon. And Why?

A phrase, for example, which I find on the very first page bewilders me, ". . . accession by the United States to the Protocol of Signature of the Permanent Court of International Justice." I think I know what a protocol is, and what a signature is, but what a "Protocol of Signature" may be, I am not sure. And when there is talk of "accession to the Protocol of Signature," and the "signing of the Protocol of Signature," I suppose I could work out the meaning but I can't help asking myself, "Why don't these lawyers write English?" In Webster I find that a protocol, in the language of diplomacy, is a "preliminary memorandum . . . used as the basis for a final treaty." But in Mr. Root's Foreword, I find the phrase "the protocol or treaty." If the protocol is a preliminary to a treaty, how can it be a treaty? And whether it be a preliminary memorandum or a treaty, why do they talk about "accession" to the protocol? Do they mean signature to the protocol? Then why not say signature? "Accession to the Protocol of Signature" is jargon, just jargon.

Furthermore, reading that the senate "adopted a resolution [in 1926] agreeing to the proposal subject to *five reservations* and *three additional qualifications*," I find myself wondering what's the difference between a reservation and a qualification. And if there must be so many reservations and qualifications, why not rewrite the protocol, weaving the reservations and qualifications into it? Also, do the amendments and qualifications apply only to the United States? In that case are we—were we—to go in as associate members not on an

equal footing with the others? Or as favored members not bound by all the rules? In either case, the eagerness to get us in arouses my ungodly suspicions.

At any rate, I should like to have an answer to my questions. Call them fool questions if you will, but remember that there are millions of other fools like me who don't know the answer to these questions any more than I do. We may be fools but not such fools as to leap before we look.

Lawyers, orators (especially administration orators) editors (particularly pro-court editors) and propagandists generally seem to my untutored mind to be engaged in a kind of conspiracy to trick the people with words and phrases. How can we vote for something unless we know what it means? There is an apt story of a witness in court who said "I think." "Never mind thinking, just tell us what you know," yelled the browbeating prosecutor. "I'm not a lawyer," was the naïve reply, "I have to think before I speak." We simple citizens are not senators, we have to know what we are voting for before we vote. Do the pro-court people, impatient of our stupidity, tell us to go hang, that we couldn't understand even if it were explained to us, and that our senators will vote for us since we haven't brains enough to vote for ourselves? Was that the reason for the suspicious haste? Is that what is meant by government of the people and by the people?

ONE thing the World Court advocates did attempt to make clear: adherence to the World Court had nothing at all to do with adherence to the League of Nations. But I read in the Document with which I am wrestling: "The Members of *the League of Nations*, through the undersigned, duly authorized, declare their acceptance of the adjoined Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice." And again, "The present Protocol, which has been drawn up in accordance with the decision taken by the Assembly of *the League of Nations*." And again, "The said Protocol shall remain open for signature by the Members of *the League of Nations*, and by the States mentioned in the Annex to *the Covenant of the League*." And when I come to the Statute itself I read, "*Art. 1.* A Permanent Court of International Justice is hereby established, in accordance with Article 14 of *the Covenant of the League of Nations*." The League, the League, the League, the trail of the League is over it all. And yet we are asked to believe that we can keep clean out of the League even if we enter the Court. May I ask the advocates of the Court—Americans and others—to pardon the stupidity that gives rise to the suspicion that the Court is an appendage of the League and that if we catch hold of that appendage we shall be like a man who catches hold of the tail of a bull. He goes where the bull goes.

The Court and the League

IF at this point some impatient champion of the World Court demands to know, "But why this insensate opposition even to the League itself?" I shall answer, "Don't ask me, ask the people. They told Woodrow Wilson. They told Warren Harding. They told Herbert Hoover. And now they have just told Franklin Roosevelt. They told the presidents *what* if they didn't

tell *why*. But though not empowered to speak for my fellow citizens, I imagine that their objection to the League and to the Court is based upon certain words of George Washington whose judgment they still respect even when it conflicts with that of Wilson, Harding, Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt. Nor is Washington the only voice in our history warning us against "entangling foreign alliances." In every generation since his day shrewd observers have told us to beware of Europe. The latest—just off the boat—Senator McAdoo of California, reports, "The Europeans are all armed to the teeth and getting more teeth in their armaments every day. They have fundamental difficulties and problems in which we have no conceivable part."

Presidents, Take Warning!

To that general feeling add the specific fact that the League has failed to check the growth of armaments and of the war spirit in Europe. If the Europeans maintain that they are impotent without us but would be omnipotent with us, we can only say "you flatter us" and we are suspicious of flattery. So many brickbats are thrown at Uncle Sam that when they throw a bouquet, he feels he should look at it twice before he picks it up—and even then handle it with forceps or a ten-foot tongs. One thing is certain: the United States is not to blame for the present war-spirit in Europe. We put no obstacle in the way of European peace. If they want peace, why don't they arrange it among themselves? If they cannot pacify their own continent, do they expect us to come over and do it for them? I am afraid they will have to excuse us from that sweet little job. We may be stupid but we are not insane.

If anyone doesn't quite fancy this kind of talk, let me explain that it is offered to those who demand to know "What can the Americans be thinking?" That's what they are thinking. And for fear that some pro-Court reader may feel the impulse to take pen in hand to write and castigate me for what he may imagine to be my anti-pacific attitude, let me explain that I yield to no man in my love and desire for peace, and that it is my devotion to peace that makes me hope we shall not get embroiled in European conflicts by going into the World Court.

Is it absurd to make the supposition that membership in the Court could plunge us into war? Let's see. Suppose we do go in. Suppose when we are in, Germany presents a case against France and Italy on the charge that they have combined in the attempt to prevent recovery in the Reich. Suppose the verdict handed down by the Court is intended to restrain Hitler in some one of his mad moves. Suppose he cries, "Prejudice! Persecution! Anti-Nordic sentiment! Jewish conspiracy!" Suppose he kicks over the traces, runs out of the League and tells the Court to go to the devil. What shall we do then? Send a sheriff, perhaps an American, after him, clap him into jail for contempt of court? It will take *some sheriff*. Some sheriff and perhaps 8 or 10 million armed deputies. Tell the truth. It will take an army to arrest and punish any recalcitrant against whom the World Court issues judgment. Are we ready to back up the decisions of the Court with our army, navy and air force?

Suppose

Suppose

Suppose

Am I told that all this supposition is beside the point? That there is to be no violent enforcement of the decisions of the World Court? Then what kind of enforcement will there be? A boycott? Didn't Japan tell China that boycott *is* war? Do they tell me there shall be neither war nor boycott? No sanction for the decisions of the Court? But what kind of court is it that has not sanctions? In an ordinary court, when the judge says "six months in the penitentiary" or "ten years in jail," a blue-coat claps his hands on the prisoner's shoulder and says "Come along." Either the prisoner goes along, or his gang rises up in the court and shoots it out with the police. When the World Court blue-coat claps his hand on Hitler (for example) or Mussolini (for better example) will Hitler's gang or Mussolini's gang shoot it out? And shall we be in that fracas? God forbid!

A Court Without Sanction?

THIS matter of sanctions bothers me. Again I have the text of the Protocol, the Statute, the Amendments and Modifications under my eyes, but I can find no heading "Sanctions." There are 33 articles on *Organization*, 5 articles on *Competence of the Court*, and 36 on *Procedure*, but not one word on *Execution of the judgments of the Court*.

Under Chapter II., Article 36, I read, "The jurisdiction of the Court comprises all cases which the parties refer to it." Even that is ambiguous to my poor frail intellect. It says "the parties." Which parties? The two involved? Suppose only one of the two refers the case to the Court. Suppose, for example, that Japan (readmitted *ex hypothesi* to the League and the Court) wants to bring up the matter of the immigration of Orientals into the United States. Suppose we don't want that case submitted to the Court? What then?

That brings us to a more vital supposition than any thus far. Japan—as the newspapers inform us almost every day—is biting off more and more chunks of the Chinese Republic. All Manchukuo has been swallowed and now Nippon's teeth are in Mongolia. The next thing we know, Japan may be gulping down the Philippines. Suppose we say "This thing has gone far enough," and institute a suit in the World Court. The decision, let us say, goes against Japan. Japan stalks out of the Court as she stalked out of the League. What then? Shall we send a sergeant-at-arms after her? Again I say, he will have to be some sergeant, and he will have need of a good many million deputies to bring Japan back into Court. It might take the armies and navies of all the members of the Court to make Japan behave.

Take the Case of Japan

I know: at this point some one is going to exclaim, "Can we never get sense into this fellow's head? The Protocol makes no mention of armies and navies, police, sheriffs, sergeants-at-arms. It merely says (again I quote Article 36), "The Members . . . may recognize as compulsory *ipso facto* . . . the jurisdiction of the Court." They may? But by the same token they may not. "Sorry, judge, I don't agree with you. I bid you good day." What kind of court is that?

There are more difficulties in the text of the Protocol. Plenty of

them. Article 53 reads, "Whenever one of the parties shall not appear before the Court, or shall fail to defend his case, the other party may call upon the Court to decide in favor of his claim." That might very well be our case. If Japan hales us into the Court about the exclusion of Japanese from our country or the California law prohibiting Japanese to acquire land, we should, I suppose, be embarrassed to defend ourselves. We shall be inclined not to appear. The Court might conceivably accord the Japanese a right to come into the United States and acquire property like white men. Then shall we resign from the Court, like children who refuse to play any more when they feel themselves injured or slighted? Queer court. Or shall we say to the Japanese, "We dare you to come in!" and send all our forces to stop them? Or shall we surrender to Europe our sovereignty over our own land?

Just one more. Article 59 reads, "The decision of the Court has no binding force except between the parties [involved] . . ." That means of course that it *has* binding force *between* those parties. But when we read on to find *how* the force shall bind, we read in vain. Let's have the plain truth. A court without means of enforcing its decisions is no court.

MY principal point, I hope, is not forgotten. I would emphasize the fact that the people of the United States have ten thousand questions in their heads about this World Court, and no one has got the answer over to the people. We have newspapers, radios, lecture halls and a dozen other means for the transmission of ideas. We are receptive. Let's have the information. But our informants must have authority. They must speak with the approval of the Court and they must refer us to Chapter and Article. We will not take surmises, guesses, private interpretations. What we desire to know, in brief, may be comprised in these three fundamental questions: 1st. What kind of cases may be or must be submitted to the World Court? 2d. If the decision goes against a member, and the member refuses to abide by the decision, what must we do then? 3d. If the decision goes against us and we refuse to abide by the decision, what will the nations then do to us?

Elementary, Watson, elementary! But that's the trouble. We haven't even elementary knowledge of the World Court. Its defenders may say with scorn, "The people don't know anything about the World Court and that's why they are against it." Possibly. So let its advocates tell us all about it. Tell us truly. Tell us authoritatively. And then we may be in favor of it. But my guess is that the more we know about it, the more we shall be determined to stay out of it. At any rate, let's get ready for the next attempt to put us in. It may come any day.

THE PENDULUM STARTS BACK

By Brother Cajetan

THOSE who have been observing the literary scene in America for the past twenty years or so are indeed to be envied. For a truly unusual spectacle has been going on. During this long battle of the literary intellects have been recorded the birth and the inevitable trek to the graveyard (as it would appear) of liberalism, the birth and the sudden burial of the new humanism, and the more recent birth of the thin-legged, raucous Marxism, and its first steps toward what looks like an early and final resting place. And there has also been recorded, or there soon will be, the revitalization of that hitherto unimpressive factor in contemporary literature—the religious tradition.

One gathers from the dictum of that pioneering liberalist, Mr. J. E. Spingarn, that the early leaders of what developed into the post-War generation became filled to overflowing with the things that had been placed before them by the traditional American writers. Mark Twain, they decided, and Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, and the whole group of New England poets, and even Mrs. Wharton and such, had made literature quiescent, and it was now their duty to reimpregnate it. That dictum, it seems, brought on the literary war.

The liberals began by attacking the old standards, and they refused to set up any of their own, stating that these would eventually evolve themselves out of the new order. They trained their howitzers upon the puritanism which they felt all the newer Americans should despise, and Ernest Boyd somewhat profanely branded the sacred cow of the traditionalists as "Nordic, Protestant, and blond."

The liberals did their initial work well. They were destructionists. They left not a stone upon a stone of the temple they had come to destroy. And they harried all the smug *literati* on the banks of the Lethe into such a sensibility that they shall never sleep again.

But the standards never came. There was not even an attempt at construction. What had once been at least an edifice in American literature was now only a hole in the ground, and the liberals walked off as if it didn't matter. In fact, during the quiet period when the winds went all their way, they quarreled a little. Several critics, for example, defended Dreiser before the American public, and then gave evidence of feeling like the whale after Jonas had been with him for a few days. Some of the liberals said ten feet, and others said ten yards, but most of them went ten miles. The critics are to be blamed for what they failed to do—to construct; and the novelists, the creative artists (a term which I use in a generous mood in this case) are to be blamed for setting the clock of our literature back many years and for putting before us a long and unforgivably bitter diet of slime and disillusion.

This, I trust, is not the personal plaint of a sentimentalist, nor an echo of Stuart Sherman preaching from his critical pulpit. Those who

feel that contemporary American fiction has even a semblance of greatness attached to it are to be admired for their optimism.

Only a few years ago, the new humanists, badgered beyond their thin endurance by what they considered the pathetic state of our emancipated letters, came upon the field, armed to the teeth with standards and tradition. They were an eminent and an intellectual group, with their tenets based, for the most part, upon the hard rock fundamentals of the early philosophers and the classicists. They advised man to learn of the ancients, to search his heart and find there the center of life and living, to acquire, according to the definition of Irving Babbitt, "proportionateness through the cultivation of the law of measure."

This brilliant and learned company presented real danger to the front of the liberals; so the liberals concerted for a savage counter attack. For a long while it appeared that the new humanists might win the day. They had many sympathizers, and they effected the strategem of appealing to the younger set of critics.

But as the days wore on it became evident that the new humanism could not survive—for two reasons. First of all, it failed to produce a single creative artist who could really impress America. And secondly, its program was not unified; its leaders knew what they were fighting against, but they could not entirely agree on what they were fighting for. This they proved lamentably in their variorum, *Humanism and America*. There was no one in the entire history of literature whom they could set up unanimously as an infallible guide.

Some of them wanted humanism without religion; others felt that religion was its life force. Inclined to one side, Irving Babbitt maintained that true humanists were often found among the finely poised French gentlemen of the seventeenth century, the libertines, who were opposed to everything supernatural; whereas T. S. Eliot maintained that "without religion and science—without emotional and intellectual discipline — humanism tends to shrink into an atrophied caricature of itself." And now, with its body torn asunder, the new humanism is virtually dead.

But liberalism is scarcely any better off. Many of those who were once its most ardent defenders are now looking at its sick, twisted body, and turning away in chagrin and disgust. Henry Seidel Canby asks, "May not this sad condition be a fault of the individual writers themselves, their lack of power, rather than the fault of individualism and liberalism?" But as Bernard Smith points out in a recent issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, the liberals to-day are forced to take their choice between the wreck of the thing they once preached from the house-tops, and that comparatively new f o r c e, Marxism. In fact, several eminent critics (and many young writers) have already turned to Marxism; but these men seem too protean to be sincere. When individualism failed to come forth with all it promised to the post-War generation, these men swung, with the times, to the left. Certainly it is a long leap from self-expression to class expression. As Christopher Dawson distinguishes in *The Modern Dilemma:*

"In a communist Utopia, there is no room for a Wordsworth or a Bee-

thoven. The artist, no less than the engineer, or the bureaucrat, is the servant of the economic machine, and his highest aim is to be a kind of publicity agent for the communist state. But in the democratic Utopia [which the liberals sighed for] the state would be the servant and not the absolute master of the human personality, and the development of the individual genius would be encouraged as much as possible, for one Mozart adds more to the real wealth of society than a hundred millionaires or political organizers."

But whether liberalism is a bewhiskered and tottering old man or even now a barrel-chested youth, and whether the other influences, too, are crawling painfully or skipping gaily, I am not primarily concerned. My point is this: Up to now they have given us nothing over which we can grow even faintly enthusiastic.

But there is still another choice, and there are plenty of writers who have broken away from liberalism, and who have not adopted Marxism. We have, of course, our alleged typical American novelist, Sinclair Lewis, who surprisingly put aside his satirical fangs and wrote a conventional tale in *Work of Art*. But the several men I have in mind have certainly flown far higher than the mere peaks of convention.

It is here that I wish to bring in that battered effigy which has been set up and hooted down, the body which has been tossed upon the horns of the wild bulls, the force which has been emasculated by the nonbelievers because, to begin with, many of them do not understand it, and do not care to understand, and hence cannot hope to interpret it or give it a status. I refer to the force of the Christian spirit in literature.

The Christian tradition in literature has often been misidentified as the spirit which characterizes a work in which are noble emotions, high and unswerving ideals, and a faith in the Divine Creator of the universe. It is found, so one thinks, in that kind of work done by Whittier, Hawthorne, and the rest of the New England host which the liberals protested against years ago. It is often associated with puritanism, blindness and sentimentality.

But that is the Christian tradition only in an oblique sense. That would be better called the tradition of convention; it can enter the work of any writer who has some respect for the supernatural and some inclination towards the Christian religion. And the religious element in it is often of an incidental rather than an influential character.

The Christian tradition, as I mean it, goes beyond that. In its literal sense, it means the *following of Christ*. From beginning to end of the work, the conflict is a spiritual one; the values and the forces are spiritual. Not only must the *tone* of the work conform; the *matter*, too, must be essentially of the spirit. What happens to the body makes no great difference, for the soul is of the first concern.

That such a force in literature has been, to some degree, revitalized, may be seen from the astonishing change which has taken place in the dramatic expression of Eugene O'Neill, the sincere experiment of Philip Barry with religious drama, the slow progress of T. S. Eliot across the Waste Land until at last he seems to be on firm ground, and the very evident stir of attention

which religion has lately caused in literary circles.

To be sure, our hopes for the new vitality in the Christian tradition would be slim indeed if they were to rely alone on three writers—but these three writers are preëminent in their fields, O'Neill and Barry having been recognized by nearly all critics as the two outstanding dramatists in America, and Eliot having gained the distinction years ago as being perhaps the most authoritative critic of two continents and one of the most influential poets of his generation. Then, too, it is not so much what these men have accomplished in this new tradition (for as yet that is little, indeed) but it is what they signify and prophesy. They represent a *turn to the right*, just as surely as some liberals represent a turn to the left. These are the men who may help to take some of the nodules and nicks from the face of our literature.

And besides the examples of these three writers, there are other indications of spiritual change, more indirect and yet probably just as significant. These are such diversified indications as the recent conversion to the Catholic faith of the greatest liberal of all, and the most imitated novelist in America, Ernest Hemingway; the attempt of that mother of liberals, Gertrude Stein, at spiritual opera; the return of Ludwig Lewisohn from an erotic liberalism to the "faith of his fathers"; the use of spirituality (although not always Christian) as an underlying theme in the work of such new writers as Morley Callaghan, Kay Boyle, Charles Morgan, and others. The appetite of the public, too, has developed a surprising edge in the past two or three years.

It is a striking truth that some of the finest examples of Catholic literature represent sinners in conflict, their souls clashing with their bodies; instead of a *following of Christ*, very often it is a *running away from Christ*, only to be caught up with eventually. We see the Christian tradition evidenced in many forms. Frequently it may be the sign of a great emotion in the author himself, rather than any great spiritual manifestation in his work. This is so of Boccaccio who, with the passing of time, sincerely repented the free stories of his younger days, and it is true of Chaucer who wrote a *Preces*, or prose *"retracciones"* of all that was sinful in his tales. Or it may often be in the writing itself the aftermath of a spiritual struggle, as one can observe in the *Meditations* of St. Teresa, in the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, and in the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius.

Sometimes the tradition is effected by a sudden cry of repentance and desire on the part of those who crawl slowly up the side of the abyss and then sink back. Examples of this may be seen in François Villon and Paul Verlaine. Nor must the writer of necessity be a Catholic. There are the instances of Voltaire's *Alzire*, Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and more recently, Stark Young's play, *The Twilight Saint*. Very often one finds the tradition in a reproduction of the struggle itself, as in Petrarch's *Trionfi*, in Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," and in numerous of his sermons, and also in Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven."

I mention these examples only to show that the entire history of literature with a Catholic spirit is filled with a strange repetition of a great struggle—the attempt of the

soul to fight off the mastership of Christ, to deny the supernatural and the eternal, to find completeness in the things of the world and of the flesh. This is especially true of the poet Thompson, who wrote his spiritual autobiography into "The Hound of Heaven." But the force which conquered at the end of Thompson's race was not like the Erinys of the old myth. Here it was the undiminishing love and forgiveness of Christ toward the least and most wayward of His creatures.

As every reading Catholic knows by this time, the latest drama of Eugene O'Neill is the story of the Hound told again. Critics have written that in it O'Neill, too, has given us his spiritual autobiography. This, of course, may be speculation. In *Days Without End*, a man who has lost the Catholic faith of his youth finds that he is a protagonist in a spiritual conflict. The progress of this conflict makes up the drama, and the final scene ends at the foot of the Cross, with the soul coming back to Christ and finding a great peace.

Not everybody thinks that this modern miracle play is work of the first order, because not everybody is a believer. Many felt that the author of *Strange Interlude* and *Mourning Becomes Electra* had tricked them, or at least had failed to entertain them. But to the believer, or to the one who has ever tried or hoped to believe, or to the one who has believed once and ceased for a while, the play is not only intelligible and fascinating but a work of art. It is the Christian tradition at its best.

What O'Neill will continue to do in the theater no one can predict. He may go back to his old haunting themes. He may have been only trifling with an experiment in *Days Without End*. If he continues upon this same idea of spiritual hunger and of the triumph of Christ over the soul of man, the critics will probably write brief epitaphs to mark the petering out of genius, just as some of them did when Willa Cather played upon a religious theme in *My Mortal Enemy*. But whatever might be the cost in the world of criticism, it would be unfortunate, indeed, if O'Neill were to neglect to show that the only folly is despair and spiritual death.

And what of T. S. Eliot? For years the eyes of the literary world have been fastened upon this cryptic poet. It was he who was the spokesman for the young men perishing in the Waste Land. He has been the greatest paradox of contemporary letters. The sanest of all the critics, the most intellectual and authoritative, he has respected standards and abided by tradition, and defended both. And yet his poetry has taught us nothing except that we know nothing, and that all things end in futility. He has told us in several ways that "we are the hollow men, we are the stuffed men."

As a critic and as a traditionalist, Eliot has held religion essential both to literature and to life. But what particular form that religion takes in his mind has been difficult for his readers to determine. As I have mentioned, he has always been convinced that humanism is sterile without religion, and yet in the same essay in which he wrote the above, he also wrote:

"The Roman Church in America has little contact with some of the most valuable elements in American culture; it not only lacks hu-

manism, but is in danger of adding vulgarity. . . . But both in England and in America, Protestantism is in still worse case. It can be, and usually is, equally vulgar; it can be equally narrow and bigoted; with the alternative that when it is not narrow and bigoted, it is liberal, sloppy, hypocritical, and humanitarian. The Roman Church is dangerous in one direction; the Protestant Churches are dangerous in two directions."

Eliot seems to be in a dilemma. He admires religion from afar, but finds its external forms disgusting because it has been anamorphosed by the imbecilities of men. On the surface, Eliot reminds one of Cardinal Newman. But despite his eyes, Newman's heart was convinced of immutability. And Eliot has never displayed the humility or the faith of Newman, both of which were helped by the realization that Christ transmitted the Church to the ages through the agency of weak and erring men only because it would have been unfeasible to inhabit the earth with angels.

The important point is that Eliot, in his recent poetry, seems to have caught that essential spirit of humility—the same spirit which O'Neill gave evidence of in *Days Without End*. Now he seems worlds away from the almost stark objectiveness of "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and "Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleisten with a Cigar." He seems more concerned in his spiritual *self*, than in the world in which he lives or in the lost generation which he represents.

In Eliot's poem, "Ash Wednesday," there is evidence of a conflict, a struggle of the spirit, the relentless chase of the Hound of Heaven after the soul. The underlying symbol in the work is the sacrifice of the Mass, which is a perpetuation of the sacrifice of the Cross. Where this pursuit will end, no one can say. I do not wholly imply that in order to effect the triumph of the spirit, the chase must end in the Roman Catholic Church. But all other signs conform, and perhaps the end will, too. It appears that for Eliot there is no other shelter beyond the bounds of the Waste Land.

The importance of Philip Barry, too, as regards the Christian tradition, depends solely upon the future. What he appears to have attempted in *The Joyous Season* is to show how the spirit of a single religious person can affect the lives of a world-weary, material-minded group of modern men and women. That is not what he actually tries to do. He depicts modern life as vacuous and unsatisfying, and the characters that fill it as only shells of men and women when they neglect the life of the spirit. The one thing which can add substance to their world is the life of the soul.

Barry's success in the play is not unqualified. It is not a masterpiece like *Days Without End*. But I repeat that the importance of this work, the qualities of which everybody, even now, may be damning with faint praise, lies not so much in what it accomplishes as in what it promises. Like the work of the other two writers, it is but a sign of what may be, now that a definite turn away from liberalism has been made. It is the great hint of a prophecy that the spirit of Christ is coming back into the books of men.

For there has been a great break-up along the literary front. Lewis, Dreiser, and Anderson have evi-

dently spent themselves. The young autobiographers who spilled their whole experience into a few hundred pages because the self-expressionists called for it, are now anæmic hangers-on. The prophets of the new psychologies are supine.

Those who possess genius and still retain vitality must swing out of the old arc, but in the same inevitable cycle. What I believe is that the religious force is part of that cycle. It is not autogenic. It is not new. It is as old as the first sin of man and the first pang of despair. But in this our day it is an offspring of liberalism. It is a reaction, the coming in of the tide that went out with the disillusionment of the post-War era.

The religious force in literature, when properly applied, does not tend to crush individualism. It does not depend always upon dogmatic faith. It does not aspire to dictatorship, nor does it ever descend to the rôle of top-sergeant bringing the bastinado to the arts. All these are unfortunate accidents which have been capitalized by the skeptic. The power of religion in literature actually depends on individualism, but on an individualism which has been chastened by humility, by a realization that man of himself labors all the night and takes nothing.

Bitter and strange as it may seem, there is no longer a generation of giants among us. They have been toppled off on the way, half-starved on their diet of tares, scourged and beaten, blinded and choked by the dust of the Waste Land. They will deny this. They will fight and show you. But their fists are brittle and the muscle is gone and they are leg weary. They are Thompsons, like the rest of us.

MY SONG STANDS TIPTOE

By Mother St. Jerome

My song stands tiptoe, poised for rapid flight
In raptured vision to the infinite;
Surging about her feet the flower-strewn plain,
Her lifted visage dewed by heaven's rain,
Caressed by every breath of wandering air,
And crowned by aureole of sun-kissed hair—
Yet to the sod
Clings her reluctant foot,
Her tremulous lips are mute
Though pinions strain to reach the heart of God.

THE RETURN

By Michael McLaverty

THE people were leaving Inishleen. All week boats laden with sheep, hens, and sticks of furniture sailed for the mainland where the Government had granted new houses to the islanders. And now the Conneelys, with their final cargo, were leaving. They were the last.

Sitting on a stone in front of his whitewashed cabin old Martin Conneely watched sadly his married son and daughter-in-law busy with the flitting. Chairs, stools, a wooden chest, and a brick-red crock with partly blackened sides lay on the wet cobbles. Slowly the house was emptying and Martin's heart was emptying with it. His bony hands grasped more tightly the stick that lay between his legs and he tapped it nervously on the stone flags. His watery blue eyes traveled down the stone-fenced path in front of him, out to the rocky quay with its wriggling boat, and then out across the sea to the dim hills of the mainland. A moist wind filled with the acrid smell of rotting seaweed blew wetly against his bronzed face and short gray beard. He rested his eyes on the shore in front watching the waves throwing white coiling ropes of water on the black rocks. But always he was conscious of his son moving past him, adding to the pile, and clearing out the house that had reared him and his for years, for years beyond memory.

He could bear no more. He sighed deeply as he rose to his feet and leaning heavily on his stick he hobbled down the path. His son Dermot appeared in the doorway with the sleeves of his blue jersey rolled up. "Let you not be long, father; we'll soon be goin'," he shouted.

The old man stopped, and keeping his legs in the same position, he turned his body slowly round.

"I'll be back in me own time," he replied in a broken voice. "'Tis little time any of us has left now and I'll make the best of it."

"God help him, 'tis taking it hard he is surely," said the young wife.

"'Tis the weight of sorrow is on him," replied her husband as they went on with the clearing.

Martin turned to the right and struck the hedgeless road that fringed a small semicircular bay. The road was made of white pebbles and sand. In stormy weather the waves crashed over it, the sea-drift falling like hail on the scraggy potato patches that sloped down to it. He walked along, but his feet crunching in the deep pebbles soon tired him.

He stopped, and leaning his two hands on his stick he looked at the ten little houses that were the island. Behind them rose Cnámh Mór, its gray toes sticking in the bog, and a baby cloud nestling against its cold breast. No smoke came from the chimneys; no hens scratched in the dungheaps; no children played. All was lifeless. Everything was gone, and on the white gable-ends were dark green triangular patches where the turf had lain. Shaking his head hopelessly and muttering in Gaelic he trudged on.

He was dressed in an old pair of trousers, patched with various garments and sewn by himself with white twine. His dark coat lay loose on him like the coat on an old scarecrow. He had no collar and his gray shirt was closed at the neck by a frayed linen-covered button. An old hat, much too small for him, was kept on his head by a piece of rag twisted rope-wise, passing under his chin and round the crown. Below the hat at the forehead hung hair as white and fine as bog cotton. But Martin didn't seem to mind his tattered appearance as he walked to the graveyard which lay near the sea.

A mizzle of rain fell continuously, lying on the grass like a light frost, and filling with its dust spider's hammocks that swung on the loose stones of the graveyard wall. Over the wet-polished slabs of the stile the old man clambered.

Grassy mounds lay around him, their moss-covered headstones tilted in all directions as if the dead had turned and shouldered the burdens to the side. Martin, holding his hat in one hand, trod through nettles and docks to where a fuchsia bush dangled its red and purple bells above his dead—his wife and his people. An unengraved slate stone, streaked white with bird-droppings, was propped stolidly at the head of the grave. The old man knelt in the rain-soaked grass and prayed in silence, the fuchsia leaves whispering with light rain. Then he burst out: "There's no life in me now nor nothin': I'm as hollow as the house we're leavin'; it's lonely you'll all be now with no one comin' of a Sunday and all of us gone. May God have mercy on your souls and the souls of all the dead."

Slowly he rose, black flakes of wet showing on his knees. He looked dejectedly at the slab of slate, the point of his stick scratching the moss from the rough-edged top. Then prizing his finger into a crevice, he flaked off a piece, the action disturbing a host of tiny pink spiders. He put it into his pocket and turned away. At the top of the stile he took a last look round, at the dark tracks in the moist grass leading to the grave, and in the corner the crumbling walls of the ancient church with the path around it worn black by the feet of countless pilgrims. Martin yielded to a deep sigh, and without turning around he walked back the road again.

They were waiting for him in the boat. He stepped in and sat in the stern, wiping the sweat off his brow with the sleeve of his coat. No one said a word. Dermot took the oars and rowed out until he passed through a narrow channel lying between two spears of rock. Then he shipped the dripping oars and unloosed the ropes from around the little brown sail. The sails flapped; the boat shivered, and with a slap and a crunch of water, her bow was turned to the mainland.

Dermot, at the tiller, sat beside his father, their backs to the island. Mairéad sat on the wooden chest, her legs dangling beneath a navy blue skirt revealing her thick black stockings and heavily-nailed boots besmeared with clabber. Her face was flushed with youth. A black shawl was around her shoulders, V-shaped at the neck, showing her white throat. Occasionally her hand brushed a strand of black hair from her brown eyes, as she looked at the boiling-stir of water in the boat's wake, at the island houses getting smaller, scattered like a handful of thrown pebbles. To her

left were the cliffs of the island, a cold gray, their tops thatched with clouds, and white gulls screaming and flying from their crevices.

The drizzle blew to heavy rain and it fell with a quick pattering on the wind-tightened sail. For Martin there was grief and sorrow in the noise and feel of it. He sat, leaning forward on his stick, the rain trailing snail-lines on his black hat, his face grim and motionless, and his eyes shut like a blind man. He yawned involuntarily, and when his son threw an empty potato sack across his shoulders, he never moved. In his mind he was reproaching himself for leaving his dead and the crumbling old church.

For Dermot the leave-taking was different. He looked at Mairéad as she arranged her shawl about her head and smiled at him with a gleam of white teeth. He pictured his sons to come growing up in a land where a spade sung with a soft sweet sound, instead of the ceaseless struggle against bog and rock that was the island. A shower of spray broke across the bow of the boat and made him pay heed to the tiller.

When they neared the mainland a cap-full of blue sky showed in the north. The rain ceased and the sun shone. The sea gleamed blue while vapor rose from the sail, the tarred sides of the boat, and the trousers of Martin and his son. The boat nosed its way into a narrow beak of water, high sheltering rocks at each side, around which the waves clopped before falling with a sigh on a small beach of shingle. Up the beach they hauled the boat, her keel grating on the stones. Dermot left them to the unloading while he walked a mile inland to the new house to fetch the donkey and cart.

When he returned, they loaded the cart with the bits of furniture. The old man was hoisted on, and with Dermot and Mairéad walking alongside they started off on their new life.

That evening Martin sat at the fireside in the new home. The red-tiled floor, where one could slip and break one's neck, the raised fireplace with the turf burning before iron bars, irritated him. And he thought yearningly of his island home with the fire on the hearth, where he could spit with ease, and the homely crickets chirping behind it.

"Sure we'll not know ourselves now in this grand house, Martin," said Mairéad brightly as she busied herself about the kitchen.

"Ah, maybe so," replied Martin listlessly.

"Come to the door, Father, and have a look at the great land that's in it, and it all ours," said the son with enthusiasm.

The old man rose stiffly and went to the door. They looked out upon the untilled land, fenced in by new stakes joined by three parallel rows of bull wire. It formed part of a large tract of bog and hill and little homes. In the distance they could see where the better land began, the smoke from the farmhouses rising up from behind clumps of trees. But to them who knew only rock their own land was good.

"Aye, faith," said the old man, "it looks good—God bless it!" and with these words he turned in to the house.

At bedtime the three knelt for the Rosary, their elbows resting on the seats of chairs. They prayed for their dead, good crops, good fishing, and the weather; and then Martin in a voice hoarse with emotion called for a prayer that they'd return to the

island. The young people exchanged glances, but made no answer.

Weeks passed. Dermot went about his work with a singing hopefulness, farming early in the day and fishing in the evenings. Mairéad took pride in her home which, being one of the new houses in the neighborhood, had a slated roof. She got red geraniums for the windows, and whitewashed bowlders for the path in front. At first old Martin took to sitting outside, but when they bought a goat he took it on himself to find fresh pastures for the animal. To keep the goat from wandering afar or going too quickly a slack rope spanceled a foreleg to a backleg. During the day they would be seen along the rough roads, the goat nibbling at this side and on that, and old Martin, sitting by the roadside with his stick, and a melancholy expression on his face. The young people were delighted with this friendship. They thought that it would dispel his lonesomeness, but always at night the cry came at the end of the Rosary—"A Hail Mary that we'll return!"

One evening the goat strayed. For a long time Martin searched and at last he spied her white form clear against the green of a small hillside. He called to her. She looked up at him, gave a meh-eh-eh-ing of recognition, and went on eating. He called again, but she made no answer, her tail wagging with delight in her forbidden pasture. With difficulty he began crossing a hummocky field, stopping now and again to shake his stick at her. He reached the hill and sat down with his back to it to gather his breath.

His eyes brightened. From where he sat he could see over the cliffs of the mainland, and in front lay Inishleen. His heart thumped with wild joy. He arose and ascended the hill a bit more, the island rising with him. He saw it now more clearly. The sun was setting, tinting the clouds above the island red and purple like the color of bruised flesh. Its gray cliffs and blue sea reflected the glory of the sky, making the island look strangely near. For a long time he looked at it, his face quickening; then he turned and scanned the rough road he had ascended. Below him, whitewashed houses, like bits of smoldering paper, sent spirals of turf smoke into the evening air; and on the side of a hill the mainland churchyard looked like a field of mushrooms.

He turned again to Inishleen. The color had drained away from the clouds, leaving them as gray as turf-ashes. A cool breeze shivered the grasses beside him. He stood up facing the island. His eyes were alive with a strange emotion and his whole frame trembled with excitement. He raised his stick in the air and in the half-light he looked like the trunk of an old tree growing on the hillside. " 'Tis better to be with them and they dead than to be walkin' the roads here alone and me dead! I'll go back in God's name! Back I'll go in the name of God!," the strange eagerness in his voice shaking the lonely silence.

With great energy he descended the hill, the goat following at his heels. He moved quickly, one hand supporting the small of his back, his breath wheezing, his stick hitting the ground in short, crisp cracks, and he saying ironically, " 'Tis the good land that'd keep me from my dead! 'Tis the good land that'd keep me from my dead!"

Dermot and Mairéad who were

just going to look for him, met him at the door. When they saw the great wildness that was on him, and the expression of happy determination on his face, they made no sign.

" 'Tis how he has found himself!" they whispered. Their hopes were strengthened when, at that night's Rosary, no prayer was asked for the return; and when they went to bed they left the old man praying quietly before the dying fire.

In the morning Martin lay in bed, a smile on his face as he heard the bonnivs squealing and they going into sacks for the market. When the donkey-cart was ready to go, he arose and stood in the doorway to see them off. Mairéad was seated on the cart, her eyes on the house, its slated roof, its rough stone front with its four little windows, and the outhouses with their corrugated roofs. Dermot, with his eyes on the old man, stood at the donkey's head. Then he caught the reins and walking beside the donkey they set off.

"God be with you," shouted Martin.

"God and Mary be with you," they replied.

He stood watching the little morsel of a cart till it was swallowed in the jaws of the hills, and then he turned in to the house.

He looked at the key of the island home where it had hung, since their arrival, on a nail in the embrasure of the kitchen window. He took it and put it in his pocket. He filled a can with food and after midday he set off on his journey to the coast. Large clouds hung low in the sky, blown seawards by the wind. The mission he was on filled him with new life and he walked the mile of rough road without resting. Presently he reached the top of the cliff and looked down its gray slopes to where the tarred boat lay on the white beach, its oars sticking out carelessly making it look like a large black snail. With difficulty he descended the steep path and reached the boat, part of her lying in the water and part on the stones.

It failed on him to launch her. But the tide was coming in fast, and meanwhile he busied himself bailing out the brackish water, hammering in the tholepins, and fixing the small mast in position. He cleared the small stones away from her keel, the incoming tide rushing over his boots, their brass tags shining up at him like herrings' eyes. The boat grunted at the stones, it swayed and floated. Martin undid the mooring ropes, and taking off his old hat he crossed himself before pushing her forward. Up through the beak of land and with its cool cliffs at each side, he rowed the boat, his feeble oars skidding the water into thin ice-like flakes. Then he stopped to hoist the sail, but it was too heavy for his exhausted body: the gaff stopped half way up the mast, swinging to and fro like a broken bough. The weight of the water hindered him from fixing the wooden tiller in its sockets, and he sat back in the flat stern steering with an oar placed in the sculling hole. Clear of the shelter of the cliffs, the boat caught the stiff breeze and moved out gurgling and clapping at the waves. There was great determination in his eyes and in the tilt of his short beard, as he saw the island with her gray arms of welcome. His heart filled with hope, and the desire of escape, of arrival, burned within him like a flame. Out and out he went, the boat slapping the Atlantic waves into light spray, and her shawl of a sail bellying in the wind.

While Martin was on the sea his boat nearing the island, Mairéad and Dermot were making home on the donkey-cart. Dusk was falling and the two figures were seated blackly in front, their eyes on the white road twisting through the brown bog and over the soft folds of the darkening hills. The donkey's hoofs clinked on the hard road and the loose tail-board of the cart rattled cheerily. A strong wind blew around the hills, wrinkling the patches of lake by the roadside, tugging at Mairéad's shawl, and making dark ridges on the gray back of the donkey. Afar off a cart jolted, some one whistled impatiently to a barking dog, and then, like a speck of sound, a curlew cried once in the gathering darkness. As they drew nearer home dots of light shimmered on the hills from the little homes.

Dermot slapped the rope-reins on the animal's back, and as it broke into a trot, his voice rose above the wind in joyous song. Mairéad's shawl was over her head, held out at the sides of her face like horse's blinkers. Now and again she'd steal a glance at her husband, looking at him softly, admiringly. When he had finished his song he turned to her. "Faith 'tis up in himself he'll be now with the new hat!" Stretching his arm to the back of the cart he groped among the parcels and pulled forward a black felt hat with a broad brim. He put it on his head, hunching his shoulders, and making a grimace at his wife.

"How does it look on me?"

She looked at the big hat falling over his ears.

"Sure it's worse looking than the old pig-jobber you are," she said smilingly. They both laughed and he took it off immediately.

When they entered the house it was empty and still. The fire was dead out and the kitchen was filled with a red-wine glow from the little lamp that always burned before the picture of the Sacred Heart. They went about the house quietly for fear of wakening the old man, and on his chair by the fire they placed his new hat. Then they tiptoed up the bare wooden stairs to bed.

In the morning Martin who usually got up early was not abroad. The hat was still on the chair lying like a black cat curled in sleep. Martin's room was off the kitchen. Mairéad called him and there was no answer. She entered his room and found it empty and the bed unslept in. A panic seized her. She called up to Dermot who was just rising. In a flash he was in the kitchen, standing in his trousers and shirt. "'Tis to the island he's away," he said, his voice quavering. "He'd never make it with the wind that was in it." The key was gone!

Dermot, pulling on his blue jersey ran across the fields to his nearest neighbor, Christy King. Soon they were at the rock-heads launching Christy's boat and soon the sail was up, the wind blowing strongly islandwards. A wild terror possessed Dermot, a terror that made him impatient with the boat.

"He never could make it with the sea and the wind that's in it!" he breathed.

"Faith could he," said Christy, "I heard of an old man that rowed a curragh from Cleggan to Boffin and it's the rough channel of water."

"'Tis too old me father was: God be merciful to him! 'Tis blamin' myself I am that I didn't stay on Inishleen. It broke his heart and he with the years on him."

As the boat drew near, both men's eyes scanned the rocks and the sea.

There wasn't a soul to be seen, only the gulls diving and shrieking, and the waves racing along with smoking tops. Dermot felt a great fear on him when he saw the mad stir of island-water. Then a breath of hope arose within him as they passed into the bay, through the two guarding spears of rock, with the white waves roaring across them and not a bit of wreckage to be seen. They approached the rocky quay, Dermot catching sight of a black object cast up on the white stones of the beach. Nearer they came and he saw it was a boat, its tarred sides gleaming wetly in the light.

They ran over to it without speaking. The boat was lying on her side, her mast on the stones, and the sail heavy and dusted with sand. They lifted the cloth gently, and below it lay the old man. One arm lay outstretched on the stones, the other lay across his breast, clutching his beads, their wire-joins red with rust. His face with half-shut eyes was raised to the sky, a strange peace upon it. His black hat gray with sea-salt slanted on his head, his fine white hair matted with sand and wet. His feet were in the boat, one leg tied to the seat with a rope.

"'Tis a miracle how he made it," said Christy quietly, "and 'tis a blessing of God he tied himself for it's the Christian burial he can get now."

Dermot stood, his jaws tightening, his eyes full of his dead father, while the gulls screeched pitifully overhead and the sea crashed on the stones below.

"'Tis the truth you're saying, Christy! 'Twill ease our suffering that he's here and we not searching every cove for his drowned body—God's will be done!"

The two men stood dark against the white stones, the black boat beside them with its cargo of dead, and behind them the empty houses with the gaunt face of Cnámh Mór looking grimly down.

In silence they joined Martin's cold hands, and lifted his feet out of the water, with its rusty bailer and tholepin floating on it. In his pocket they found a key and a piece of well-smoothed slate stone. Placing him on a wooden beam they carried him to his island home, the water dripping from his body, leaving a wet track on the dry path.

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

1844-1890

By W. F. P. Stockley

IS the O'Reilly of Australia more in our patriotic minds, than is the O'Reilly of America; O'Reilly of penal servitude, rather than O'Reilly amid Bostonian honor, love, obedience, and troops of friends? It is this latter O'Reilly that I recall; of whom Davitt in his *Fall of Feudalism* (p. 129) wrote, remembering the young fellow-Fenian, later fellow-Parnellite: "No one entered more heartily into the idea of the new policy (c. 1878) than O'Reilly, who was then on the threshold of his literary fame in the United States. He was probably as lovable a character as Nature in her happiest moods ever molded out of Celtic materials: handsome and brave, gifted in rare qualities of mind and heart, broadminded and intensely sympathetic, progressive and independent in thought; with an enlightened and tolerant disposition, in religion and politics, more in keeping with a poetic soul, than with an ordinary human temperament. He was a personification of all the manly virtues. No one could know him without becoming his friend; and it was impossible to be his enemy once you experienced the spell of his affectionate personality." It was said of him that "he was one whom children would choose for their friend, women for their lover, and men for their hero." As I remember, walking with him down Boston streets, because of his "air" there seemed a sense of light and sunshine all about us, "a largess universal like the sun." Everyone looked the happier, for meeting O'Reilly, and seemed the stronger, for his cheery greeting.

I *have* to mention myself in these my reminiscences. But why not,—when I still feel the better for the hearty yearly call—shall I say shout?—from behind piles of *Pilot* papers: "Well, Stockley, I *am* glad to see you"? I have to thank my cousin, Smith O'Brien's daughter, Charlotte Grace O'Brien (of the generous work for the Irish westward-bound girls), for giving me a good send-off from Ireland to America, when I, too, stepped westward, with her introduction to O'Reilly, who knew the worth of that woman of great heart. And he wrote to her, February 1, 1887: "I shall always thank you for letting me know W. Stockley. I long for the summer to bring him Bostonwards again." And I, on my side, long, ever, for the touch of a vanished hand. The poets find us young, and ever keep us so. And O'Reilly had the heart of a poet.

The summer of my first visit to Boston, 1886, I presented myself. And O'Reilly: "It is twenty years since I saw any thing so like the old country as you are." Was it the newcomer's voice; was it his coat; his "innocence"? Anyway, the naturalized American fell back into Ireland at the very sight. But we felt a call to go down to Boston har-

bor, to jump off a yacht, out of the broiling heat, into the Ireland-American ocean. And O'Reilly, before going out to the yacht, called for a jug to mix shandygaff. "Yes sir," or "you bet"; or whatever the reply was, friendly yet courteous, willing yet loving; for such was the sort of service our friend got. Long we talked, of the now dead Ireland of Parnell, of the evictions; and, I suppose, of the Fenian men. But, to repeat, the Fenian O'Reilly had become ready, in 1886, to give Parnell and Home Rule their chance. For a long hour, we talked; and still without the drinks, or their jug. It was coming, we were assured. It did come. A stone ewer of great size; it stood there at O'Reilly's command. And what would the youths not have brought him, that he willed or even wished? Then, indeed, he shouted; at the jug he had called up. A "jug"! when he wanted a "pitcher." And all round the walls of that yacht club's waiting room, there were ranged, for all drinkers' use, unnoticed American pitchers; which the sight of an Irishman had made the exile miscall jugs, once more. "Not for twenty years," he said, "have I called a pitcher a jug, till I saw you."

He was a great swimmer in the sea; as he was a voyager up unnumbered rivers, in his Indian canoe called *Blanid*—the name of the youngest of his four dark-haired daughters—"My little daughter with eyes of blue"—and as, on land, he was a setter forth of his vigor in boxing; he, the passionate patron of all physical prowess in young men.

I don't know that he was against physical prowess even in young women. But he had his humor; and he did say to me, even half a century since: "We'll have to go back, in America, to the system of harems, and keep women from gadding about." Youths carrying off maidens by day and by night in buggies was, he judged, a practice founded on bosh, on a sentimental blindness to better things, and best. Doubtless even this man of the hour would not now see that motors have removed us further from barbarism.

And yet, to go a hundred miles an hour in an auto—I am sure O'Reilly would have felt that to be a sort of heaven on earth. Once, inflated with legitimate pride, he told of a lightning railroad tour of ten thousand miles in a fortnight, and twenty lectures or speeches by the way, with dinners at $50.00 a head. Those who are both prudent and pious may reflect: "God rest his soul; but sure no wonder he died young." And he might reply—once more the thought of him turning us to the poet—

"To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

Sensuous he was, though not sensual. He could, no doubt, stay quiet. If his verse is hurried and not well looked after, he wrote much of it. And he wrote his long story, *Moondyne*, of bold and of bad men in Australia. But he was, and had to be, a journalist; a mere journalist, he would say. When he looked at his office, and breathed newspaper cuttings, he seemed to feel filled with them, so he said to me (not without suppressed disgust), filled, both body and soul. Even for journalism, however, you must be quiet for a bit, and must stay indoors. His plan at home, as he recounted, was to get his wife to shut him into a room, and lock the door on the outside till he could cry out that the

article was written. His full life was perhaps too full. Though some lives cannot be lived slowly; even if they do die of the haste.

Certainly O'Reilly's rushings to and fro ceased not. And what calls unending, on such a citizen! Over and above the exasperating calls on mind and nerves and feelings, in the office. Outwardly impatient he could be. But he could go after a snubbed man, and confess heat as a fault, and ask pardon, where offense should hardly have been taken. "That boy is my outward conscience," I heard him say, as we found his faithful office boy at his post. Such a youth, silent, patient, devoted, and earnest, and of high ideals, as the Ireland of his forebears is blessed with, so often, from one generation to the next. The boy had love, nay, adoration, for O'Reilly; to whom he taught daily the common sense of humility, as the strong man said; who himself, if always in the world, was never, indeed, all the world's. O'Reilly loved that boy, and mourned much and long when, after lingering consumption, the young man died. The sight and sound of O'Reilly had consoled him when dying. And of the healing that there was in the very voice of O'Reilly's generous humanity, that other poet admirer of his, through so many years, Miss Katherine Conway of the *Pilot*, was fitted to speak in the way she did. No doubt

"It kept its highest, holiest tone
For one beloved ear alone."

For O'Reilly was a devoted husband, up to the very night he died of some overdose of chloral, while he was watching by the bedside of his wife; who in those later years had been nervously ailing, and talked without ceasing. 'Twas often painful to hear. Yet, to encourage fainter hearts with fair ladies, here is what her husband had, indeed, to write—as I see in one of his letters—"My wife refused me; and we were married within the year."

A devoted husband, he was also a devoted father. He loved the companionship of his children, out of doors and within. He read much to the girls — good reading; Shakespeare, above all.

"A dozen lives make Greece and Rome eternal,
And England's fame might safely rest on one."

So he wrote. But as to the writers *about* Shakespeare, he was inclined to agree with the great German sculptor, Hildebrand: *"Ich lese nie über."* Of Dowden's *Shakespeare, his Mind and Art*, O'Reilly judged—and so judged all such books—"there seems so much of Dowden, and so little of Shakespeare." The young American folk tired not of England's bard; though one reading of Shakespeare's *Othello* was enough. They charged me (said their father), never to read to them again, that tale of the gentle lady married to the Moor. Wherein was no untrue criticism. "Shakespeare ought never to have written *Othello*," some one said; who did not mean precisely that; but meant, what we can all feel, what Kingsley also meant, when he said: "For the same reason, that I cannot read *Othello*; or (he adds), the *Bride of Lammermoor*."

The Misses O'Reilly could not share, could not appreciate, any of their father's feelings for Ireland; which, when they saw it, after his

death, caused their Americanism merely dejection. They considered Ireland a poor, backward, dull place; never to be revisited. It is the old story. For many, it is the inevitable, the natural. Ireland has suffered, as says her modern literary personage, A. E., what, before him, the Ireland-ignoring Wordsworth had also called the greatest evil that any nation can suffer: the cutting of a people off from its spiritual or cultural past. And young Irish folk, now English-speaking—and still more, young Irish-descended folk—rise up into a world that knows not, and not knowing, loves not, admires not, and has no faith in, the Ireland that had its own traditions, its own ideals, its own heroes, its own faith.

But O'Reilly had in him a spring inexhaustible of fresh feeling for his native Ireland and the Irish. And his were boundless sympathies.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast";

and the breast is not less human because of the hope.

"Hope evermore and believe,"

sang Clough, in his England; and so O'Reilly, of his Ireland;

"... drink her a toast while the joy-bells are ringing
The dawn of her opening day.
'O Bride of the Sea!' may the world know your laughter
As well as it knows your tears!"

His pride is in an Ireland that oppressed no one; his hope, that she would never oppress.

"As your past was for Freedom, so be your hereafter." And in 1882, Ireland is

"'Island of Destiny! Innisfail!' we cry, dear land, to thee,
As the sun of thy future rises and reddens the western sea!"

That is no *rameis*, if it is on the lips, of one who will not stand by, and just talk; on the lips of one who will act, who will work, who will help others, and will sacrifice himself, for the land of his love and his worship:

"Pregnant as earth with its gold and gems and its metals strong and fine,
Is thy soul, with its ardors and fancies, and sympathies divine.
Mustard seed of the nations! . . .
Queen, in the right of thy courage! manacled, scourged, defamed.

. . . . . .

'Bah!' they sneered from their battlements, 'her people cannot unite;
They are sands of the sea, that break before the rush of our ordered might!'
And wherever the flag of the pirate flew, the English slur was heard;
And the shallow of soul re-echoed the boast of the taunting word.

"But we—O Sun, that of old was our god, we look in thy face to-day,
As our Druids who prayed in the ancient time, and with them we proudly say:
'We have wronged no race, we have robbed no land, we have never oppressed the weak! . . .
We can never unite—thank God for that! in such unity as yours,
That strangles the right of others, and only itself endures
As the guard of a bloodstained spoil. . . .
No need for such robber-union to a race free-souled and brave.'"

In 1885 O'Reilly had unveiled in Boston a monument to a young fellow-Fenian: "Eighteen years ago the moldering form under this tomb went out and faced the bayonets of the oppressor of his country in a fight of overwhelming odds. No matter now about the wisdom or the calculation of chances for success. The motive beneath the act was golden, and the few men who went into open rebellion at Kilclooney Wood in 1867 were heroes as true in defeat as the world would have hailed them in success. Side by side with Dr. Peter O'Neill Crowley, who was shot dead by an English bullet, John Edward Kelly, a youth of nineteen, was overpowered, rifle in hand, . . . and was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered. We have carved this abominable sentence upon this granite block, in order that the people of a free land may reflect on the meanings of such words as Royalty, Invasion, Oppression, Law, Justice and Rebellion."

The unveiler of the memorial went on to say, of young Kelly, that within him "the patriotic fire burned as strongly in exile as if he had grown to manhood on his native soil. [He grew up in America.] Kelly was a Protestant in religion; but he was as true to Ireland as his fellow Protestants, Robert Emmet, Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, John Mitchel, Smith O'Brien, John Martin, Charles Stewart Parnell, and the tens of thousands of living Irish Protestants who are Irish patriots."

The O'Reilly mind likes to recall these names, and to dwell, like Davis, on a modern Ireland of mixed religions, at peace among themselves, and ready to fight for the country now held by them in common; no longer the Catholic land of the O'Connor's, the O'Reilly's, the O'Donnell's, the O'Neill's, the Sarsfield's. Who knows, into what this land is now working? I at least do not.

O'Reilly, at Kelly's tomb, goes on to quote his friend, and other fellow-Fenian, John O'Leary's speech from the dock: "I have been found guilty," said O'Leary, "of treason. Treason is a foul crime. Dante places traitors in the lowest circle of his hell. . . . But what kind of traitors are these? They are the traitors against kin, country, friends, and benefactors. [But] England is not my country; and I betrayed no friend or benefactor."

Most arguments are useless because we do not agree about the premises. And Newman builds one construction on that base, that "the Irish patriots hold that they never have yielded themselves to the sway of England, and therefore never have been rebels."

"O'Leary and Luby were high-minded cultured Irish gentlemen"; "never truer men than these stood in the dock for liberty," adds O'Reilly. Though he told me that he looked back with trembling to the time when "we'd rather have had an extra fortnight's chain drill, than have an hour's lashing from John O'Leary's tongue." And O'Leary he saw, later, in America; O'Reilly assuring the critical O'Leary not to forget, that those he had known as Irish in Ireland, were now Americans first. "And damn them," drawled O'Leary, "that's just what they are." Americans, the Irish-Americans are, or anyway should, and must be, was what that enthusiastic American citizen, O'Reilly, used to say; not without reason, surely.

I know that some men of the

Fenian faith, if they did not think that O'Reilly played false, yet would not follow him into Parnellism, or any such Parliamentarianism. And O'Reilly liked to expand in words embracing ill-assorted bundles of Irish heroes—O'Connell, and the Wolfe Tone and the Emmet whose revolutionary ways the blood-sparing O'Connell denounced; and the young Davis whom O'Connell would not love; and the Mitchel who scoffed at "that royal but vulgar soul," O'Connell; and O'Connell's detester, Thomas Moore; and the Páhrrnel so loftily scorned by O'Leary, hater of the Land League.

You can see how the mind or the heart of an O'Reilly might possibly be misled. But if he fell, he fell by the noble qualities of admiring the good in men, and trusting men to be better than they really were. He would heal sores, and would put aside disputes. He liked to think of the day when enemies could afford to shake hands, justice being done. We shall all be friends, then, he liked to sing. Who will say he was weak or was foolish? He may have been less wise. He may have underrated meanness and wickedness in men. But of that, who shall be ashamed? And who will greatly blame?

In 1886 he spoke (to the Beacon Society of Boston), as to England and Ireland: "I believe that when the two peoples can settle this question between themselves, they are going to work out the morality of their relations, and that the Irish people have nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from the common people of Great Britain. I love Englishmen; but I hate mongrels"—I hope O'Reilly meant mongrels moral, rather than racial, when so he burst out, to the likes of me!

In that 1886 Boston Beacon address, he noted how the Greeks were applauded in London when they said: "We want to work out the Greek purpose among Greeks." But, added O'Reilly, "The Greeks are no more a distinct nationality than the Irish. . . . The Irish have been beaten because they were weaker, but they have never compromised. They claimed, seven hundred, six hundred, five hundred years ago precisely what they claim to-day; the right to their own country, to make their own laws, to work out their own individual nationality among men."

On him sentence of death had been passed; as the English had passed it on generations of young Irishmen, intelligent, generous, brave, with everything that we are apt to like in young men—to use Washington Irving's words on young Emmet—because these sons of hers would do for Ireland what (in the words of a modern English statesman, speaking for the young college student, Kevin Barry, hanged by the English), "every decent young Englishman would do for England; that is, stand up for his own."

O'Reilly's death sentence was changed to twenty years penal servitude. And he wrote a letter; such a letter as we have read from many of the young Irish whom O'Reilly would have taken to himself with bursting heart of love and praise. The Pearses, the Macdermots, the Mellowes, and those of like spirit, have echoed the words of the young John Boyle O'Reilly who in 1866, when his penal servitude began, wrote home: "I hope I shall be very happy; and even if I am separated from you all for years, I'll pray morning and night for your happiness. And that God

may bless you all, my own dear Parents, and sisters and brothers, will be the fervent prayer of your own dear John.

"Never grieve for me, I beg of you. God knows I'd be only too happy to die for the cause of my country. Pray for me, pray also for the brave true-hearted Irishmen who are with me; we are all brothers who are suffering.

"Men who do not understand our motives may call us foolish or mad; but every true Irish heart knows our feelings, and will not forget us."

It meant a separation from O'Reilly's own, in this world, for ever. The father survived the mother by only two years; and both, of course, were dead before their son was free.

As to ways of England's Irish enemies, we read in Roche's *Life of John Boyle O'Reilly* (p. 68) about the sixty-three political prisoners on the *Hougoumont* in '67, that every night the exiles, Catholic and Protestant,—for there were men of both faiths in their ranks,—joined in the prayer: "O God, Who art the arbiter of the destiny of nations, and Who rulest the world in Thy great wisdom, look down, we beseech Thee, from Thy holy place, on the sufferings of our poor country. Scatter her enemies, O Lord, and confound their evil projects. Hear us, O God, hear the earnest cry of our people, and give them strength and fortitude to dare and suffer in their holy cause."

Banished to Australia, in that ship with many criminals, this political prisoner told me, that, for him, one of the saddest things he had felt in life was when noting the helplessness of the criminal convicts as to any ordering of their lives, and as to their incapacity for any harmless pastime. He said he got some of them to take an interest in the growing of flowers; and thereby they seemed to turn, in some sort, into more manly men. In his *Moondyne* there is a passage: "Only those who have stood within the bars, and heard the din of devils and the appalling sounds of despair, blended in a diapason that made every hatch-mouth a vent of hell, can imagine the horrors of the hold of a convict ship." Often the author's thoughts turned to these poor hell-hounds: "There are no savages, Stockley, except the degenerate whites in our big cities." That is what I used to hear him say, thinking of his past, and greeting in such a friendly fashion, the Negroes we passed in the streets. Often these Negroes were marching along in gay attire, showing off, may be, in decent jollity. O'Reilly was honorably distinguished among many of his countrymen in not failing to be, in these circumstances also, "a lover of happy human faces." Though O'Connell also must be named as a leading Irishman whose humanity reached out over Negro slaves, and the whole oppressed world of what an old English writer calls "the images of God cut in ebony."

When the Colored League of Massachusetts held its first meeting, John Boyle O'Reilly was the invited speaker of the evening. What a man; to bind men in cords of humanity; from Mayflower descendants to sons of African slaves. What a poet (perhaps you will say), to think he could bind fighting men, or could soften cruel or hardened hearts. And yet, to all classes, he did good, good never to be all told.

That night he spoke to soldiers who had fought; but to Negroes, to

oppressed men, to men cut out of their rights, to men under a tradition crushing in them their possible self-respect, their courage, and all serious and seemly manliness, in the subserviency, which degrades and abases; as Burke said, of less heavily burdened Irish Catholics under "penalism." The awful history of the American Negro, if ever written, would make pale even the lurid light of eighteenth century Ireland. Though, truly, a modern Englishman has good cause for his word, that the treatment of Ireland by England "brings the hot blush of shame to my cheek." His Irish Protestant friend answering: "It turns my blood to molten fire."

Your own manhood, O'Reilly said to his Negro soldier audience, is what you are bound to protect. And for that, and by that, you should use, and should force, each political party. "You are never going to change the things that affect you colored men, by law." He means, by "the laws." "If my children were not allowed into Northern schools, if I myself were not allowed into Northern hotels, I would change my party and my politics every day, until I changed and wiped out that outrage." Doubtless the vigorous, determined, brilliant and persuasive O'Reilly would have been hard to manage, by those who would have put penal laws in practice against *him*. They would have had to reckon with him living; or, to do him to death. But doubtless also, his optimistic almost cheery way, his confidence, strengthened by popularity and powerful influence, his love of others in answer to love—all the O'Reilly, cutting such a figure in his world—made him speak to Negroes suffering wrong that seemed infinite, with a voice, which, to them, if pleasant to hear, was yet sad to reflect over. For, how were Negroes to get common justice, in O'Reilly's idealized free America? This fine white poetic man told the Negroes that "no man ever came into the world with a grander opportunity than the American Negro. . . . He stands at this late day on the threshold of history, with every thing to learn and less to unlearn, than any [other] civilized man in the world." He "has only a century or so of degrading civilized tradition and habit to forget and unlearn . . . In his heart still ring the free sounds of the desert."

But

> "Through the night of his woe no pity, save that of his fellow-slave."

When I think of America, white to black, as it has been, Moore's lines come in:

> "Like slaves below, that under hatches lie,
> Hear those on deck extol the sun and sky."

How can Negroes even get their votes counted for any political party? O'Reilly was very much on deck; on the first-class deck. And all would be well in the best of all possible lands. With something of the same spirit he said to me that he did not think a Catholic's religion in the United States was against his seeking any position (the presidency?) if only he were well fitted. Yet fitted he must be, and better fitted, as it appears, than need be the non-Catholic brother. Is that too much to say to-day? At any rate, no wonder the Negroes liked O'Reilly, and smiled

on him; as we met them, they sunning themselves, marching along, as I have said, in the gay colors with which the poet and friend of man was happy to see them taking their pleasure; while many sour-faced men (and Irishmen) would keep blacks down, in their place. And of course I like them, he used to say, I like the blacks, these friendly, kindly, happy-hearted, easy-going human beings. Just what his address said, to the Negroes themselves: "I believe the colored American to be the kindliest human being in existence. All the inhumanities of slavery have not made him cruel or sullen or revengeful. . . . He does not worry his soul to-day with the fear of next week or next year. He has feelings and convictions, and he loves to show them."

And then O'Reilly has his facts to state: "The Negro," he wrote, "is the only graceful, musical, color-loving American. He is the only American who has written new songs and composed new music. He is the most spiritual of Americans; for he worships with soul and not with narrow mind. For him religion is to be believed, accepted like the very voice of God, and not invented, contrived, reasoned about, shaded, and made fashionably lucrative and marketable, as it is made by too many white Americans."

Yet, in their panegyrist's expansive tones, "the Negro will never take his full stand beside the white man till he has given the world proof of the truth and beauty of heroism and power that are in his soul. . . . One great poet will be worth a hundred bankers and brokers, worth ten Presidents of the United States, to the Negro race. One great musician will speak to the world for the black men as no thousand editors or politicians can." If not very great, there is to-day the notable musician, Coleridge Taylor; and the wonderful and lovely singer Roland Hayes; and also the forceful singing actor, Paul Robeson. But Paul Robeson has elected to live in Europe, and out of America. Who can wonder? If we were black artists, would we not do the same? And what, I wonder, would Boyle O'Reilly answer, for his new country?

Booker Washington ended with a degree from Harvard University. Another American world. He was O'Reilly's typical Negro:

"He forgets, as we all forget when
darkness turns to light;
He forgives, as we all forgive when
wrong has changed to right."

If the Negroes were not really such a fine race of destiny as their Irish poetic friend said, at least they were an oppressed race; and that was enough for Boyle O'Reilly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE NAME OF LOCAL PRIDE

By Lashley Grey Harvey

"IT'S a great building, this courthouse," smiled Mr. Adams proudly, "and it's a credit to our town. We have done a good job, Parker. Our names will be known all over the State."

"I thought it would never go through when that gang from the taxpayers' league balked on the expenditure of a half million dollars," replied Parker as he walked up and down the rotunda casting his eyes admiringly at the dome. "Hill county has something to be proud of. Reed county can't rub it in on us any longer about our old courthouse. The people of Hill county can thank the ——— party for this courthouse. It took us a long time to get our organization working but we finally put 'er over. We had every one of our men working night and day to carry the elections last year to vote for the bonds."

"Don't I know it, but we can't rest on our laurels. The next job for us Parker," said Adams interrupting, "is to pick our men for the offices that fill this building. We can demand a little more from 'em from here on."

Hill county had built a courthouse for no other reason than that the adjoining county had a few years before erected a beautiful building. Hill county had a bonded indebtedness of some $400,000 and it had completed the payments on its former courthouse only ten years ago. It had been built in 1890 by issuing bonds.

Besides this county government indebtedness it had $311,000 in school bonds and $100,000 in school warrants. The teachers in the public schools were taking discounts on their warrants from ten to fifteen per cent in addition to a cut in salary. There had been for the past two years a virtual taxpayers' strike in the county. Certain demagogues rose among the taxpayers and were shouting "taxes must be reduced," apparently without regard to the results. These people felt that the only way to keep government from spending money was simply to eliminate the functions performed or to withhold revenue by the refusal to pay taxes. They thought little of consolidation of local units of government and the reorganization of government on a business-like basis.

Although Hill county does not exist it illustrates the situation which is facing our county and township governments all over the United States.

Most of us are aware that our local government is antiquated. We realize that the automobile, the telephone and newspapers have broken down county barriers. We know that there are in the United States over 3,000 of these local rural units; that there are in addition some 16,500 cities and towns. It is said that in one middle western State there are over 1,000 townships. In 1930 there were reported 65,000 school districts in only eleven States. We have been told that there are about fifty different kinds of local taxing districts and it is estimated

that there are from 150,000 to 200,000 of these districts all told in the United States. We have read reports that in 1929 the cost of government was $13,048,000,000. The Federal Government in that year spent $3,932,000,000, the State governments spent $1,990,000,000 and the local governments $7,126,000,000. We have read these figures many times and we know that we have too many local governmental units but little is done about it. The politician with the aid of local pride keeps us from moving.

The American public is bound by the small fry politician in practically every county of the United States. The roots of our national parties lie deeply in local government and the party bosses in the local units are kept alive by patronage and petty graft. Who objects to the consolidation of counties? It is the local politician. If counties consolidate he fails to get his friends into office and he ceases to be a dealer in patronage in State and national offices. The political boss may argue "taxes must be reduced" until he is blue in the face but never will he argue for county consolidation unless he sees a chance to gain by it. Howard P. Jones expressed the whole situation very clearly when he said a few years ago in reference to consolidation of counties:

"No county political machine, living off of patronage that flows from its control of local government, is going to stand idly by and let those who want economy in government run off with the trough from which it feeds. The political machine has solved the unemployment problem for its particular favorites and it is going to fight like a wildcat to keep the spoils."

Local pride enters in and plays into the hands of the politician. Every town wants to point with pride to its public buildings from the post office to the county courthouse. Terrytown must be as grand as Hamilton although Hamilton has much more reason to be grand. All of us are willing to see counties consolidate if our town becomes the county seat. Then, too, some of our business men on Main Street would lose a few dimes if the county seat were moved so they fall in line with the politician to keep the county as it is. This might have been a reasonable financial consideration a few years ago but to-day a man drives to the county seat and transacts his business and leaves the town as soon as he can get away. The automobile has made it possible for him to get back home and he rarely ever finds it necessary to buy a meal or spend a night in the county seat. Nevertheless, most of our business men fear a loss of business that they have not actually had for fifteen years.

The business men in many cases object vigorously, too, because with consolidation of local units of government and with the establishment of business methods they see the end of local purchases of a few supplies. They see with the removal of the county seat the loss of the families of the county officers who are consumers of the merchants' goods.

Bossism, local pride and selfish interests on the part of a few merchants have worked for the perpetuation of small local units of government while the masses pay the bill and inefficiency is to be found in every quarter.

Education has probably been more the victim of these three kinds of greed than has county and township

government. The "little red school house" of hallowed memory served its purpose years ago but it cannot meet modern demands. The Office of Education in Washington reported 148,711 of these one-room schools in the United States in 1930. They continue to supply education to our rural population under the careful supervision of a $50-a-month-girl who rarely has received more than high school education.

Local pride and local rivalry have built a high school in practically every town in the country. We are beginning to realize that many towns now are running high schools that should never have attempted it. Large buildings were provided with little hope of ever buying equipment for them much less paying adequate salaries to secure good teachers. Diplomas from these institutions have been granted and theoretically they are as good as those coming from high schools with large libraries, well equipped science departments and well trained teachers. This is all so much fiction that we have been accepting the past twenty years or more. The American small town high school has been notoriously inadequate for the preparation for college or life. Having had to cut the curriculum to the barest subjects they have in addition been forced to hire teachers to teach a variety of subjects for which they were not prepared. To suggest regional high schools is rank heresy to most citizens of small towns yet the school district may be burdened with bonded indebtedness and the teachers are receiving warrants they must discount. For the majority of high schools over the United States there is little hope of paying out without a greatly reduced term or the complete closing of the school yet no one suggests that one high school of the community take over the job of secondary education. Under the present system we are encouraging a very costly education not only from a financial point of view but because of the inability of the small high school to play the part society demands of it.

Local pride has in no small degree been responsible for the scattering of State institutions to all parts of the State—a condition which has worked for gross inefficiency and high costs.

It is time we began to use reason as a guide in local government and education. We can no longer be slaves to political bosses, petty greed and local pride. The functions of government that are worthwhile must be performed. State governments will have to play a more important rôle in the locality. The past decade has shown us that such functions as education, road-building and maintenance, and public health should be performed by the State. To-day we are beginning to wonder if protection and charity should not also be classed as State functions. If they are taken over it means that most States must have more revenue. If they are to exercise functions, however, that were recently exercised by the locality they have a right to some of the revenue formerly considered local revenue. If the State took over these functions it would mean a great saving due to the coördination that would take place.

This would leave the county and township shorn of much of their power. Consolidation would be brought about more easily with the abolition of township government, and with the consolidation of coun-

ties into State administrative districts we would be able to save in money and get better service. With the setting up of State administrative districts to perform the remaining duties of the counties after they had given up education, public health, roads and possibly protection and charity there would no longer be the demand that all the officers be local residents. As long as county and township government depends on locally elected officers it is bound to have lax and expensive service. Cities, some time ago, through the establishment of city-manager plans, found that it paid in more ways than one to hire competent officers regardless of residence. The schools have shown conclusively that we cannot depend on local residents. One reason why no young man or woman attempts to study local government with the object of making it a career is because residence has been a prerequisite to local government jobs. Whether this is local pride or local nonsense most of us are no longer able to pay the bill.

This year many elections will be held for State legislative assemblies. The last legislative assemblies of these States considered local problems. Most of these proposals were for county consolidation or county-manager reforms. Some of them if they were put into practice would strengthen the county rather than weaken its position in the State. Little really constructive came out of the sessions. Must we continue forever to pay tribute to the political boss, the petty merchant and the stupidity of local pride? Shall we continue to follow blindly the fetish of so-called local self-government? It is certain that we can expect little relief until State government steps in to reorganize and simplify local administrative units by consolidation. This change will have to come from above for the locality is bound hand and foot and the rural areas have always lacked the right kind of leadership to break the bonds.

STRANGE HURT OF BEAUTY

By Jane Coffin

HOW can I stand beauty
When a sunset's flaming agony,
The throbbing scent of the tuberose flower,
A young moon's curving delicacy,
The cool touch of a night-filled hour
Bring with their quiet ecstasy
A strange, dumb hurt that grips
My throat, that trembles on my lips?
Since the pain of this simple beauty is true,
God, how then, can I stand You?

I LIVE IN THE COUNTRY

By Alan Devoe

IT is quite clear that most of my friends feel very sorry for me. The reason for their condolence and commiseration is that I live in the country. A few of my more caustic acquaintances feel that this is cause for questioning the soundness of my reason, but most of them play the gentler rôle of pitying. While they pity they also wonder, and this manifests itself in certain perpetual questions. What on earth do I find to *do* in the country? What is there to *see*? How do I contrive to fill up my time? Yes, of course there is my writing, but what do I do when I want to *rest*? This last question is the most persistent of all, and when I furnish the brief but entirely adequate answer, "I rest," it seems merely to bewilder and infuriate them, and they suspect me of evasion and subterfuge.

It is true, of course, that there are certain kinds of mind so temperamentally opposite to my own that not the most artful exposition I might contrive could beguile them into agreement with me. And there are people who are so deep-rooted in metropolitan life, and so hardened by its hardness, that they have actually sloughed off every single vestige of that earth-affinity which ordinarily lurks, however deeply hidden, in all the descendants of Adam. For these wretches, narrow as the gorges between their office buildings and impervious as the concrete beneath their feet, I can offer, obviously, no justification for my peasantry. It is useless for me to parade before them, however cunningly, all the sweet and subtle charms of my precious world of elemental sights and sounds and smells, for their natural receptivity to such awarenesses has long since atrophied. I have nothing to say to them, for they are no longer dwellers on this great grass-green and sea-wet planet.

My friends, of course, do not all belong to this category of hardened creatures. They are, for the most part, thoroughly amiable and amenable beings who have merely forgotten a little of their ancient earth-lore, and, through long preoccupation with mastering the tricks and thought-habits of urbanity, have lost sight of the ageless and eternal simplicities. They condole with me because I have no radio, and imagine that I am anguished because eleven miles separate me from the post office. They speak with affecting sympathy of how very "dull" my life must be, and audibly marvel that I am content to "stagnate" here. And as you, my reader, have undoubtedly suspected, I receive these commiserations with profoundest scorn. For although there is small trace of the hermit in my make-up, I extract from this life of "isolation," as my friends sympathetically term it, a deep and endless delight.

The house in which I live is very ancient and haphazard and somewhat askew; in some aspects I know that it impresses those whose homes are in the city or suburbs as even a little dilapidated. From this ancientness and crookedness, and even from these occasional evidences of

actual decay, I derive a continuous solace and repose. Here in this tiny dining-room the china dogs on top of the old pine corner-cupboard have watched three generations at their feeding; in the great spool bed upstairs have occurred both births and deaths. There clings in these low-ceilinged rooms—with their faded flowered wall-paper, their horsehair sofas and wide-boarded uneven floors—an aura of the stalwart tranquillity, the hard-toiling stoic patience, of that succession of homely Dutchmen who were our predecessors. Near the middle of the last century one of these Hollenbecks (for such was the name of the sturdy family of which this house was homestead) deserted the plow and the scythe for a life of seafaring. When he was an old man, and had voyaged in every quarter of the globe, he came back to this house to eke out a living in his retirement by mending stone walls, and by barbering the formidable beards of his farmer neighbors in what is now our kitchen. There still remains in one wall of that kitchen a considerable chink—which appalls my neat housekeeping friends from the city. It was made originally—this chink—in order that the wife of that tonsorial old seaman could peer through and learn how her husband was getting on with his work. And I shall leave it there. For it is—like that tattered sampler in the hayloft of our barn which reads, "Sweet Rest in Heaven," and like the crooked path that untold thousands of footsteps have worn through the clover field to our well—a link with the simple, earthly lives of those good souls who are vanished.

In every direction, as I look from the windows, are to be seen the green wooded summits of the rounded hills, utterly untenanted by living man. They lie—these curved and molded masses of rugged earth—brooding in an ageless silence, baking their hummocked backs in the hot summer sun, shouldering the cold white weight of countless snows, existing immutable and eternal while the oaks and firs upon their slopes wither and die and are born again through the passage of myriad seasons. So green are these hills, and so round and so many, that they suggest the massive tumuli of some gigantic and immemorially ancient race of man. I have walked upon them and extracted from their timeless earthiness the profoundest peace which it is possible to know.

My friends who speak of "loneliness" and "isolation" must, I suppose, take no heed of the deep companionship of trees and rocks. Yet it requires no pantheist to discover, in lichen-covered bowlders and in the cool smooth trunks of maples or the rough, pitch-fragrant trunks of firs, an essence of being with which it is very easy for a man to commune. These high hemlocks are my fellows upon earth; together we face the elements, together struggle for sustenance, together are set upon by plagues and pestilences, together will return, when we die, to the dumb, eternal, embracing earth of this planet. And it is possible for me to walk upon the black leaf-mold in which these hemlocks have their roots, and to draw from that contact—to breathe, to inhale, to soak into myself—a profound inviolable tranquillity of spirit. This relaxed contentment, which springs from simple oneness with the eternal and the inanimate, is a far more perfect purge for turmoil and vexation than my friends can possibly receive in the mere diversions afforded them

by the movies, the theater or the radio of which they sympathetically deplore my lack.

The silence of the countryside is not, of course, usually silence at all, but a whole symposium of tiny shreds and tatters of sound. But occasionally—in very early morning or at the moment when twilight is just becoming night—there lies upon all this region a hush that is as tangible as fog. There was such a moment when I went out with my milk-pail to-day. As I stood by the side of our dirt lane, in the pale light of early morning, I might have been—for all the sounds I could hear—the single living man in a vast and green inanimate universe. Here by the roadside were rocks—cool and voiceless and immobile for all eternity; above me, the dew-wet green leaves of maples, shivering and rustling with a soft nonhuman sibilance; beneath my feet the huge eternal roundness of the silently brooding earth. At such a time it is very easy—standing for a moment motionless in the illimitable gulfs and chasms of noiselessness, and breathing deep the smell of the moist earth—it is very easy to drop the whole being and aura of one's personal self, and to become, for the briefest magic fraction of a second, a creature, a *thing*, as impersonal, as mindless, worryless, purposeless, as the wet lichen-covered rocks or the tall hemlocks. There are no agencies, I expect, but utter aloneness and utter silence that can work this particular miracle. It can surely be wrought nowhere but in the country.

This country life of mine, far from being barren of incident or of things to do and to see, is crowded from daybreak until nightfall. My personal routine of eating, working and sleeping and performing my various chores is sufficiently simple. But the details of the lives that surround mine and demand my attention—the lives of chipmunks and phoebes and woodchucks and of the very buttercups and yarrow that grow in our pasture—are so vastly absorbing as to require all my hours. It is inconceivable to me that I could possibly be "bored" even had I no more to occupy me than the contemplation of the meadow upon which I look out as I write this. It is a broad meadow, with an apple-orchard in one corner and a little brook, and just now the diffusely amber slanting sunlight of late afternoon lies across it, making brighter orange the blossoms of the devil's paint-brush and redder the knee-high flowers of the clover. It is never the same for two consecutive minutes, this meadow. Now there is a robin probing its spongy surface for earthworms; now there comes a little riffle of wind to sway the tall grass and the buttercups; now the high shoulder of one of the nearby hills eclipses the last ray of evening sun, and the green of the meadow-grass deepens and grows cool.

I have a friend who, in times of worry or distress, follows an invariable ritual. He seeks some patch of earth and there he digs, with his hands, with his fingernails, a hole. He digs below the dry crust, below the grasses, below the terrain of earthworms, until he reaches that cool damp substratum that has the smell of roots and rain. And when he has dug this deep, he stretches himself on the ground and thrusts his head into this earthy cavity and speaks all his troubles into it, for he has a theory that all these worries and vexations are thus swallowed

up by the great primordial earth and dissipated forever. To some this may seem a fantastic and senseless rigmarole; but to those who know the healing power of earth it will be seen to have at least a basis in reason. "One impulse from a vernal wood" may not teach you more of man than can the sages, but that "sense of something far more deeply interfused," which I have many a time drawn from communion with the leaves and roots and flowers and hearts of plants and of grasses in this meadow of mine, affords a remedy for neurotic frets and worries which no psychiatric method can match. And it is a remedy to be procured only in the country.

In such a rural district as that in which I live, introversion is impossible and a philosophically equable way of life is almost inevitable. That sickly "turning inward" which makes wretches of its victims has no opportunity to enter the mental habit here. Chattering chipmunks fend it off, and the passage of swallows across the evening sky, and the delivery of a new calf and a p l a g u e of botflies. All man's thought and energy and time are taken here, as they were in the beginning, in a constant coping with the problems presented by the earth and the elements, and in this wholehearted preoccupation with soil and sky, with birds and beasts and growing things, there is no chance for the entrance of less enormous problems. Birth and death are on every hand, in withering sunburned crops, in the hen brooding on her eggs, in the crashing fall of timber on the mountainside. And living thus in daily contemplation of the vast swing and surge of the eternal cosmic machinery, man sees the minor woes of man assume a triviality and utter insignificance. Letters long unanswered—bills long overdue; these have, to be sure, their place in my mind. But they can assume no very formidable proportions, for I am looking out upon a broad and grassy meadow that is bright with buttercups and cinquefoil—a meadow where the buttercups and cinquefoil have bloomed each season down through the æons of immeasurable antiquity and will bloom as long again—and whether my bills be paid or my letters answered, the red ants will yet march along the rough bark of that old apple-tree, this year and the next and a million to come. In this fashion do the green long-lying hills and the deep snows of winter and the thunderstorms of summer subdue to their proper stature the little worries and fribbling irritations that bulk so large in bedeviling my city-dwelling friends.

To those who inquire what I *do* in the country, it seems always to come as startling intelligence that I pass long hours of every day in walking. The country now is the only place in which it is still feasible to practice this venerable means of locomotion, and the walking which I do is solely for the joyousness of doing it—of placing one foot before the other upon the surface of the globe. Digging my heels into the mud or the loam or the moss, prodding at roots with my toe, jumping brooks, scrambling up hills—these, to me, are among the incomparable ecstasies of existence. On my walks I am able to meet and greet all my companions of this countryside—the trout and cabbage—butterflies and tadpoles and hawks who are my fellow-dwellers in this section of the planet. With the aid of my two legs I can clamber up mountains and

learn the feel of them, and I can scrabble in the beds of streams and look upon the most infinitesimal particle of silt. And in this process of walking there is worked a certain magic not unlike that of my friend who speaks his troubles into a hole; out of the clasp of my fingers around the rough wood of my stick, out of the brushing of low leaves against my forehead as I pass, out of the warmth of the summer sun on my hair or the soft tenacious clinging of spider-webs, there is woven a spell that banishes the whole horde of my small human worries and uncertainties and makes me companion to all the world of inanimate and speechless beings who accept their cosmic destinies in serene passivity.

Night has fallen on the writing of these lines. Where earlier was a broad meadow, glowing with the little flowers of devil's paint-brush and a-hum with furry b u m b l e b e e s shouldering their way through the high grass, there is now only a void of warm and fragrant darkness, undisturbed by any sound save the sibilance of a tiny breeze and the clump-thump of two Jersey cows invisibly pasturing. From far away on the other side of the meadow, beyond the brook and beyond the line of ancient willows, I can hear the reedy trilling of the tree-toads, presaging rain. And very close at hand—perhaps in the purple lilac which is just outside my window—a cricket chirps at intervals. There are no sounds but these in all this limitless ocean of the night. But in the warm darkness there lie, I know, long rounded ridges of motionless mountain, which have lain thus—with tall hemlocks upon their summits and gray lichen-covered rocks upon their sides—through epochs of incalculable number, and which will lie there still to-morrow. I am sure my city friends would think it very lonely here to-night.

DEIRDRE MacDADE'S DISCOVERY

By P. J. O'Connor Duffy

PART II

[Deirdre MacDade, friend of Rita Emmanuel and Donn Ireland, screen artists, on a visit to her sister's home in Castlemore, discovers in Merna Coyne, the little maid-of-all-work in the household, a perfect understudy of the film star, and seeks to take her back to London.]

MERNA went out that afternoon with Deirdre MacDade, and in a white-and-brown cottage at Creaghmore they spoke with Merna's mother, Brigid Coyne, a quiet middle-aged woman whose good looks defied still the signs which hardship would set about the patient mouth and beautiful eyes. She was obviously as surprised by Deirdre MacDade's proposal as she had been by that lady's unexpected arrival at the cottage door. She was troubled, too. In her mind the offer was shining and generous, the brightness of its opportunity dazzling her a little; but it was veiled about with dim suspicion of peril for her child, uncertainty, dread of the unknown, and bitter memories of England that induced in her an hostility which it would cost her gentle nature an effort to express. Besides, she yearned affectionately to have the girl always beside her; at home—and Ireland was home. She thought also of Brian of the Glen; but because he was wayward and little more than a boy, she did not very seriously consider him. She was much more concerned about the contract she had made with Daniel Glynn, through whose kindness to herself and regard for her family, Merna had been able to "go into business" in Castlemore.

"Tell me all this about Merna again, if you please," she said at last, without much sign of inward conflict, as she leaned attentively towards her visitor.

Noting the knitted brow, the white knuckles of the worn hand that gripped the arm of her chair, Deirdre MacDade told her again. Donn Ireland's wife was a clever film actress who desired an understudy of a certain type of beauty. Merna was of that type. She was, indeed, the very living image of Rita Emmanuel, who would be responsible for Merna's training if she went to London. Even in the girl's voice, in something altogether apart from looks, there was a striking resemblance.

"The expressiveness of those eyes of hers. Oh," exclaimed Miss MacDade with an enthusiasm that embarrassed the Widow Coyne, "Merna's eyes are the eyes of Rita Emmanuel—that is the best way I can say it!"

"You'll be making the child conceited of herself," said the Widow Coyne, smiling tenderly as she looked across at her daughter where the sunshine slanting through a window behind her, struck dark gold lights from her shining hair.

She knew that Merna was beautiful, but she saw suddenly a new

beauty upon her. Protective, cherishing, she gazed, yet told herself interiorly that Merna must not be denied the opportunity that Daniel Glynn's sister-in-law had offered. But London . . . London . . . ! If she let Merna go, for a year, or two years, would it be a good thing for her, and a good thing for Brian? Her eyes dwelt on Merna's.

"And what do you say yourself, child?" she asked softly.

"I'm not going back to 'The London House,' mother."

"Merna,' *croidhe* . . . " said Brigid Coyne in reproof, "you're forgettin'. You're forgettin' . . . "

"Merna isn't being discourteous at all," smiled their visitor. "She is wasted, and she will be wasted, in the . . . the drapery business. I think I can promise her more consideration than she'll ever receive in Castlemore."

"Castlemore is a good little town, and Daniel Glynn a brave decent man. But sure you know that," said Brigid Coyne. "And if yourself's tired o' 'The London House,' Merna, maybe you'll tell us now where you'd be wishful to go if you left it?"

Merna looked uncertain. For several moments she remained quite silent and still, her dewy eyes gazing straight through a little window at the back of her mother's house. But she perceived only the image of the youth she loved, a beckoning figure whose eyes implored her, reproved her; held all the world of her dreams in dark-blue pools that flashed softly a token of strength and pride. And of a sudden as the vision went, her heart told her that Brian of the Glen was more to her than all beside, and her eyes shone, kindling to her girl's thought, as she said with decision:

"We'll have to speak to Brian. Even if you would let me go, mother, there'd still be Brian."

"But you haven't told me who Brian is. And I confess you make me curious about him." Deirdre MacDade turned gravely to Merna, who was suddenly the lovelier for her blushes.

"Brian is the schoolmaster's son and he wants to marry Merna."

Answering for her daughter, Brigid added tranquilly for herself, choosing her words with modest care, while her comely features grew more serious, as though she were reaching a decision that involved principle and old pride: "We are very thankful to you. For it is kind you would be to Merna, and to us all. But I'm thinkin' it would be better to wait a while and ponder over all that yourself has been tellin' us. And we'll speak to Brian. He's fond o' Merna. He'd make a queen of her if he could, and he wasn't a bit pleased to see her goin' into Daniel Glynn's drapery. Forbye, there's—there's England. I have no love for it at all, Miss MacDade. It isn't the past alone, now. It is the present as well, and though it isn't myself that would be making predictions this minute, the future years will maybe have their own share o' trouble from across the water. So—so we'll wait a while. Isn't that what you'd like to do, Merna?"

"I'll speak to Brian," said Merna.

"Very well, then," said Deirdre MacDade with an understanding look, her heart warming to this Brian of the Glen, who could thus influence the beautiful girl for whom she had so earnestly, if impetuously, been planning, though she felt a little jealous of him, too. "And now," she added, rising, glancing around the widow's house with its shining

utensils, flowers in a green earthenware vase, its bookshelf, a brown violin beside it on the wall, the needlework at one end of a white table, over all an atmosphere of quietude and simplicity, "and now I want to take your photograph. Yours, too, Mrs. Coyne. The camera's in the car, and it's a lovely day for photographs."

"Well, now, what would you be doin' with the picture of an old woman like me?" Brigid Coyne inquired humorously. "Go on out, the two o' you, and I'll be making a cup o' tea. The kettle's boilin'."

"Oh, you must come too, mother. I'll make the tea," said Merna, "Come just as you are."

Her mother shook her head.

"Please, Mrs. Coyne . . . ." Something friendly and winsome in the sparkling eye of Deirdre MacDade seemed to compel the Widow Coyne to the door and out to the garden . . .

An hour later the visitor gazed reflectively toward the hills as she drove back to Castlemore. And she thought: "But she is acting in a play on St. Patrick's Day. . . . And they are coming to Sir Desmond O'Donnell's in March. . . . I wonder. . . . I wonder will the woman I love best in all the world be able to persuade the dear child. . . . The perfect understudy that she needs. . . . Really her very double. . . . I suppose that's a reason why I should love Merna, too. . . . And then there is the schoolmaster's son. . . . Well, I've done my best. . . . And I have the photographs. . . . What an interesting meeting it will be. . . . !"

St. Patrick's Day came with a spring-like clearness and clemency, and a mild moonlit night saw the people of Creaghmore and its neighborhood assembling for the production, by their own players, of a new play entitled, *The Woman of the House*. The Creaghmore Players were noted for effective staging and really clever acting. They had won more than a local reputation for themselves; and as rehearsal of their new play had somehow caused a rumor to spread that it was the very best they had done yet, and would give them an opportunity to surpass anything they had produced before, the audience promised to be even larger than usual. Sir Desmond O'Donnell was bringing a party to see the new play.

At a quarter to eight a certain excitement and commotion were caused by the arrival of a carriage and pair at the entrance to the handsome building which the O'Donnells had erected as a Village Hall in Creaghmore. This must surely be Sir Desmond's party, for he was the only gentleman in the vicinity who still preferred good horses to petrol. Sir Desmond it was, with two companions as unpretentious and excellently well-dressed as he: one a man, tall and experienced-looking, the other a woman, who seemed yet a girl, with a countenance of dazzling perfection, at sight of whom Father Malachy Loftus, accompaning Doctor O'Hara in a two-seater car, said surprisedly as they drew in behind the carriage:

"Why, 'tis that little girl Merna Coyne with Sir Desmond! I expect she's dressed for the play. . . ."

"Looks very charming and thoroughbred anyhow," said the doctor with an eye on the silken horses wheeling sedately away.

With a word in Gaelic to the young man at the door, Sir Desmond O'Donnell led his friends within the spacious hall, where they found seats

midway down its length. At eight o'clock the curtain was rung up, and in a setting of true beauty, albeit only the white interior of a widow's house, the first act of the play began.

The play was of beauty, too, human, cleverly constructed, almost startling in its lovely accord with reality, and yet laden with such a richness of the poetic as has rarely been compressed into a single play. Through it all, like a silver thread, ran an elusive challenge, a repressed cry of wild youth measuring its dreams against the hard materialism of a world that distrusts youth and has no faith in dreams.

And those who had come to see Merna Coyne found not Merna, but the daughter of *The Woman of the House*, a transfigured Merna, acting finely in a fine play that some master craftsman could have made finer still by lessening its lavish richness of speech and its too poignant straining of the emotions. . . .

Rita Emmanuel's hand touched her husband's.

"Isn't she almost perfect?" she whispered.

"She's just almost you," said Donn Ireland, pressing his wife's fingers. "And the play itself—it is for you, for her . . . "

"It is beautiful . . . "

"Too beautiful. Amazingly good—only some uncurbed young poet has overwritten it."

They centered their attention on the opening of the third act. But presently, to Sir Desmond O'Donnell:

"That young god with the fiddle . . . " said Rita Emmanuel. "He is desperation itself . . . "

"Fine work there . . . Fine . . . The play demands it . . . "

"Such a handsome boy . . . Unspoiled . . . I hope his own days go more untroubled. . . . "

"He will grow old . . . " Sir Desmond smiled gravely.

Presently the play was over, and the house tumultuous. But by degrees the excitement subsided, and while the pleased audience filed slowly out, Merna Coyne and Brian of the Glen were being overwhelmed by the congratulations of the rest of the Creaghmore Players. At last, however, they were driven to the dressing-rooms by Shan MacCulloch, the young schoolmaster who acted as their manager; and, festive and enthusiastic, most of them were soon gathered about the long supper table in an upper room, where Sir Desmond O'Donnell had invited them to meet him that night.

Merna Coyne and Brian of the Glen delayed. On their way to the supper-room Brian had lingered, had quietly drawn the girl out on the ornamental balcony which ran along one side of the hall. The moon was hidden, and in the shadows he caught her hands and spoke impassionedly.

"Merna, you were splendid. . . . Merna . . . Merna whom I love. . . . "

He drew her to him, held her slim body against his breast, kissing the fragrant tresses that clouded about her lovely brow.

"Oh, Brian, Brian . . . It was yourself that was splendid. . . . "

Her young heart sang, ecstatic. Somewhere a voice called, but they heeded it not. Soft noises of revelry drifted from the supper-room.

"Say it, Merna. . . . Whisper it now . . . that you will marry me, soon. . . . "

He held her as if he would compel her surrender. Beneath long-curving lashes her starry eyes looked a tenderness she could not speak.

She lifted her lips to his. Then, rapturous and possessive while she caressed him: "You're mine, Brian. . . . Mine," she whispered ardently. "Oh, sure you know well that I'll marry you."

"Ah . . . Treasure for my treasuring. . . . And you'll stay in the glen, always?"

"I'll stay with you, Brian . . ."

"Christ bless you forever, Merna . . . !"

Reverently his arms went about the dear figure that would be his to cherish. . . .

And that is why you may sometimes see Merna Coyne and Brian of the Glen on the films to-day. They loved, and they wedded. They could act well, and they learned to act better still. And Rita Emmanuel and Donn Ireland had gifts to triumph at once over the scruples of the Widow Coyne.

"OLD ST. MARY'S"[1]

By Evelyn Deasy

APART, serene amid the surging clamor,
Her portals wide to saint or penitent,
St. Mary's stands, encompassed by the glamour,
The mystery, of a western Orient.
At noon, in crowded city streets below,
Whose canyoned walls, colossally man-made,
House modern gods of industry and trade,
The Angelus is heard; those steep hills know
Each day the beat of a determined tread;
Toilers who leave the temples, surfeited
With mundane things, to seek an hour's release
In quiet prayer; in contemplation, peace.

Into the sacred dimness, side by side
They pass with earth's elect, with almond-eyed
Descendants of a Buddhist; near the door,
In garments nondescript, one lately fed
By the good Fathers' bounty, bares his head,
And reverently kneels upon the floor.

[1] So referred to by San Franciscans, to distinguish the Church of the Paulist Fathers from St. Mary's Cathedral.

THE WANDERERS

By Joseph B. McAllister

WE were standing before the old village watchtower of Andernach, on the Rhine—a giant fifteenth century stone relic. From its pinnacle fluttered the resurrected flag of the Empire. At its windows hung white curtains and on the sills were green boxes of red geraniums. Odd accouterments, I thought, for this hoary guardian of the peace . . . and said so to my companion, who was a native of the city. He replied in a matter of fact tone that people lived in the tower. "Who?" I asked. "The 'Wanderers,'" was his answer. "They can spend the night here. It is really very nice inside."

A discussion of the "Andernach Bakers," who are supposed to have saved the city by throwing beehives at the attacking people of Linz, left me still wondering who these "Wanderers" might be. And I continued to wonder at them, even after the succeeding weeks in the Rhineland and the Black Forest and Bavaria had brought me into some direct contact with them. These boys and girls, passing along the countryside or through the cities, demanded attention. They were too numerous, too significant to be overlooked . . . even if they do not figure in German news.

I met them traveling alone or in groups of varying size. Their age might be anywhere from six to twenty. Of course older people may be seen trudging along under their rucksacks, just like the youngsters. But the real "Wanderers," as I found out, those for whom the Youth Hostels are intended, are generally under twenty.

Bands of boys are most often encountered, walking or cycling. Strictly speaking, as far as I could see, they do not wear a uniform—such as, for instance, the Hitler Jugend wear. But their dress tends to something like the Hitler Jugend uniform: heavy hobnailed shoes, woolen hose reaching up to the calves of the legs, khaki or corduroy trunks, a sport shirt, a heavy leather belt, often with a knife swinging from it. If the boy is a Hitler Jugend, and one meets them everywhere, his dress will be militarily exact: khaki trunks and shirt, a Hacken Kreuz on his left arm, a heavy knife fixed to his wide leather belt. And he may be wearing glistening leather boots.

If the boys are cycling, sandals replace the heavy shoes. On long pulls or when it is hot, the shirt and hose will be in the luggage. One sparkling morning in the Moselle Valley we passed band after band of these boys—burnt a chestnut brown from the waist up. The road followed the river, winding like a shimmering streak through the steep vine-clad hills. Gladly I would have exchanged the express compartment for a bicycle and a place among them.

The girls show much less tendency to uniform dress: heavy low-heeled shoes and a plain frock of any color. However, I did see, as in Heidelberg, large companies of girls wearing blue serge skirts, white

middy blouses and black ties. They are the feminine branch of the Hitler Youth, called *"Bund Deutscher Mädchen,"* and though they take frequent and long walking trips, they are not, actually, "Wanderers."

Boy or girl, the "Wanderer" will generally be struggling along under an enormous rucksack—often so large that you think some stray sack has borrowed a pair of human legs. A blanket is strapped around, a sooty aluminum pot perches on top and from somewhere dangles a canteen and a kodak. An alpenstock, decorated with brass bands, one for each *"Aussichtspunkt,"* or lookout, that he has climbed to, completes the "Wanderer's" outfit.

And so attired the "Wanderers" tramp, or cycle, over Germany—from Mittenwald to the Hanseatic cities of the north, from East Prussia across Danzig to Constance, and even outside of Germany. I met two of them late one night near Angers, France. Another "Wanderer," whom I came to know at Beuron, had "wandered" over most of western and southern Germany, with an occasional trip into Austria and a climb up the Zugspitze. You meet these young people everywhere. They clatter into the solemn gloom of the cathedrals. They rove about the museums. They crowd on the street-cars and into the third class compartments of the trains, for they are not above taking an occasional ride. They clamber up the gangplanks of the Rhine steamers—or, if they are lucky, on to the mammoth Rhine barges. While coming up the Rhine I saw heaps of bicycles on many of the barges we passed, and now and then I would see a "Wanderer's" pup tent. The boys, in bathing suits, were basking in the sun.

Every band of "Wanderers" seemed to have a leader. Occasionally a flag would be at the head of the company, and frequently there were one or more musicians to accompany the group's singing on guitars. Generally you hear the "Wanderers" before you see them. They sing always — magnificent marching songs, that make the miles spin by and are uniquely Germany's own, like her castles and legends.

Six by the clock, one Sunday morning, they woke me up. The air was fragrant with pine. The Lake of Laach, nearby, lay like a mighty jewel in its setting of ancient crater walls, forested now by pines and firs. Over all was the clear light of the newly risen sun, and no sound but the singing of birds and those masculine voices blending in vigorous beautiful harmony. Their singing grew louder, and finally I saw the young men coming down the road that cut through the monastery garden. They made straight for the church and went in. There were only seven of them, hatless, marching three by three; the odd man, in the lead, carried a pennant. They wore black velvet knee breeches, white shirts open at the neck, and carried no instruments. After Mass they formed their little company smartly. Up went the pennant. Forward! And they were off, with a rollicking part song. Even after the turn in the monastery road hid them from view, the clear high notes of the tenor echoed against the ancient walls of the Benedictine Abbey of Maria Laach.

"They sing even when they are hungry," said a Bavarian to me in Heidelberg. Always a song! In Trier, two large groups of girls and one of boys passed beneath the hotel

window before eight o'clock in the morning—singing in spite of the rain. The night before, I had watched a company of girls pass round the old Roman Porta Nigra—singing to the accompaniment of several guitars. It was a pleasing picture of twentieth century German youth against a third century Roman background. I liked the singing of the boys better than the girls. For only in the tone of the boys did I hear that inimitable heartiness and buoyancy which is so typical of the German walking songs. They have a solemnity, too, and a reserve, that may come from the simplicity of the melodies and, even more so, from the recurring silent beats, when all one hears is the steady tramp, tramp of armored shoes.

Coming upon a band of dusty "Wanderers" lounging at noon beside the road or in the woods, one might easily mistake them for young foot-loose ne'er-do-wells. A glance into the blackened aluminum pot, set over a fire, and a whiff from the sausage coiled up in it with frothy bubbles gyrating about would not be reassuring. And even the snatches of song from the two boys lying on a blanket might not set the matter right. However, most emphatically, they cannot be classed as tramps. Most of them come from good families. They are students from different grade levels. Among the older boys will be artists, musicians, aspiring engineers. Even a moderately large group often represents them all. One "Wanderer" I met was studying the violoncello, and when at home that boy practiced ten hours a day, just taking out time for lunch and a round of golf. Another boy was trying to be an artist—unfortunately he had clashed with the régime, and though he was not imprisoned like some of his companions every national school in Germany was closed to him. He might "wander" if he wanted to; but he was forbidden to wear his Catholic "Wanderer's" outfit.

A good indication, I think, of the character of the "Wanderers" is the attention paid to them. There is the National Association of Youth Inns—(the "*Deutsche Jugendherbergen*," known as the D. J. H.). It has over two thousand inns. Medieval castles, like Wildenstein, dwellings, school houses, hospices, even barns have been converted into little hotels. These youth hostels have shower baths, dormitories for boys and for girls, assembly rooms, postal service, generally a telephone, and cooking facilities. To cook his own supper the "Wanderer" pays about five cents. For twenty-five cents he can buy a substantial meal, and his night's lodging will cost him around fifteen cents.

Incidentally, at the Youth Inns one meets many English boys and girls and even an occasional Scottish plaid. For these inns are open to foreigners, if they are under twenty and have a card. Other travelers are received if there is room.

On the trains the "Wanderers" get specially reduced fares. Maps drawn to large scale are prepared for them. Routes are clearly indicated. Paths are maintained and tunnels dug. At Beuron, in the valley of the Danube, I saw two of these tunnels. They pierced steep rocky elbows of the river, so as to keep the path close to the stream. All these woodland paths, and Germany is an immense network of them, as well as the lovely ones that frequently parallel the highways are under the care of a national organization,

and appropriations are made for them just as for the automobile roads.

Another indication of the real character of the "Wanderers" is the way they pursue their journey. There is no lack of fine youthful spirits. They go along laughing and singing; for "it is a holiday, a day to dance in." Yet, watch a "Wanderer" bending over his map, or examining, with the help of Baedeker or Grieben, some cathedral or ancient ruin. Watch how the whole company clusters around the leader—silent, to hear him read for the benefit of all from the only guide-book the group has. Here you see the "Wanderers" at work. For the moment they have put laughter and joking and singing and lapses into horse-play aside, and are down to the serious purpose of their traveling. And thus to see them is to be convinced that they are neither tramps nor fussy tourists. They are simply the "Wanderers," slowly and earnestly going about the business of learning to know and to love *their* Germany.

THE FAIRY LOUGH

By Liam P. Clancy

I know a Fairy Lough
That is reed-rimmed round;
All its islets rare
Are forest-crowned.
Silver-misted morning
Weaves it robes of gray;
A sheen of gold is on it
At close of day.

I know a Fairy Lough,
At whose waters' edge
There is music wild
In the tall, green sedge.
This the boon I'm craving:
When mine eyes are dimmed,
Let my heaven be only
That lough, reed-rimmed.

POTPOURRI

The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

YOU Americans have never realized, to be quite frank (for such is the privilege of friends), what a terrible weapon, for good or for ill, you have in your hands: *recognition*. Whether you will it or not, recognition, in the eyes of most Mexicans, means approval, support; and although this may not be technically true, yet it is undeniable that, in practice, it has worked out that way, *e. g.*, during the de la Huerta and Escobar revolts. In fact, I do not think that it would be too rash to say that if this unfortunate country is now the plaything of Calles and his hybrid band of gangsters and "doctrinaires" it is solely and exclusively because of recognition.

—"A Letter from Mexico," quoted in *America*, January 12th.

The League of Nations, as an instrument for real peace, seems to me to be born ahead of its time. No doubt it performs political and informative functions that are useful to certain nations and certain groups, but that is a different matter. Much spade work is required before there can be a true league of nations for true peace. At present there is not the recognition of spiritual equality present to afford a basis for such a condition. Peace is a by-product of the persistent application of social truth, justice, and strong intelligent love. Since peace is a by-product, a resulting condition, we can attain it only by carrying out the principles which will yield it. The price of peace is the price of justice.

—Richard B. Gregg, *The Power of Non-Violence*.

Whereas, in 1900 or thereabout, it was assumed by many leading scientists that science could give an adequate knowledge of the universe, without the aid of religious faith of any sort, very few scientists of repute would defend that position today. . . . Science now realizes that it can legitimately deal only with describing that which is revealed by our five senses. It has nothing rightly to say about ideas or absolutes: nothing about Truth *per se*, or Beauty, or Goodness. It is in itself no guide to epistemology or aesthetics, or morals. Personality (human or divine) is also out of its province. . . . It is hard to overestimate the importance, in the promotion of religion, of this shift in scientific point-of-view. When the change becomes more generally known, religion can no longer be regarded by anybody—not even by an American undergraduate, not even by a Russian communist—as a negligible factor in giving to man true knowledge of the nature of things and their significance.

—Bernard Iddings Bell, in *Scribner's*, December, 1934.

Because the outside world can tune in on Hitler and Goebbels, is it easier for the outside world to understand Hitler and Goebbels? Because the Moscow authorities can broadcast the news about the latest anti-Soviet conspiracy, does the world feel any nearer to the idea of government by purge? The world is certainly growing smaller, but by no means easier to understand.

—The *New York Times*.

There are no educated men. There never have been. There never will be. The men we may most justifiably call educated are simply the men who have never stopped their *pursuit* of the flying goals of information and insight. Education suffers from calendaritis. Diplomas and degrees carry the subtle suggestion that a man's education is finished at a certain age and that he can stop learning and begin living. But, when all is said and done, learning is a life job. A true education registers men at the cradle and graduates them at the grave.

—Glenn Frank, in *The Reader's Digest.*

In England a murder trial is a solemn, serious business. The frills and furbelows which go with one of our *élite* murder cases are wholly lacking in England. The accused man is brought promptly to the bar and as promptly tried, and, if he is guilty, the tricks and contrivances which are so useful here avail him nothing. Indeed, they are not even attempted in a British court. The British have a way of hanging their murderers that puts a damper on the commission of that romantic crime, so popular with us. An American city which does not have more murders in a year than the whole of the British Isles is a second-class city, indeed.

—Thomas Lomax Hunter, in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch.*

Our governments from village to nation, have been peculiarly inefficient, corrupt and given to favoritism. There is no reason to believe that any sudden change to a new form would make them any different. There is no use blinking the fact that our political life is stinkingly corrupt. The corruption lies deep in the heart of the people and is not confined to either party. The leopard would indeed have to change his spots marvelously if by waving a wand called Socialism we are to see all this corruption suddenly replaced by a million and more honest, able and disinterested public servants.

—James Truslow Adams, in *The Virginia Quarterly Review.*

More successfully than has been the case with any other religious denomination, Catholicism has been able to minister to all degrees of intelligence in terms of satisfying symbols. In the same service it can speak to Chesterton or to the unlettered immigrant.

—Richmond Croom Beatty, in *The American Review.*

[At the present day] the enormous mass of half-educated readers constitutes a very serious difficulty. No one who now writes a book knows into whose hands it will fall; and even a sermon or address intended for students is likely to appear in the daily press, strangely distorted and absurdly divided by staring headlines, representing possibly the theology of the sub-editor, but not that of the writer. Many men who have a message are silenced by the fear of doing more harm than good by publishing it. In a democratic community the half-educated decide what may and may not be said, and scholars naturally withdraw themselves from this kind of censorship.

—W. R. Inge, *The Gate of Life.*

It is one thing to endure with humour and magnanimity all the marks of littleness in those in whom they cannot be changed, who are people of good will, and are striving after the great, the absolute, on the only level where it is accessible to them, but it is quite another thing

to make their standard the norm, and to brand everything that transcends it as dangerous.

—Ida F. Cousenhoux, *The Burden of Belief.*

It is my belief that, ironically enough, the chief thing which war has to offer is security. When the drums begin to roll they speak not so much of high adventure as of shoes and shirts, corned beef and overcoats. . . . The soldier lives, even though it may be briefly, upon the tribute paid to heroes and not the grudging dole allotted to the unfit and unemployed. . . . In other words, it is and always will be quite useless to talk about the horrors of war until we are prepared to sweep away the horrors of peace. People go to war because they are filled with fear. They fear the slow extinction which creeps up gradually upon undernourished men. They fear not only starvation but the threat of starvation which denies them the small mercy of sleep. You cannot go to men who have walked city streets all night because they were without shelter and expect them to shudder at any tale of horrors along Vimy Ridge, or in the forts beyond Verdun.

—Heywood Broun.

To intellectual men who have always been comfortable and reasonably sure of their future, army life may seem like an intolerable nightmare; but it may feel like a great step up in cleanliness, diet, clothing, variety, interest, safety (yes, safety!) and hope, to many an economically under-privileged brother man—be he "wage slave" or old-fashioned hired man, who knows himself shut out from tolerable life because he is defeated in the fight for money—the only way into livable existence recognized by the modern world. How intolerable would an unemployed coal miner find barracks life? Or a sweatshop hand? Or a Negro just off the chain gang? . . . A nation should call itself disgraced if it so orders life within its borders that there can be even one of its citizens, living so poorly, so unbeautifully, so hopelessly, that war—*war!*—can even for an hour seem a change for the better.

—Dorothy Canfield Fisher, in *Why Wars Must Cease.*

At the very time when the machinery of record and inter-communication has reached its highest state of development, and its potentialities of social usefulness have become most clearly recognized, it has fallen under the influence of forces which are diverting it to mercenary and selfish ends. The elaborate network of physical equipment for communications, . . . has become the pawn of commercial and political rivalry.

—O. W. Riegel, *Mobilizing for Chaos.*

AVIGNON

By Michael Monahan

IN my youth, sympathetic reader, I fell under the charm of Daudet and long submitted to his genial dominance. More than any writer—aye, more than the entire *Félibrige*, he interested me in Provence, and it is chiefly due to him that I went there (alas, somewhat late in the day) to realize my dreams. When I put them to the dangerous test of reality I was, of course, disappointed, but this enabled me to do the more justice to the imagination of Daudet—the most brilliant that has come out of Provence.

I had associated Avignon with some of the happiest touches of his creative fancy, Avignon and the places round about that figure so delightfully in the *Letters from My Mill*. What magic dew is upon these flowers perennially fresh! Better had he stayed in Provence and remained a poet, as he essentially was in those first efforts, poetry in all save meter, than to exile himself and write sex novels for that wicked Paris!

In spite of Daudet, his *La Mule du Pape*, etc., Avignon was, I must honestly confess, something of a "lemon" to me, and the acidity lingers. Since the Great War all French towns that have any claims to historical interest, that possess any "ruins" major or minor, have been laboring with great zeal to attract to themselves a profitable share of the tourist business—the flood of travel increasing every year under the competent exploitation of the big tourist agencies. Contributing actively to this end is the *Syndicat d'Initiative* with branches everywhere in France—a useful body on the whole, though some things are done in its name which make the honest traveler weep, but more commonly swear! Historically, of course, Avignon has some worthy claims to our notice, and if the same were modestly urged they might be suffered to pass, excusable on the score of local pride.

The *Palais des Papes* (Palace of the Popes) is Avignon's grand attraction, and very striking, on a first view, are those giant stone structures, towering above the Rhone. One thinks with emotion of the Ark of Christianity being sheltered and preserved therein during nearly a hundred years; of the Popes who were men of battle as well as prayer, having need to be in that rough-handed fourteenth century; of the wonderful life this place must have witnessed during the papal exile, a life of which we possess so lamentably few pictures that one is apt to slight its real importance.

Then we recall that the Avignon incident was an unhappy one in the history of the papacy, culminating in the Great Schism (1378) which produced rival popes, one at Rome, the other at Avignon, anathematizing, excommunicating each other, contending in arms to enforce their opposing claims, tearing in tatters the seamless robe of Christ! We remember that as a final result of this dissension and scandal of conflicting popes, the universal Church was torn asunder in the sixteenth century, and the blood of Christendom poured forth to heal or maintain the breach.

I do not believe that Catholic sentiment favors the Government plan to restore on a large scale the Palace of the Popes, practically abandoned as such during five centuries. The popes who figured here in the fourteenth century were seven in number, all Frenchmen, and therefore it may be agreeable to French patriotism to commemorate the fact and signalize it by the restorations now contemplated. I humbly doubt if these proposed works can be made to pay for themselves.

In the first place, this ancient stronghold of the popes lacks beauty in a lamentable degree, contains no artistic remains of any great value—(the pictures and frescoes, more or less defaced, are of a primitive order)—while as a whole the place is, in Dickens's language, "demnition uninteresting!" Escorted by a French soldier who, like all his kind, thinks himself irresistible to the ladies—you go from one vast *salle* to another—Hall of Justice (remains of frescoes of the Last Judgment destroyed in Revolutionary epoch); Grand Audience Hall, Pontifical Chapel with the famous Window of Indulgences. . . . Alack! where once and for so long the kneeling crowds awaited celestial favors, only a few boys are to be seen playing in the restrained manner of Avignon youth. You climb enormous stairways leading to the Wardrobe Tower, the Tower of the Angels—(we wondered why the name: perhaps because the Pope's chamber was therein located?). In the Glacière Tower we get a whiff of the Revolution, sixty persons having been slaughtered here in return for the murder of a local patriot. Our energies being somewhat revived by this unexpected thrill, we pass on to the Trouillas Tower where Rienzi—that miss-fire Mussolini of the fourteenth century—was probably imprisoned.

Since Avignon admits a doubt on this head we spare our sympathies with the "last of the Tribunes."

As we were passing out into the Court of Honor, sufficiently large and impressive, I remarked to a French priest who had been of my party during the visit: "Well, Father, it isn't much like the Vatican or St. Peter's, is it?"

"Indeed no," he replied, adding with fervid conviction, "and never was intended to be, in the designs of Providence."

This I think gives the note of priestly feeling toward the present ambitious plans for restoring Avignon.

But there it was, towering massively before us, a grim and formidable relic of the Middle Ages, of history that tried men's souls, producing wounds and convulsions that have not yet healed or ceased to divide humanity—and as such no doubt it is destined long to endure.

Beside the Palace an ascent leads to a "Calvary" and the very ancient, often restored *Cathédral de Nôtre-Dame-des-Doms*, or Our Lady of the Cathedrals. The steeple is surmounted with a gilded statue of the Virgin, which flashes golden in the sun. Within the church one may admire some fine sculptures and paintings, notably Deveria's, "Adoration of the Magi" and "Disciples at Emmaus." Here is also the splendid tomb of Pope John XXII., which sepulcher was mutilated during the Revolution and badly restored in 1840. However, the recumbent statue is not that of the Pope (which was probably destroyed by the *sans-culottes*), but of some bishop unknown. This vandalism of the sons of liberty has left its marks in many

churches throughout Provence—there is hardly a whole-nosed bishop or archbishop (marble, of course) to be found in that country.

Quite on the summit of the hill named *le Rocher des Doms* (the Rock of the Cathedrals) a pretty garden is laid out, as refreshing a place as ever I saw, after leaving the dust of Avignon, the gloom of the House of the Popes, and the darksomeness of the old Cathedral behind me. From a terrace overlooking the Rhone one enjoys as fine a prospect as may be had in the Midi. At one's feet is the picturesque ruin of the ancient bridge St. Bénézet; opposite on the farther shore the Tower of Philip the Fair (*Philippe-le-Bel*), Villeneuve, Fort St. André, Chateauneuf-du-Pape. On the right, some thirty-odd miles away, appears the shadow of Mt. Ventoux.

In the garden are some good pieces of statuary, *e. g.*, a bust of Félix Gras the Félibre, and one of my favorite Paul Vayson, the painter; also a bronze, "Departure of the Swallows" by Charpentier.

During my sojourn at Avignon, some ten or twelve days, I lived at the *Hôtel des Papes*,[1] an imposing, brand-new, stuccoed and stuck-up caravansary which put into active practice the notions governing the "new travel" business, to which I have heretofore alluded. The office and reception rooms were on the first floor, and would have done honor to the Rue de Rivoli or the Boulevard des Capucines in Paris; they were the Front, the *pièce de résistance* of the house. Tolerable was the second floor, for so much as I glimpsed of it, but the two upper floors were of a flimsy description in which nothing seemed to fit—doors, lockers, drawers; and the furniture was of an appalling fragility. A most conspicuous object in the office was a large colored picture or lithograph elegantly framed, prophetically designed to represent the *Hôtel des Papes* as it would be sometime in the future. A grand esplanade in front, at present bare and unfeatured, was laid out with velvet lawns, trim shrubberies, walks and driveways; by the latter were approaching several superb automobiles bringing American millionaires to this favored hotel. I say American, because their nationality was plainly indicated by the loudness and expensiveness of their get-up.

This picture and the general *mise-en-scène* decided me to look elsewhere, but the *Directeur*, a tall, brisk young man with a Cæsarian beak and a facile command of English, would not hear of it. After a long struggle he reduced his preposterous terms one-half, and I put up at "The Lithograph," for so in my mind I always dubbed that hotel. I ordered breakfast in my room, and promptly at 10 A. M., a waiter in full dress knocked and desired my pleasure. I gave a very simple order, which appeared to disappoint him. He hesitated, started to leave, then returned.

"Pardon, Monsieur, mais le cocktail?" . . .

"Good Lord," I burst out, "who ever heard of cocktails for breakfast?"—at the same time translating the sentiment with some pains and heat.

But the waiter insisted that American patrons preferred *le cocktail* to any other *apéritif*, and I was almost obliged to use violence in order to get rid of him. He revenged him-

[1] The proper name is not given here, for obvious reasons.

self by turning in an excessive *addition*, which I protested vigorously. Again I locked horns with the suave *Directeur* and obtained a slight concession. This clever young man always knew the right moment to capitulate, but I said to him, "Don't wear yourself out before the millionaires start coming!"

He smiled thoughtfully and replied, "The season is still young. We can afford to wait."

A day or two afterward a Wall Street man whom I chanced to know, came along in his touring car, proposing to stop a few days and make short trips about the country. After dinner we had a little social session, which called for a few whiskies and cigars. When my friend got the bill his manly brow paled and stupefaction sat in his eyes. "This is worse than the 'racket' at home!" he exclaimed. And he left in the morning. . . .

At Avignon I first made acquaintance with the Mistral, which up to that time I was barely able to distinguish from the poet of the same name. Perhaps it has more of a right of way in the Rhone Valley, can there give more scope to its pent-up energies. The Mistral, you understand, is a wind, rather THE WIND, the hell-roaring captain, I would say, of all the winds in the world. It is strange how little is said about it in the local or tourist literature; strange that the Avignonnais don't brag about it, since the subject is one upon which they might honestly expend themselves. But any man who stays in Avignon as long as I did will learn as much concerning the Mistral as he may desire to know, without aid from the natives.

My room in the Lith—*excusez-moi!*—the *Hôtel des Papes*, was at the top of the house, a veritable crow's nest where the Mistral blew, which it did always, with few and short intermissions. I'll admit that sometimes I enjoyed it in a manner—to be tucked comfortably abed in my conning tower, while the great *Maestro* tuned up for one of his milder performances. It sometimes reminded me of Paganini's playing on the violin, as Heine describes it: at first gentle and sweet, even plaintive and heart-searching. Often I listened with pleasure to his *andante* work, wherein he seemed to be telling some tale of the long ago when war, religious war, swept this country, and men's hands were raised against their brothers, and the hearts of women were turned to stone at the sight of bloodshed, of burned and ruined homes, of old and young left desolate and shelterless. Over all this the Mistral seemed to grieve, and his moanings reached the heart with an awful pity. O Mistral, I thought, tell me more and make me understand. You were here—you have been here always, an invisible witness of things. Make me see what you have seen that I may tell a tale of those old fearful times which will startle the world's ear and soften its heart!

But the Mistral suddenly changes its note and rises to fury and madness, suggesting the wrath of hell, the despair of the damned. As if disdaining his milder mood he now shakes the house and the belfried city with his terrible clamor, waking dismal, resentful echoes from the huge Castle of the Popes and the ancient Cathedral, outraged in their s o l e m n quietude. 'Tis well, I thought, that Our Lady is securely fastened to her lofty place, else she would fly away to Heaven! Then the Mistral bursts forth into another crescendo of rage and—the careless

chambermaid having left a number of rooms open—the doors of all these crashed to like volleying thunder, and I look for the roof to be carried away and myself landed in the Rhone. But again he subsides in long shudderings and moanings, with a human accent of sorrow and contrition for some immedicable wrong of the long ago. The grief of the Mistral possessed me; I became sorry for myself in this stony-hearted and stony-seated Avignon, and almost sobbed myself to sleep.

In the morning, to my surprise, all seemed as usual, and the smiling *Directeur* asked me if I had slept well — preoccupied no doubt with those American millionaires who still delayed their coming.

The Mistral blows on an average of some 225 days in the year (useless to seek an official verification of this statement, which is none the less true). It never seems to get tired, is as strong in the morning as it was the night before, and only a merciful Nature must compel the occasional let-up. In point of general cussedness and exasperation we in this gladsome country of ours have nothing to compare with the Mistral. True, the cyclone is more destructive, executes more freaks of violence and whim, certainly causes more loss of human life. Nevertheless the Mistral seems in the long run a more unmitigated nuisance, a more cunning and persistent enemy of man.

In truth Provence is far from being the favored country some idle romantics of the pen or interested exploiters of the "new travel" would have us believe. It has barren stretches—*les Garrigues*—which reveal the very bones of the earth, where nothing grows for man or beast; places that recall the sterility about Jerusalem and the prophet's image of the abomination of desolation. Living is hard there and the population does not increase, even though the people do not emigrate any more than the cicada. There seems to be a charm about Provence which holds the native against all its disadvantages, and not least of these, the Mistral.

On the Avignon side you may have access to the St. Bénézet bridge, built in the twelfth century by the holy man after whom it is named, and useful long thereafter to the militant popes. From an obscure hole on the quay a little old black-eyed woman darted wasplike and sold me my *billet*, price fifty centimes. I gave her the whole franc, and she snarled wrathfully as having expected more, and pounced back into her hole sans ceremony.

I walked to the end of the bridge, which lacks two or three of its piers on the farther side and therefore does not span the river—a melancholy truncation that yet adds to the interest its great age inspires. In old times it was guarded at both ends by the Pope's soldiers, stout fellows with pike and sword, who fought the more bravely, knowing that if they fell their souls would be speeded heavenward by the Holy Father's own prayers. Toward the Avignon side is the chapel of St. Nicholas, coeval with the bridge itself, but long since secularized by time and change.

But here I recall to myself joyously that this was Daudet's bridge, the very one in his story of the Pope's mule where the merry folk were "always dancing, always dancing!" with that scapegrace Tistet Védène no doubt inciting the revels. But Avignon asserts that there is no tradition of people ever dancing on this bridge, and perhaps they danced

only in Daudet's imagination: which merely goes to prove how much Provence is indebted to him, especially this Avignon, and Tarascon also, which pays him little honor.

Over there is the Ile de Bathelasse separating the river into two arms, a famous resort of pleasure seekers (according to the local literature) where the Avignonnais addicted to "sport" and "high life" are known to squander as much as five francs in an afternoon or evening! I am not seduced by the temptations of this provincial *Jardin Mabille*, and I cling to the historic mood. Especially as Philip's Tower beckons me to the other side.

I leave old Bénézet with a softened feeling, and am relieved that the Wasp does not show herself again. Crossing the divided Rhone a little below by a suspension bridge and a stone one, I reach Villeneuve-les-Avignon.

Villeneuve! The city of dust and death, of decay and desolation, witnessing as few places do, the frustration of human plans, of exalted schemes, of high hope and endeavor. Here during the interregnum of French popes, the "Babylonian Exile," there was great prosperity and a brilliant court life. Peter's pence flowed to Avignon from all the faithful world, the widow's mite with the gifts of the great and powerful—aye, even the kings who desired to stand well with the Vicegerent of Christ. Cardinals built palaces for themselves and erected monuments in Villeneuve; one or two of the popes resided here at times; great monasteries arose under papal favor, the remains of which astonish us to-day. This wonderful prosperity faded at length. The spirit of Peter recalled his successors to Rome, the Eternal City which he had conquered with his life and death; even as in the legend, his Divine Master had bidden them return thither. They obeyed, and France lost her dream of holding the papacy, which reverted to the Italian succession.

As I walked along the road toward Philip's Tower—it stands exactly facing the Bridge Bénézet and the opposite Palace of the Popes—I reflected that I had never seen so much dust in my life. It was well over my ankles; here and there the Mistral whipped it into great heaps which drivers of vehicles were careful to avoid. It occurred to me that if a man wanted to end his troubles, he had only to lie down in the road and let the dust cover him—at this season the Rhone was too shallow near the shore to afford him relief.

Philip IV. or the Handsome (but not handsome is as handsome does) was a bad, bold, strong-willed man, avid of power, and altogether without moral scruple. He challenged the temporal authority of the pope, and his envoys flagrantly insulted Boniface VIII. Also he wished to control the pope politically; hence this tower, a formidable threat aimed at the Papal City. I climbed to the top, even to the small watch-tower which probably postdates Philip, whence one commands a great sweep of the Rhone country; and the couplet occurred to me—

"From this *échauguette*
I'll have you yet!"

But Philip passed in 1308[2] with-

[2] It was this same Philip who had the Templars condemned and burned, in order that he might possess himself of their wealth—one of the great crimes of the Middle Ages. Still Philip's policy in general made for the nationalization of France, which is the one credit mark we may give him.

out getting the pope, although his immediate successors continued in the same policy. One of these, John the Good (so-called) raised the immense fortifications around the Monastery of St. André which crown the hill at Villeneuve, and were intended to keep the pope and his satellites in order. It seems the popes and kings could seldom agree, each grasping at the substance of power, content that the other should have the shadow. However, it is but fair to allow that the people in those old times suffered much more from the kings than from the popes, who were indeed for the most part their protectors and the real promoters of civilization.

The Fort St. André is one of the most striking examples of medieval military architecture surviving in France; also one of the best preserved, with towers, gates, machicoulis, barbicans and portcullises complete. In the eighteenth century the place was used as a State prison, particularly during the period of the Revolution. There are curious mementos of prisoners, *graffiti* or inscriptions scratched on the walls of a dungeon, on the first story. These are for the most part dates (1785-1790), a horse, a head, a star, etc. One evidently by a priest reads—*Consolatrix, ora pro nobis!* No place is so interesting as a prison, the epitome of human misery, and no country is so rich in these repulsive monuments as France, owing to her difficult progress toward liberty. It struck me that on no other type of structure were the same skill and ingenuity of her builders more amply displayed. The very word dungeon we have taken from the French (*donjon*).

From St. André we pass to the monastery of the Chartreuse founded in 1356 by Pope Innocent VI., near his summer palace. This place, like so many others allocated to religion, was broken up at the Revolution and ever since has been suffered to lie in ruins. These remains are not of a sort to justify the restoration projected by the Government, in pursuance of its present policy of "restoring" everything that offers a bait to public curiosity—the tourist public, *bien entendu*. To my mind the Chartreuse will hardly repay such efforts as are promised.

I return across the river and pause in midstream to survey the scene so long pregnant with human interest and evermore evocative of great history. Farewell, old Philip's Tower, ever fruitlessly intent upon the Discrowned City opposite: thy occupation is gone, yet thou standest a memorial of the stubborn controversies of popes and kings. Farewell, old Bénézet, always vainly seeking to span the stream with thy truncated arches, dear to us that thou recallest our youth under the spell of a great artist. Farewell, shining Virgin on thy lofty perch, old Castle of the Popes in thy rugged sublimity—we shall never see you more!

THE MIND OF JOHN LaFARGE

By John LaFarge, S.J.

IT is fitting, or at least the Editor of The Catholic World considers it fitting, that I should write a few lines concerning my Father on the hundredth anniversary of his birth.

John LaFarge was born at 30 Beach Street, New York City, on March 31, 1835. His father, John Frederick de la Farge, came from near Angoulême, in France, and had an adventurous youth in the French navy, escaping from San Domingo to Philadelphia with other refugees. John LaFarge, senior, founded the village of LaFargeville, in northern New York, whither he took his youthful bride, Emily Louise Binsse (de Saint-Victor), after their marriage. John the son, eldest of nine children, did not settle at once upon an artistic career, although he was interested from childhood in drawing and sketching, together with his younger brother Frank. At St. John's College, Fordham, his interest in art and in the Orient was stimulated by his acquaintance with Father William Monroe, S.J., whose curios and reminiscences delighted him. He always retained great affection and respect for his early teachers. After his graduation from Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, he visited Paris, where he studied with Couture, and through his cousin Paul de Saint-Victor became acquainted with French literary society. He was married in 1860, in Newport, R. I., to Margaret Mason Perry; and through his friendship with Father Hecker, founder of the Congregation of St. Paul, brought his wife into the Catholic Church.

In the early, "Newport" period of his life LaFarge did much of his most original work, in the field of small paintings, even a few portraits. In the early seventies he began to experiment with color problems, which led him to his characteristic processes of stained glass: the use of opalescent glass and the overplating of sheets of pot-metal by which rich effects of color and inner refraction were produced. The exigencies of glass work caused him to make his headquarters for work in New York City, where his glass was executed by Herter & Company, later by the firm of Calvin & Wright, whom he thoroughly trained in his highly elaborate technique. His most important work in this class, the so-called "Battle Window," in Cambridge, Mass., was made in 1878.

An unusual turn and coloring was given to his life by his journeys, first to Japan, in 1886, and later for a two-years' trip in the company of Henry Adams to the South Seas, where he visited the Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, Tahiti, and Fiji. His literary as well as many of his visual impressions, were embodied in the volume *Reminiscences of the South Seas*. There, undisturbed by the demands of decorative commissions, he was occupied with the

more congenial tasks of recording his vision of nature's scene and of unspoiled humanity, to serve as a basis for further records of memories in later years.

The methodical, conscious cerebration of Henry Adams was in strange contrast to the intuitive, allusive mind of LaFarge, who told gleefully how he dreamt one night, while sleeping in a native hut, that Adams's brain had become detached from his person and was banging about the world, only to wake up and find that a South Sea rat was rolling a large cocoanut over the floor. One of the most cherished recollections of this trip was his friendship with the Catholic Samoan chief Mataafa, whose life LaFarge claimed to have saved from a projected attack.

In some inexplicable way, my Father managed to bring back home the atmosphere of these voyages. His drawings, sketches, and notebooks, together with his inimitable power of description, his way of evoking things past and distant by a magic of words arose not from his imagination alone, but from the intense *intimacy* that his mind appeared to share with all that he had ever experienced. That restless mind was forever exploring the inmost essence, the ultimate meaning of each experience.

Throughout his life he maintained close cultural contact with the European world, with England, Italy, Germany, Spain, and particularly France, all of which countries contributed to his immense store of reading, particularly in the field of literature, biography, and the history of art. His own continual jottings developed in the course of time into lectures, magazine articles, eventually books. He was thoroughly at home in the explanation or interpretation of great paintings, in which he discerned the fullest expression of individuals and epochs. Hence his lucubrations such as the *Hundred Great Paintings* (he could never quite see why there should be a "hundred"), *The Gospel Story in Art*, *The Higher Life in Art*, *Great Masters*, etc.

John LaFarge died on November 14, 1910, and was buried from the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in New York City. Within a year previous to his death he had designed a window for Cornelius N. Bliss, and had painted water colors up to almost the very last hours of his life. Besides his major works, he left behind him a voluminous record of designs, drawings and sketches, of thousands of photographs minutely annotated in his painstaking manner, of letters, notes, and unwritten memories of "a quiet, rather quizzical voice, an elusive, measuring glance," and of a personality ironical, universal, skeptical, yet with the skepticism of one who was solidly rooted in fundamental beliefs.

A large part of LaFarge's works are in private homes or collections. He himself deplored the necessity, that he could not escape, which confined his church work entirely to Protestant places of worship, save for the work done for the Paulist Fathers, New York City, and the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, in Providence, R. I. The following list of a few of his principal works available to the general public may prove helpful to students.

Decorations: Church of the Incarnation (Episcopal), New York City: altar paintings of the Nativ-

ity; Adoration of the Magi. Paulist Fathers, New York City: eleven paintings. Church of the Ascension (Episcopal), New York City: altar painting of the Ascension; his masterpiece. Trinity Church (Episcopal), Boston: all the interior decoration and some windows. A helpful guidebook describes them. St. Paul, Minn.: State Capitol. Baltimore: lunettes in vestibule of the Courthouse. Early work in the Pelham Street Congregational Church, Newport, R. I.

Paintings: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City: The Muse of Painting. National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.: The Golden Age; The Marriage Wreath. Boston Museum of Art: The Halt of the Wise Men; and other works. The Whitney Museum, New York City: St. John and the Virgin, and other paintings.

Glass: Watson Memorial, Buffalo, N. Y.: Angels Sealing the Servants of God (for which he was awarded medal in Paris). Paulist Fathers, New York City: two of the apse windows and other glass. (The other three apse windows are by John LaFarge's son, Bancel La Farge. The small clerestory windows and the large window in the nave are by John LaFarge. All John LaFarge's windows in St. Paul's are ornamental.) Trinity Church, Boston: Christ in Majesty; the Resurrection; Vision of St. John the Evangelist; Presentation of Our Lady, etc. Methuen, Conn. (Congregational Church): the Resurrection. Memorial Hall, Harvard University: the "Battle Window." North Easton, Mass.: the Ames Memorial Window. Ascension Church, New York City: Christ and Nicodemus; Presentation in the Temple, etc. Channing Memorial Church, Newport, R. I.: Christ Leading the Soul, and other of his best work. Judson Memorial, Washington Square, New York City: all the windows. St. Saviour's Cathedral, Southwark, London, England: the John Harvard Memorial.

Cloisonné Glass: Peacocks and Peonies (a favorite theme), in the Worcester (Mass.) Art Museum, the Yale Museum of Fine Arts, the Boston Art Museum.

Some of the best glass, in the large cities at least, has suffered from accumulation of smoke and dust. Windows have recently been acquired, from private sources, and appropriately installed by the Most Rev. James E. Cassidy, D.D., Bishop of Fall River, and by the Packard Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Private individuals are in possession of LaFarge's delightful early water colors, such as the Wolf Charmer, the Shepherd and Siren, the Fisherman and the Genii, the Pied Piper, and the numerous flower pieces, etc., which also appeared as woodcuts in early publications by Ticknor, etc. The Spirit of the Water Lily is in Fenway Court, Boston; Andromache, in the Syracuse (N. Y.) Museum of Art; glass, early water colors, and some other works in the Brooklyn Art Museum. His innumerable travel water colors and drawings, as well as drawings and sketches of every description, are scattered in private hands throughout this country and abroad. Their whereabouts are being gradually assembled and catalogued by my nephew, Henry LaFarge, of the Fogg Art Museum, Cambridge, Mass., who has assisted me with the above data.

When John LaFarge died his friends laid emphasis upon his many-sidedness, the vast range of his information and conversation, the multiplicity of his contacts with life, the rich variety of his ordinary conversation. Wrote the New York *Evening Post* at the time:

"Few men of our time have combined so universal a curiosity with so complete a tolerance, and such opportunities for contact with the simplest and with the most sophisticated of men. To this first-hand knowledge he added extraordinary reading in poetry and philosophy. Thus he was, in the Baconian sense, a 'full man'; his slightest talk readily veered to the greatest issues, and while he abjured philosophies, he abounded in concrete and picturesque wisdom."

The term "philosopher" if applied to LaFarge is not a mere metaphor for an habitually reflective mind. It is true that he "abjured," or, more correctly, never thought of placing his philosophic ideas in a systematic form, for he was essentially discursive and "occasional," in writing as well as reading, yet there was a clear logical structure beneath the casual form.

What was the source of LaFarge's philosophy? My own impression, derived from conversation with him in the summer of 1904, was that the formative influences in LaFarge's mind were (1) the Catholic tradition of thought which he inherited through his French ancestry, and lived in habitually by his immensely wide reading in French, Italian, and Spanish literature, particularly in the theory of art and the lives and personal observations of great painters; (2) his acute perceptions of the general bearings of elementary Catholic philosophical instructions that he obtained at Fordham and Mount St. Mary's; (3) and his own actual experience, studying his own processes introspectively and in a curiously detached and dispassionate manner. His own native, or natural conclusions were confirmed and made viable, as it were, by his intimate study of such æstheticians as Goethe, Toepfer, the painters Delacroix and Fromentin, as well as by innumerable inquiries and discussions with every human being that he thought could contribute to his own thought. The realism in philosophy, combined with suggestive idealism in method, of the Chinese and Japanese philosophers on art appealed to him, and also served to confirm his empirical conclusions.

LaFarge's philosophy found its most adequate expression in a series of lectures delivered in the year 1893 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, published in 1901 by Macmillan in a small volume of 270 pages *Considerations on Painting* (now out of print). Some of the ideas therein expressed are to be found in the remarkable chapter entitled "Bric-a-Brac," in his *Artist's Letters from Japan* (The Century Company, 1891). I doubt if any of the hearers of those lectures realized their full import at the time; and the majority were pretty well perplexed by their discursive manner, offering the subtlest distinctions unawares, as a mere appendage to an anecdote or a side remark to a practical instruction. A letter, dated June 19, 1895, of Mrs. William T. Sedgwick, of Boston, sums up her impressions:

"He has a very quiet, unimpressive manner; a low, rather monotonous voice."

"Mr. LaFarge's lectures were really on the Philosophy of Art: chiefly in painting as a painter thinks of it and sees the world about him. They developed no special theory of technique, and were the exponent of no 'school of painting.'

"General, liberal, and of a highly elevated tone, they could but be stimulating and uplifting to any one who listened in the right spirit.

"I have never heard lectures more difficult to report—they had no logical formulæ, no system to advance, no recipe for painting pictures. He was the apostle of no method of work, and dealt in few personalities. Yet the *impression* left on more than one mind was very deep, very suggestive and exalted—that of the character or belief of a noble artist whose high conception of his career must add to the beauty of the world, and whose words if heeded would help in the due appreciation of what was best and what was meretricious in all."

The attempt to reduce Father's philosophical ideas, as expounded in these lectures, to some systematic form, reveals the remarkable conformity of his philosophic humanism with that of the *philosophia perennis*, the tradition of Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas. This became particularly evident on comparing the *Considerations* with Jacques Maritain's little work, *Art and Scholasticism*. Maritain's precise recalling of Thomistic distinctions throws light upon LaFarge, and LaFarge, at the same time, illustrates some of the cloudier passages in Maritain. The following paragraphs summarize the leading concepts of LaFarge. (C. refers to pages in *Considerations on Painting*. Jp. *An Artist's Letters from Japan*. *M. Art and Scholasticism*.):

The satisfaction that we derive from the sight of great works of the plastic arts (sculpture, painting, etc.) is not from the mere sense-impression of these works of art, not from any mere "copying" of visible objects, but from the fact that they recall to us our *memories* of the objects or scenes that they represent. "We see in the work of art what we wish to see: the picture of our own memories of sight; the mirror of what we are or have grown" [to be] (C. 144). "The painting has nothing for us but what we can coördinate of our own memories" (C. 59).

The artist produces this satisfaction by conveying to us *his own* memories; choosing from his store of the same. "And when he has finished . . . he has given me his desires, his memories, his pleasures, his dreams, all the little occurrences of so much life" (Jp. 142).

The artist's store of memories will be determined by his experience: the civilization he has lived in, as the Greeks and the Chinese: "We are cut off from the vast amount of associations that have informed the lives of their makers" (C. 16). It will be determined also by the artist's own sensitivity (C. 129), natural and acquired. His actual *choice* will be determined by (1) his capacity for expression: "the hand . . . has a certain memory of its own" (C. 198); and (2) by his actual medium of expression. "It is not that the methods, the workmanship, can be detached from thought, but that the methods are so intimately connected with it, are such a necessary instrument of

it, that they form one thing" (C. 24). His choice will likewise be determined by his *intention*.

"... the original meaning of the word *design*, an intention, a purpose, a human arrangement of the present for the future. The more strongly we feel this, the more important the result of our work; because all the more does it insist upon that primal intention of reducing nature to art. That is to say, of insisting upon the law and order implied—a law not always apparent in a world full of accidents which we cannot reduce to order" (C. 214).

The artist's intention is not to *copy* but to *suggest*, *i. e.*, to suggest "memories of forms." This process of suggestion, by devices of line or even color and light, produces an "illusion" of the reality of nature. The "illusion," however, may be the truest presentation of reality. Nature herself produces such illusions, but of themselves they are not deceptive, for our senses *of themselves* do not deceive us (C. 148). It is our intellectual judgments that are faulty, which faulty judgments derive from insufficient observation and checking up on reality. Hence the need of perpetual study and even copying of the great masters, so as to "purify our memories" and avoid self-deception.

By our understanding of the artist's suggestion we share in his intention. This process of sharing is itself a creative process. The *complete* appreciation of a work of genius is itself a work of genius (M. 169); we appreciate, furthermore, those memories which are most universal. The painter opens the eyes of people to the world around them, he shows to them the "size of the world," and therefore in that sense is a creator. (C. 66.)

The forms or "law and order" in visible creation are apprehended by the intellect acting through the senses, in a process of intuition: the "process of free life," by

"coördinating innumerable memories, by rejecting those that are useless or antagonistic; and all without being aware of it, so that those who especially most use the eye, as, for instance, the painter, or the hunter, are unaware of more than one single, instantaneous action" (C. 13).

The "record" is not of mere sensation, but of our "interest in the matter."

The intellectual abstraction of forms, by a process of synthesis, is a process natural to man *as man*.

"In art the end, the meaning, is for us; we are the final cause; in the work of art 'man is the measure of all things.' Each work of art is a restoration of nature to what she should be" (C. 211).

The genuine, even if only rudimentary and elementary, processes of art are found when man acts from human interest and without artificial convention, as in the case of the child and the primitive (C. 236-7). The true artist, *i. e.*, one who is entirely sincere and true to the norms of his art, is one who is true to his entire human nature.

This leads us to LaFarge's definition of art (Jp. 145):

"Art is the love of certain balanced proportions and relations which the mind likes to discover

and to bring out in what it deals with, be it thought, or the actions of men, or the influences of nature, or the material things in which necessity makes it to work. I should then expand this idea till it stretched from the patterns of earliest pottery to the harmony of the lines of Homer. Then I should say that in our plastic arts the relations of lines and spaces are, in my belief, the first and earliest desires. And again I should have to say that, in my unexpressed faith, these needs are as needs of the soul, and echoes of the laws of the universe, seen and unseen, reflections of the universal mathematics, cadences of the ancient music of the spheres."

"All we can do is to assume" that problems of light, color, perspective, etc., "all must fall within a universal geometry" (C. 169), the laws of which are known to the Creator Himself. Had we His vision, we would see that they could be reduced to notation as are the laws of the world of sound. (C. 131.) *(Cf.* M. 35.)

Morality, or religion, puts the mind in harmony with these objective ideas of the Creator, and makes it thus ready to receive them. The remembrance and perception of these forms inherent in nature produces emotion in the painter, according to LaFarge. Their expression, through artistic suggestion, produces emotion in those who view his work. Emotion, however, is an *effect*, not the immediate final cause of artistic expression. In this way, LaFarge completely avoids that "subjectivist 'poison,'" which "has borne its latest fruit in the *Einfühlung* ("empathy") theory of Lipps and Volkelt, which brings the perception of the beautiful back to a projection or infusion of our own emotions and feelings into the object" (M. 169). *(Cf. The Philosophy of Art*, by Curt John Ducasse.)

Characteristic are LaFarge's views on genius, decadence, progress, and unity. The processes of genius are not *specifically* different from those of the ordinary mortal or even of the child (C. 39). They are merely vastly heightened by sensitivity and attention. Nevertheless, the spiritual development which the incredibly patient process of genius gives rise to, is expressed in *personality*, by means of which the artist sums up, as it were, in each achievement all the acts of his entire previous life. In this way the synthetic character of his work differs from the steps of the scientist or logician. (C. 141.)

"In a supposed case, were a painter to devote all his life to one painting; could he do so, were he great enough to do so; to make a vase strong enough and fine enough to hold these feelings of his whole age—he would only have occupied a little piece of time, disproportionate in relation even to the continuous existence in time of the world he attempts to mirror.

"In the execution of his work the artist is brought, even by the mere mechanical progress of the work, to a recall of all his latent consciousness" (C. 203).

The tragedy occurs when the artist has outlived his power of spiritual perception, and retains but a memory of a method. The discovery of this interior collapse has driven some painters to suicide. Or a subtler phenomenon may occur. His spiritual growth may have outgrown the methods that he found

sufficient in younger years for more limited perceptions and ideas. "He has learned to express himself only in accents of lightness and triviality, and he knows no others. He can no longer sing in any tones than those to which he has trained his voice. What shall he do?" (C. 136). Some of the riddles of painting may be attributed to such a source. And the same may be true of a school (as of some of the Flemish religious painters) as of an individual.

In all his writings and discourses, LaFarge was ever insisting upon the unity of the great and small in art: workmanship and genius.

"On one side our art is as humble as on another side it is great; and in this we but mirror the world about us, whose great and small are but expressions of momentary relation, are but as plains and hills melting into one another. Terms are not final; there is nothing in creation which is not great; nothing which is not small. To carry out all these great ideas, small means are necessary" (C. 251).

Yet "whatever has been really great once [like the art of the Greeks] will always remain great" (Jp. 158). LaFarge was chary about admitting progress in art as a whole. Certain heights had been achieved in the past which would never again be attained: in sculpture, in design, in painting, in crafts. Progress would come from ever new discoveries of the vastness of the created world, rather than from any necessary evolutionary process on the part of the discoverer. His own goal was unity of thought and feeling. Characteristic were his words, written after strenuous days at Nikko (Jp. 158):

"I feel rather as if, tired, I wished to take off my modern armor, and lie at rest, and look at these pictures of the simplicity of attitude in which we were once children. For, indeed, the meaning of our struggle is to regain that time, through the toil and the fullness of learning, and to live again the oneness of mind and feeling which is to open to us the doors of the kingdom."

LaFarge's intellectualism was in some ways an aid to his art. The external circumstances of the civilization in which he lived were far from favorable to his type of genius. A nature that so peculiarly craved unity and harmony of the inner and the visible world—a craving that attracted him to the Orient —was out of place in the period of American industrial expansion. It was only his native power of abstraction (here his intellectualism may have helped him) that could enable him to dream dreams of the South Seas within the grim walls of the dismal studio building at 51 West 10th Street where he passed the greater part of his life.

Through his intellectual traits he succeeded in creating his own atmosphere, and gathering around him men like Sturgis Bigelow, Edward Hooper, Henry Adams, John Hay, Clarence King, and many others. His Catholic *ideas* were a refuge from the non-Catholic commercialized atmosphere to which fate, or Providence, had assigned him. But it was an imperfect refuge. His decorative art would undoubtedly have reflected more of life's force and drama, less of studio draperies and landscapes, if it could have been executed amidst the warmth and inspiration of a Catholic culture.

While his intellectualism gave him an extraordinary influence over those persons with whom he came into personal contact, it was far from being an unqualified asset for his art. Handicapped by a physique in itself far from robust, and further handicapped by his experiences in lead poisoning attributed to his early experiments in the chemistry of glass, he eminently needed concentration and husbanding of efforts within a fairly restricted area. While his glass and his decorations won him his greatest applause, his full genius, I believe, did not find therein its expression. LaFarge was essentially a painter, not an organizer or director of other persons' efforts. Throughout his life, painting, within the convenient limits of the private studio and the easel, remained for him his method of expression as natural as it is for a bird to sing or for a rimester to versify. Never did he refer to painting in this sense as "work."

Distracted and diffused by the multitude of mediums in which he chose to express himself, or, rather, by the accidental cares and worries, financial and otherwise, which they entailed, he was further distracted by his love for thought and the expression of thought for its own sake. As it is, there is a fragmentary character to his plastic work and to his thought. It may have been better so. Our age needs universal men; even if they are universal but in fragments.

As a man his intensely intellectual interests complicated the problem which every artist is obliged to face in adjusting himself to a world which inexorably demands accountability for the things done, in the moral order, regardless of the things *made*, in the order of art. LaFarge at no stage of his life desired to be an emancipated, unmoral individual. His conscience was delicate, in matters of his Catholic Faith as well as in matters of morals, and was ever with him from the cradle to the grave. His youthful letters from Mount St. Mary's reveal the solid habits of frugality and industry that he laid in his youth. He heartily detested the irresponsible shirker, and had no sympathy for the moral philosophy of a Rousseau or the sentimentalism of a Goethe, however much he might enjoy their imaginative creations. The absorbed artist, like the absorbed scientist, *can* adjust himself to the matter-of-fact requirements of family life, public relations, the sacramental economy of the Church. If LaFarge had heeded the advice given him in his latter years, by one who was nearest to him, to "scrap it all," and go back to the easel which was his *life*, I believe he would have found great peace.

But the double absorptions of LaFarge's life were more at times than human nature could well bear; and it is to this circumstance, rather than to any lack of profound religious and moral conviction or lack of strength of will—for his will was singularly tenacious—that the confusion and perplexity in his life's conduct, the irritability and the downright unreasonableness, which made LaFarge at times anything but comforting to those most nearly associated with him, may honestly be ascribed. That through it all he still retained the intense affection of his seven children, that he came ever closer to his God as his life drew to a close, to end in entire reconciliation with his Creator, was

due in no small measure to the patience, tact, and understanding of the soul whom God had allotted to him for his companion through life. Her Prudence, in the grand old sense of the word, was her counterbalance to his Art, her love the reconciliation of both. "That's your Father's way," was my Mother's unfailing explanation of all that seemed most inexplicable in his conduct. And I know of none truer. Whatever estimate later and wiser generations may place upon that way, it cannot rob it of the merit of having contributed to our American civilization the unique impression of a uniquely Catholic mind.

SONG OF THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE

By Sister M. Patricia, R.S.M.

ONCE more, Acushla, the snow-laden sea winds
Sweep through the craggy road bleak and aloof,
Spraying the windows of one lonesome cottage,
Slating with crystals its shivering roof.
Out on the turbulent lap of the ocean
Rolling in spirals like globes of black glass,
Weeping unheeded, unheeded forever,
Great swelling breakers sob loud as they pass.

Time was, Acushla, when storms held no terror;
Standing beside you I courted no fear;
Little the frowns of the weather disturbed me;
Fearless my heart when I knew you were near.
Now, when the sea winds are wailing and calling
Outside our cottage that beacons the way,
Fast beats my pulse as the throb of the ocean,
Drenched is my heart with its wintery spray.

"IRELAND CALLING!"

By Mary Louise Gray

NO one would have thought of Andy McDermott as an emotional character, not even Andy himself, and he glanced at his hands with a vague impression that there was something queer about it when he realized how they were trembling, quite forgetting the breakfast that he had not had. His teeth, too, seemed a bit unsteady in their grip on the blackened pipe, which, all unnoticed, had gone out. He was hardly aware of the sea of faces in the great grand stand before him or the nearer crowd milling and pushing for a better place behind the ropes. Not even the shouting of the vociferous bookmakers attracted his attention.

The race was on — the famous Grand National! And there, across the field where flying, flashing feet were contesting every inch of the track, was his Orphan, on at last for his first really great race, a race, which if won, would mean fame indeed for The Orphan, but for Andy? What words could say what it would mean for him! And again a tremor ran over him.

The horses were quite out at the turn of the track, too far away for him to distinguish their colors. One moment more and they would be coming down the home stretch, so short a time, and yet how many memories crowded through McDermott's mind in that brief interval!

Again he was back at the Great House standing in the sunshine on the drive in front of the stables, now all but empty, and dainty Maureen O'Connor looking more dainty than ever in her simple black habit was slipping the reins over Heather Bell's head and saying, as she put them into his hand, "My last ride, McDermott. Here, I'm giving her to you. She's all I have left now. I know you will be good to her, you have always been so faithful. I shall like to think she is with you—and, well, take care of yourself, McDermott. I wish I could find you a place, but— I won't forget you all, good-by." And then she was gone.

His thoughts darted back still further over the heartbreaking time that had followed the death of Maureen's mother. While she was living her gentle tact and diplomatic management had saved the O'Connor from himself and his friends, but once her influence was lacking his grief for her was itself an added incentive to the reckless drinking that had ended his days and left his daughter alone and homeless. So she had said good-by to them all and gone away that sunny morning, her brave little head held high, her cheeks the color of wild roses and her blue-gray Irish eyes shining though they shone through unshed tears.

Where was she now, McDermott wondered. A beautiful voice carefully cultivated had been her only reliance in the struggle for existence that lay before her in the great world outside. McDermott had heard of her singing in London and then far away in Melbourne and Auckland but now for a long time no news had

come. The old house had been put up for sale but no one in all the countryside would buy it while the last child of the O'Connors was wandering homeless about the world. So strangers had come in, strangers who were not of their kind, and from a world where the old manners and old deferences were forgotten or unknown.

With a rush these memory pictures had come blotting out the present completely, but in an instant the mist had cleared and there, almost before him, were the horses! McDermott groaned. Where was The Orphan? Extraordinarily close in line as they were, running almost neck and neck, he could not at first make him out.

"O, Mother of Mercy! Mary, Mother of us all! What would ye be about now? Sure, ye wouldn't l'ave him be beaten! Think of Miss Maureen out yonder! Who's to help her if ye let us fail?"

Like the wind they came on. There just ahead was the fatal post and still no sight of The Orphan. Then, with the wire all but over their heads, came a flash of pink and The Orphan's wild rose colors flew underneath, a full nose-length ahead of the field!

McDermott's next impression had been an angry sense of being shoved and pushed about by two or three bystanders. One had been a bit unceremonious for a moment until he caught sight of Andy's dazed eyes and graying face. With rough and ready kindness he caught and steadied Andy's sinking form and gently lowered him to the ground. Andy opened his eyes to find a friendly flask at his lips and after a pull at that he lay still for awhile dimly aware of but one thing: the long, long struggle was over, the strain of years was lifted at last, and rest, just rest and security were enough for him!

It was true there was much to be done before his promise would really be fulfilled, that promise which he had made to himself six toilsome years before as he stood with Heather Bell's bridle-rein in his hand and watched Maureen O'Connor saying good-by to the old home that had sheltered her family for generations. "Heather Bell," he had said, "Heather Bell, me lass, there's a work to be done an' there's no one to do it but you and me. But with the help o' God an' His Blessed Mother, we'll bring her back. 'Tis not to be thought of that our Miss Maureen should be left wandering homeless about the world."

Had Andy half realized all that his promise involved? Probably not for there was no room in his mind for thoughts of self. Moreover he was not one to boggle over such a matter. He knew nothing of the lore of chivalry or the deeds of warlike knights, but he knew his lady was in need and in his humble way he saw his duty and would do it.

He had not been slow to see that Heather Bell would prove something of a complication. It would not be easy for a man of his age to get another place under the best of circumstances, but with her to provide for his difficulties had more than doubled. Her first colt on which he had rested so many hopes had died in spite of all his care. With the advent of The Orphan, Andy's life had been lived but for the two of them. He thought of nothing but the welfare of the colt and the great races he would one day win. Andy might go supperless to bed, but The Orphan must have the best of everything. Trainers' and jockeys' wages

to say nothing of the thousand and one other requirements soon ate up all McDermott's scanty savings. Many a time he eyed the big colt ruefully: "Sure ye might be an opera singer, ye're that expensive to keep. 'Tis Caruso or John McCormack I should be callin' ye." However, the long-legged youngster had soon developed speed and made his mark winning good money in less important events about the country. Well it was that he did, else, with all his dogged determination, McDermott must have failed.

The great day had come at last and here was his Orphan winner of the biggest event in the sporting world. No wonder the sudden letting go after such a strain had left Andy limp and dazed. Slowly he pulled himself up to a sitting posture and looked around. Yes, it was all over. At the stables they would be sponging off his gallant young winner and rubbing him down. He must go to him, and, with a grateful nod to his good Samaritan, he made his way across to the stables.

His appearance was hailed by the crowd outside with an outburst of congratulations. Something in Andy's smile seemed ample compensation for his lack of words. Going into the stable he watched the men at their work for a while; then moving around the racer's head, he stood for a moment looking him speculatively in the eye: "Orphan, me boy, I'm thinkin' 'tis little ye know what them hoofs of yours have done this day. We're goin' home, Orphan, d'ye mind that now? We're goin' home. We'll buy back the Great House an' th' old stables an' me brave little Miss Maureen shall have her home again—but, oh, wirra, wirra, where in all the world will we be findin' her?"

Suddenly Andy felt old and very tired; the hardest part of the work was yet to be done. Then slipping his arm around The Orphan's neck, he leaned his face against that of his spirited coworker as if he would not have him doubt his appreciation and gratitude: "Ye're quick on your feet, me lad, but they'll hardly carry you the distance she's away." But at once came instant self-reproach: "An' is it forgettin' the help o' the Blessed Mother, ye are, Andy McDermott? Whin did she ever fail ye yet? Isn't she just after givin' the race to The Orphan? Sure, she knows where to find Miss Maureen!" And then, his act of loving confidence having gone on record, the practical in Andy reasserted itself. "Sure, the Blessed Mother knows, no doubt about that! *She* knows! But how in the world will I be knowin', too?"

At that moment a group of reporters surged toward him and he was pelted with questions so rapidly that he was almost bewildered. "How long had he owned The Orphan and from whom had he bought him?" Instantly the idea popped into his head that his answers would be published far and wide and by this means his lady might be found.

"Sure an' ye didn't think the likes o' me would be the real owner of a race horse like The Orphan, did ye? He belongs to Miss Maureen O'Connor, the young lady of the Great House where I used to have charge o' the stables. She left his mother in my care when she went away to become a great singer. 'Where is she now?' That's for ye to find out, me men. They say there's no news that can't be nosed out by you fellers. How do I know would she be wantin' me to be givin' out her whereabouts so free-like, to be pes-

tered with questions same as me. Find her yourselves, it'll do ye good to sharpen your wits on a bit o' detective work." And no further information could they get from Andy McDermott.

Restless and perplexed since early morning, Maureen O'Connor had chosen to walk down to the theater from her tiny apartment on the East Side but neither the beauty of the morning nor the sight of the shops along Fifth Avenue gay with all the colors of early fall flowers, had been able to break the spell of homesick longing and loneliness that clutched her heart. The home of her happy childhood was calling her with a power she could not resist. When she had left the Great House she had promised herself to work for the sole end of buying it back. No other place could ever be "home" to her were it ever so luxurious and beautiful.

A little more than a year before, while singing in London, she had met a brilliant young lawyer of Dublin. Their acquaintance had very quickly ripened into love on the part of FitsGerald Desmond and to a growing regard on hers. His proposal of marriage, however, had been a bit premature and was met with a refusal. She told him she had set herself a task to be finished before she could consider marriage. Pressed for more definite information, she replied that she could tell him no more. Well she knew that to disclose her secret would mean that he would not rest until he had procured for her her heart's desire at an expense he could ill afford. At their last meeting he had renewed his plea. She gave him this assurance: that she cared for no one else, that she trusted him and greatly valued his friendship and, if the time ever came when she knew she loved him and was ready to say "Yes" she would send him the message, "Ireland Calling!"

Here in New York where her success in singing Irish folk songs had made her very much the vogue, Hamilton Archer had fallen in love with her. Just before leaving her apartment that morning she had received a telephone call from him asking the pleasure of taking her for a drive and then to lunch. He would meet her at the theater after the rehearsal. She recognized it for a decisive moment feeling that she could no longer ward off the all important question. What would she say? He could relieve her of all money cares; the buying back of the Great House would count for little compared with the tremendous expense of his other estates, his yacht and his lavish entertaining. But would he be content to make it his home? And if so, could she be happy with him? She wanted a home, her own old home, more than anything else on earth, she thought. She was tired almost beyond endurance of singing to crowds. She wanted to sing to her children the lullabys that her dear mother had sung to her. Oh, yes, she longed for children but it was out of the picture entirely that they should be born anywhere else than at the Great House. They must be baptized in its little chapel where she had been baptized, she and her father before her and generations of her people. They must grow up there, learn all the country lore as she had, be taught to ride by dear old Andy, to fish and hunt and swim by their father—but somehow it was always "Gerry" Desmond whom she visioned in that capacity. No, Archer didn't belong in that setting

in the least; but here she was at the theater and these questions must be put aside for a time.

She walked out on the big empty stage music in hand, ready to run over some new numbers for her program but, though she glanced occasionally at the music, the most casual observer might have seen that her thoughts were elsewhere. Two or three lights had flared out down in the orchestra and soft chords from vibrant violins told that some of the musicians were already in their places. A few streaks of daylight filtering through into the big auditorium beyond served only to make its dim spaces more vast and its cool darkness gave little hint of the bright sunshine in the streets outside.

After finishing with the new songs she began on "Kathleen Mavourneen" which had always brought her a most enthusiastic ovation. This morning, however, a new intensity, a more poignant feeling, a deeper longing, sounded in her voice. "Sing it like that to-night and you will be famous," commented her manager approvingly. "At first I wondered what was the matter with you today, there wasn't a bit of life in your voice; then, suddenly you put the tears in my eyes; how was it?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," she replied, "I wasn't thinking particularly about the song." Indeed she was not. The words and the music had increased her homesickness. Suddenly she had seen Gerry Desmond as she had seen him last. Like a flash she knew she wanted him more than she had ever wanted anyone or anything before. For once the Great House did not loom up between them. It was all so clear now and she must wait no longer.

When Archer joined her she said, "I must send a cable message immediately. Will you be so kind as to drive me to the nearest place where I can do so?" On entering the car afterwards, she said, "I've some news that I'd like to tell you before you hear it announced publicly. As soon as my engagement here in New York is finished, I expect to go home to Ireland to be married."

There followed a moment of silence, then her companion said in a voice which was somewhat unnatural, "I cannot say that it is pleasant news. Indeed, it has come as a painful surprise. I had hoped it would be otherwise. But who is the man whom you have so honored, if I may ask?"

"FitzGerald Desmond of Dublin," was the reply. "Oh, but I'm grieved to have caused you a moment of pain. However, it never could have been anybody else than Gerry."

"He's a lucky man to have made you feel like that about him, and you know, Maureen, that I wish you all happiness. Tell me more about him, won't you?"

"Well, he's a lawyer, of great promise, people say, a man of splendid character and attractive personality with many interests in addition to the law, keen on literature and music especially. A good sportsman, of course, he has a great love for horses, a love which is common to both of us."

"You said he was a Dublin man, I believe. Has he a country place also?"

"No, he is not rich, but he has a beautiful home in Dublin. Perhaps sometime it will be possible for us to have a place in the country, too, but at present it is out of the question."

"H'm, sounds like a love-match."

"But, of course," was the quick response.

While they were seated at lunch the dance music was interrupted by the news flashes: "Winner of famous Grand National race, The Orphan, owned by Miss Maureen O'Connor, a popular singer of Irish folk songs. Andrew McDermott, manager of horse, refuses to give address of owner to avoid notoriety. Information on this point is eagerly sought by reporters without success."

Maureen, after the first start of surprise at hearing her name given as the owner of the winning horse, was almost too astounded to grasp the full significance of the news. As she recalled the words, "Andrew McDermott, manager," she suddenly understood. "Why, it must be a colt of Heather Bell's, and Andy, dear old Andy, has done this to make it possible for me to have my old home again. What it must have cost him! And where would one ever find such devotion but in my own dear Ireland!"

Her thoughts were interrupted by the voice of Archer exclaiming excitedly: "Congratulations, thousands of them, Maureen! By Jove, this is thrilling! Some of these people seem to know you, they're making a rush for our table."

Maureen rose and acknowledged their enthusiastic good wishes with charming graciousness. She was soon surrounded by reporters, eager to be the first to announce her whereabouts and also to describe her reaction to the news of her marvelous good fortune.

"It's the biggest surprise I ever had," she told them; "to think that dear old Andy McDermott has taken all this trouble and responsibility for me! But it's just like him! He taught me to ride when I was small. My father put me in his care then and he's never gotten over the feeling that he must look after me. I hope with all my heart that I may go back to the old home and that he will take charge of the stables again as in the old days!"

Her statement was quickly communicated to London and when Andy McDermott was told what she had said, he was, indeed, overjoyed. "Sure, 'tis what I've been wanting most since ever she left us and 'tis back to the Great House she'll be soon, please God, an' who else would be takin' charge of the stables, at all, at all!"

Meanwhile FitzGerald Desmond had been striving toward the same goal. He had divined almost immediately that the "task" Maureen had set herself was the buying back of her old home. He had won marked success of late in several intricate cases. His fame had increased and he had been well rewarded. For the first time he was in a position to be able to make the purchase, but on starting negotiations he had that day been informed that one Andrew McDermott had taken an option on the estate and that he must wait until it expired or until McDermott could be seen.

While dressing for dinner the telephone rang and he heard, "Message by cable from New York to Mr. FitzGerald Desmond."

"Desmond speaking," he replied.

"Message is—'Ireland Calling!' signed Maureen."

"Thank God! Thank God!" he exclaimed under his breath. Then, "I wish to send a return message—'New York first boat. Love, Gerald.'" He ascertained that he must leave Dublin that night and at once gave instructions to his man as to what he wanted done. Then calling

his partner, he asked him to take over his work for two or three weeks. This agreed to, his friend said:

"Have you heard the news of the Grand National winner?"

"No, I've been too preoccupied today to think of it. What horse won?"

"The Orphan, owned by Miss Maureen O'Connor. She's about to go on the air. Turn on your radio and you'll hear her."

FitzGerald rushed to his radio just in time to hear the announcer say:

"Miss Maureen O'Connor, owner of the winning horse and noted singer of Irish folk songs is about to speak." Then Maureen's dear voice came clearly:

"My friends at home and everywhere, this good fortune is so amazing that I cannot realize it is mine. Before it came I had planned to go back to Ireland to live as soon as my present contract would allow. If Andy McDermott can hear me I want him to know how much his loyalty and devotion have touched me and how glad I shall be to see him again. Since I left home six years ago I've never been back in my own country. Always my heart has heard 'Ireland Calling!' and now, at last, I'm going home!"

PRELUDE

By Eleanor Downing

SILENCE and sleep and death hold stirless sway
Over dim fields and hedgerows stark and chill;
Under the toneless sky, the winds are still,—
The winds that tease, the winds that toss and play.
The earth lies fixed and featureless and gray:
On the shorn lowland and the sodden hill
Winter has worked his unrelenting will,
And from the victim turns his face away.

Silence and sleep and death. . . . What fluttering
Was that upon the bough? Hark! Did I hear
A flurry of glad wings? Liquid and clear,
A bird-note's silver fall? What is this trail
Beneath dead leaves of blossoms pink and frail?
Dead earth, dead heart, this is not death but spring!

MR. GANDHI'S FUTURE PLANS

An Interview with the Indian Leader

By B. Shiva Rao

MR. GANDHI explained to me, in the quiet of his home at Wardha in the Central Provinces, a few months ago, some of his plans and immediate program. Two weeks previously, before an audience of fifty thousand in Bombay, he made a dramatic exit from the Congress, India's most powerful political organization which he had dominated for about fifteen years. Henceforth, he said, he would devote himself to village reconstruction work and sever his connection with the Congress.

I asked him if retirement from the Congress meant also retirement from the political field. I wanted him to throw light on the speculation that has been going on as to the reasons which led him to take so important a step. Was he impelled by a sense of defeat and a conviction that his methods would not bring India political freedom?

I had felt in Bombay, watching the dexterity with which, though not at the helm of the Congress, he handled its proceedings, that there was no evidence of his intention to withdraw from politics. And, alone with him, as we sat cross-legged on the carpet spread on the floor, I had no doubt whatever that this man was preparing a new challenge to the forces of the British Government in India. Nonviolent civil resistance, he is convinced, is the only way. Three times during the last fifteen years he has led such a movement, and three times he has failed to achieve his object. But he does not feel vanquished; he is evolving a new technique.

"Do you not feel," I put it to him, "that Hitler has been far more ruthless in putting down the opposition of some of his own countrymen than the British have been in dealing with your civil disobedience movement? If the British were to take courage from that and suppress you with an even firmer hand, would you dare to raise your hand again?"

"No, that would not deter me," he said quietly, but with obvious determination; "but I am not aching for a battle just now."

He has isolated himself from the Congress deliberately, he explained, to test the sense of discipline in the nation. But with every step, his faith in the efficacy of civil resistance has grown: and "whatever the next phase may be"—its nature or time he would not reveal—"it will be such as to make it impossible for the British to resort to repression, if merely because of the inoffensive nature of the movement."

Immediately, of course, he has no intention of plunging into active politics. He is "immersed" in making plans for village reconstruction. A few months ago he walked through considerable areas to enlist support for his campaign against untouchability. He was deeply moved then by the poverty of the millions and the misery of their lives. "How inert

they look, how starved," he said to me. He wants to revive the dying industries in India's rural regions in order to find occupation for the villagers. There are 700,000 villages in India, and his aim is to find as many workers as possible who would each take charge of a village and interest himself in removing illiteracy, improving sanitation and bringing "a little luster," as he put it, into the lives of the masses.

This rural development scheme he is anxious to keep entirely aloof from politics—the assistance of officials he will be glad to have if they agree with his program. "No exploitation," he said several times, "by politicians or other people"; and he will see to it that there is none.

But all the while, it struck me, Mr. Gandhi will be carefully watching political developments, to stage a come-back when he thinks the time is opportune. I asked him if he had seen General Smuts' recent appeal to Britain to confer self-government on India as an act of faith as she had done with South Africa nearly thirty years ago.

"It was *not* an act of faith but making a virtue of necessity," said Mr. Gandhi with some warmth. He was in South Africa at the time and remembered the whole story in detail. The British virtually suffered a defeat in the Boer War, they were weary of the strife and a reaction had set in in Britain against a continuation of hostilities; above all, King Edward was anxious for a policy of conciliation of the Boers. Therefore Campbell-Bannerman acted, not on faith, but out of necessity —though (Mr. Gandhi conceded) the action itself was liberal and generously inspired.

Mr. Gandhi's point is that these conditions do not exist in India, and "there is nothing for the British to act upon." On the other hand, they feel, he thinks, they have crushed the civil resistance movement.

In circumstances such as these, there can be no grant of "the substance of independence"; and he pointed to the departure from procedure which Mr. MacDonald had outlined as Prime Minister in the House of Commons in December, 1931—an agreement to be initialed by the representatives of Britain and India and then endorsed by an Act of Parliament. To-day India is offered a White Paper which no one wants. Mr. Gandhi is convinced that no constitutional agitation has ever achieved freedom for any country. That is his interpretation of history. He pins his faith in civil resistance which he told me, *is* constitutional, though not normally recognized as such.

About two things he is quite clear in his mind. He does *not* want freedom for India through violence; indeed, he would rather wait than resort to bloodshed. Secondly, he does not believe in self-government as a gift from Britain, or a windfall for some fortuitous reason:

"Are you not afraid," I said to him, "that if British control over India were withdrawn or relaxed prematurely, there may be Hindu-Moslem riots or Japanese aggression?" "No," he said, "I fear neither the one nor the other." Some Hindu-Moslem riots there may occasionally be, he granted, but not on the scale the British profess to believe. He recalled the fact that the Moslems have been in India for over a thousand years, and for the greater part of that time, they have ruled over considerable portions of the country. Moreover, Hindu-Moslem unity, according to Mr. Gandhi, is a condition

which will precede the achievement of freedom, not follow it.

As for the Japanese menace, he said that if some calamity overtook the British, or British power in the world dwindled for any reason and the hold over India loosened on that account, of course it was conceivable that the exploitation by one race may be replaced by that of another. But he did not expect self-government for India along that line. He will take it from the British through the assertion of India's right.

I think I understand the trend of Mr. Gandhi's mind, difficult and even baffling as his mental processes often are. Civil resistance has failed: that he recognizes. The movement was confined in the main to the urban areas, and led by the intelligentsia. It failed because the Western educated Indian does not fully grasp his philosophy of life and his views. Therefore he is turning his attention to the rural areas and taking up a comprehensive scheme of rural development. Diet reform, increase of food and milk supply, adult education, sanitation and hygiene, all will come into his program.

Some day, he will present the British Government with the accomplished fact of a rural India, vitalized by his scheme, ready to obey him spontaneously. The citadel will fall, he believes, without a blow.

More food, I said to him, will increase the power of resistance of the masses against disease. "Foreign domination is one of the worst forms of disease," was his reply.

If the British are wise and farseeing, they will coöperate with Mr. Gandhi in his village program. He is still for compromise with them, if it can be had on honorable terms. "My eternal position," he said when I asked him what his political goal was, "I stated at the Round Table Conference in London three years ago"—no association with the British if it is forced upon India; but a voluntary partnership with the Commonwealth, terminable at will, he would accept without hesitation.

THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

BERGNER

THERE is sometimes a mysterious inconsistency between genius and its human habitation. Not all poets are so transcendently poetical as Byron and Rupert Brooke and Shelley. Although Mrs. Siddons and Ellen Terry and Rejane had majestic presence, Duse was physically insignificant and Bernhardt possessed no beauty. Yet Duse could project pure spirit and loveliness over the footlights even as Ruth Draper can conjure a crowded stage out of nothing. Except that she is blonde, Elisabeth Bergner is rather of a type with Ruth Draper. Bergner is small; she is peaked of face. She discounts the exterior blandishments of make-up or dress. As the waif of *Escape Me Never*, her costuming would unnerve most character actresses, yet she contrives to make her "shorts" seem the most perfectly appropriate part of the picture while the silhouette of her dingy black raincoat becomes the embodiment of human tragedy. Tricks she may have but the tricks that she shows us as the impish Gemma in Venice are tricks that most young actresses would give up their permanent waves to possess. Peter Fleming wrote of her in the London *Spectator:*

"Above all she has authority on the stage, and authority is a rarer and more valuable thing than personality. Personality arouses and perhaps sustains our interest in the actor; but this sort of authority compels our attention to whatever the actor wishes, and it is behind all great acting. Without this authority, Miss Bergner's disciplined virtuosity would be a great achievement; with it, her performance is a triumph."

As for her play, a successor to *The Constant Nymph*, which reintroduces us to two of the younger Sangers, it has been rather universally snubbed; but while it may not be literature nor commensurate with Bergner's powers, it offers her a generous range of emotion and situations that are in themselves distinctly amusing and dramatic. As a matter of fact, we are inclined to the belief that just because England's most brilliant critics permitted themselves to enjoy it most heartily, New York has enjoyed showing off her superior sophistication.

One can be hungry for bread and butter as well as art in Venice. That was why Gemma Jones, when the Sisters of Mercy gave her an old school uniform, decided to join the school girl division of the sight-seeing parties on half holidays so that she might acquire not only the education but the teas that were the aftermath of the occasion. It was in the blue uniform and long black stockings that Bergner is discovered in the most private chambers of the Palazzo rented by the English milord

before whom she is hauled kicking and struggling by the outraged butler and footman. A very effective entrance.

An equal opportunity is afforded to Sebastian Sanger when he suggests to Gemma Jones that they make a troubadour trip through the Tyrol. They toss a borrowed coin to see if Gemma shall go or stay behind and marry the baker; but Sebastian wins. Sebastian always does win. His beauty and his supreme and naïve selfishness make him irresistible. Gemma, who has the wisdom born of innocence and hard experience, warns her high born rival of the misery of loving a genius, but the tragedy soon develops. It is not as complete as the tragedy of *The Constant Nymph* but, glittering with the brilliance of Bergner, its humors are much fresher.

If it were not for the transcendence of Bergner and the interest in her performance, better acknowledgment would have been made of Hugh Sinclair's admirable Sebastian. Mr. Sinclair is so forthright in his caddishness; so sincere about his music and so helpless without the superior intelligence of Gemma that one understands her enslavement.

Germany, with her superior system of repertory and the classics, has developed and enjoyed her Bergner in a variety of rôles but for sending her to us in any vehicle we can say for the first and last time—HEIL HITLER!—*At the Shubert.*

LABURNUM GROVE.—Mr. Priestley has a supreme disregard for economy of paper in his novels, but economy is an essential of the stage—particularly the stage in New York. London goes to its theater in a more leisurely mood; not jealous of every moment wasted on desultory talk. Some day London successes will be retimed for American production and then mild comedies like *Laburnum Grove* with twenty minutes lopped off them will bear transplanting more cheerily. It is the soundest tribute to the happy qualities of Mr. Edmund Gwenn and Mr. Melville Cooper that they have countered the Priestley tempo and kept the *Laburnums* green. Mr. Gwenn is a jolly little gentleman of Pickwickian contour and twinkle and as Mr. Priestley's hero he appropriately manufactures paper so successfully that everyone from his daughter's *fiancé* to his wife's family tries to borrow from him. Facing squarely the dilemma which includes a brother-in-law who leaves a trail of banana skins behind him, Mr. Gwenn makes an announcement at Sunday supper that suddenly changes his guests' attitude.

He tells them that he is no longer in the local paper business but that he has turned to international commerce and that as a great part of the present depression is due to monetary stringency, he has greatly eased the situation by increasing the currency. His paper notes have made a great many people much more comfortable including his family—and he looks at his brother-in-law who has just borrowed a fiver. Mr. Bernard Baxley, who has no qualms about unlimited sponging has real qualms about the penalty for counterfeiting. The Baxleys leave the next morning. Mrs. Gwenn laughs happily over the joke when the Inspector from Scotland Yard comes to see her. But just how much of a joke it is, is left in doubt until the last scene which is Mr. Gwenn's big opportunity, and Mr. Gwenn is a true comedian and a very clever actor.—*At the Booth.*

FLY AWAY HOME.—"And what do you think about father anyway?" asks Mr. Masters anxiously. "A physiological fact," return the children in chorus.

They were really highly intelligent, sensitive and charming children but their father had been away from them for years while their mother was in Hollywood and her great friend and neighbor in Provincetown, Professor Sloan of Ann Arbor, has taught them to see life in scientific terms and with complete biological frankness. Professor Sloan, however, was a bachelor. That makes a great difference; and, though he aspired to be the children's stepfather, he retained a bachelor's irresponsibility to their reactions to his doctrines of individual liberty.

When Mr. Masters accepts Mrs. Masters' invitation to her second wedding, he finds himself involved at once in a coil of paternal emotions. After extricating his eldest from a village entanglement, he rushes to extricate the porcupine quills from the younger son's "Scotty" and returns home in a thunder storm to find his Linda has eloped. That arouses Mrs. Masters who pins the blame on the Professor, and breakfast after a long nocturnal vigil crowns conventionality and parental reconciliation. This may sound a tame finish but it becomes an honest and a human one and the comedy is so successfully sustained by Thomas Mitchell and the unusually delightful cast of juveniles that the action has a fresh tang of reality. We confess, however, that what the children said and did confused the audience as much as it did the father and he blushed quite frequently.

Joan Tompkins and Edwin Phillips will be well-known names some day. Philip Faversham also makes his début.—*At the Forty-eighth Street.*

THUMBS UP.—It really is possible to be funny without being vulgar; Eddie Dowling proves it in this most lavish medley of entertainers —dancers, comedians, acrobats rioting in scenic splendor. Besides Mr. Dowling there is the inimitable Bobby Clark with his painted goggles who first appears in a sleigh in a Currier and Ives snowstorm in Central Park. Mr. Clark is having a difficult time with the lady he has taken for a ride and he takes out his injured feelings on the horse—an appealing animal with floppy ears and sad eyes. What happens when he finally asks the lady to marry him, we must leave you to imagine. We collapsed with the curtain.

There is also the Scotch wedding where each guest throws one grain of rice and the court room where Mr. Clark is the judge who never forgets his radio listeners. Paul Draper does his intricate dances in the vein of Escudero without music and Hal Le Roy exhibits his bewildering facility in "tap." A clever trick of lighting shows the chorus dressed in three different color combinations and then— But you had better go yourself and if you do we hope you will enjoy it as much as we did. If there is anything that offends you, please forgive us for we have forgotten everything but the pleasant moments.—*At the St. James.*

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—It is with this escort that a new comedian of real parts rides into laughter. In a very poor play about advertising men at convention time

sometime last autumn, a little man in a little part cornered most of the smiles and now William Lynn with a Boston "a" and a rather plaintive earnestness is Erwin who writes reams of couplets for greeting cards and who tabulates his "hunches" about race horses in a little black book. When Erwin, due to domestic friction, deviates from his accustomed sobriety and meets some stricken race track followers at a bar, these gentlemen are quick to recognize his peculiar form of genius—greetings and all. They listen respectfully to his fifty rhapsodies for Mother's Day as they nurse him over his lapse from temperance and double and redouble their money on his choice of winners. But when they force him to bet himself on the dubious race, the spell is suddenly broken. Erwin declares he will never again be sure of his horses but by that time everyone has had plenty of profits.

Sam Levene gives a forceful picture of the "tough guy" who is touched by the romantic genius of little Erwin. The play has very honest comedy and though Erwin is the most upright and modest of heroes there are lines and situations of Rabelaisian broadness that no doubt pass muster with a racing audience but prevent our recommending it. *The Old Maid* has its extra matinées; this is for the men. —*At the Playhouse.*

THE BISHOP MISBEHAVES.—Despite its uncanonical title this is the one comedy that we can offer the public, lay and cleric, young and old without reservations as to its perfect propriety. It also offers to Mr. Walter Connolly a rôle in which his own charming character can be abundantly itself, as the harassment and annoyances that usually beset middle-aged gentlemen on the stage and the screen are merrily ignored by the Lord Bishop of Broadminster. The Bishop, who is the Church of England replica of Father Brown, had had such a good private training in detective stories, which were his relaxation and weakness, that when a foggy night sends him searching in a wayside "Pub" for a telephone, he simply throws his hat in the air—metaphorically speaking—when he finds he has walked right straight into a "hold-up." The criminals are quite a different type from those we meet in *The Petrified Forest* as one of them is Miss Jane Wyatt on her way to a ball but the Bishop is determined to get better acquainted and as he had been a little bit late for the best of the "hold-up" he arranges quite a reception in the Cathedral Close. As it isn't often that robbers receive a visiting card from a Lord Bishop, it would have been surprising if they had refused so straight an invitation. Of course as Mr. Connolly plays the Bishop, it is not to be supposed that his judgment ever errs or that he isn't a match for the crooks but it would really take a Broadminster or a Brown to think out strategy so innocently astute.

The Bishop Misbehaves is not only a pleasant entertainment with plenty of laughs but it is a pointed tract on the responsibility that we may take upon ourselves for our neighbors' actions. The Bishop of Broadminster is no passive Christian. He takes all the illegal risks which only a very logical and confident Christian Bishop would take. It might prove perilous for a clergyman who had read fewer mystery stories or who had a narrower knowledge of his fellow beings, but Broadminster

is a very wise old man. His right hand man is his little old maid sister whose ambition it had always been to be a pirate and together we can assure you they make the underworld tremble. If you say you want clean fun then prove it to John Golden, the producer of the *The Bishop* who *Misbehaves* so wisely.—*At the Cort.*

PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

February, 1934

TOBACCO ROAD.—Really it presents a puzzle why this drab and sordid drama of Georgia "crackers" should outlast all competitors. James Bell is the third Jeeter, succeeding James Barton and Henry Hull whom it launched into pictures. Of course its running expenses are not large but its continuous patronage seems to prove that amusement is not the sole function of the theater.—*At the Forrest.*

October

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:40.—A sophisticated and swift revue with much color to its scenes and no little beauty. There are some witty sketches, Ray Bolger's clever dancing and of course the classic on "Snores." Although the vulgarity is not accented we would not recommend it for children.—*At the Winter Garden.*

November

THE GREAT WALTZ.—The thousands that were spent on making a spectacle large enough for Radio City seem to have been justified as, primarily due to the strains of Johann Strauss, this operetta, based on his waltzes, is still luring crowds to this vast auditorium. The tickets are reasonable, the seats are plentiful and comfortable and even the most economical permit an excellent view of the beautiful stage pictures. There is nothing to censor and much to enjoy.—*At the Center.*

December

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—When "Tourists Accommodated" accommodate a movie star of magnitude and millions whose car has broken down along Route 6 in Pennsylvania, there are bound to be astronomical disturbances which cause much amusement to the audiences. —*At the Henry Miller.*

January, 1935

POST ROAD.—"Tourists Accommodated" this time is in Connecticut and the cool-headed spinster hostess soon realizes that the guests she is housing are very far removed from comedy. The plot, contrived by the well-known short story writer, Wilbur Daniel Steele, is so dangerously astute that Mr. Will Hays has refused to broadcast it on the screen for fear it might inspire future criminals. So you can guess that it is an exciting story with some excellent comedy as well, for Miss Lucile Watson is the spinster.—*At the Masque.*

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—But let no one suppose it is for children. Although it takes place in a [illegible] girls' boarding school and [illegible]

horrible consequences of forming hasty judgments. Though it touches upon a subject that should be taboo, it does so with terrible solemnity. There is not a moment in which the tension is relaxed and while it can not be offered in any way as an agreeable play it is as well written as it is well acted and one that no one who has seen it can forget.—*At the Maxine Elliott.*

ANYTHING GOES.—Any ship that carries Victor Moore and William Gaxton has a lively cargo and on this boat they show themselves buffooning the gangster world as Public Enemy No. 1 and 2. Almost everything else comes in for its share of satire including the Oxford Group. The humor is sharp and up to date and the laughs are continuous. The limitations of good taste are shattered at one point and are finely balanced at others, but it is the most popular musical show.—*At the Alvin.*

February

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.—Now that *Dodsworth* has gone on tour, this latest play by Robert Sherwood stands out as the most absorbing story of American life. The scene is laid in a gas station in the middle of the Arizona desert where the daughter of the house, the waif of a war marriage, reads Villon's poems sent her by her French mother, until a modern Villon walks in in the person of Leslie Howard. Then "Dillinger" appears and the rest is high melodrama but shot through with as much poetry as machine gun fire. In fact, it contains comedy and excitement and romance and all the best ingredients of a good play.—*At the Broadhurst.*

RAIN FROM HEAVEN.—Anti-Hitler propaganda but written round a text of tolerance. The scene an English drawing-room presided over by a charming hostess made doubly charming by Jane Cowl. There are gathered there, a German publicist—with the Jewish grandmother—an exiled Russian; a Polish composer and two Americans—the one a promoter and the other a Polar explorer. Miss Cowl loves the explorer's strength but finds he lacks the broadmindedness that is inherent in the less forceful German.—*At the Golden.*

THE OLD MAID.—In this dramatization of Edith Wharton's short story, Zoe Akins has not made a particularly good play but with the help of the beautiful settings and costumes of Stewart Chaney, a real atmosphere has been re-created of Gramercy Park in the 1830's and 50's. Miss Judith Anderson and Miss Helen Menken divide the honors of the acting with a cast enriched by some charming young people and Miss Margaret Dale as the older matron.—*At the Empire.*

ACCENT ON YOUTH.—The comedy of a middle-aged man seeking young love—not too virtuously—doesn't sound particularly agreeable, but Mr. Nicholas Hannen from London is such a very agreeable middle-aged gentleman and shows such real romance towards his beautiful secretary, Miss Constance Cummings, that one forgets till the end of the play that the plot is highly questionable. It will need considerable rearrangement for the screen now that they have bought it for Hollywood. The cast with Ernest Lawford, Irene Purcell, etc., is a strong one.—*At the Plymouth.*

Sailors of Cattaro.—The story of a real mutiny on an Austrian battleship during the Great War, this German play, translated into many languages, has been given a splendid production by the Theater Union. There are cheers from the audience when the Red flag is hoisted but the weakness and cowardice of committee rule is proven when the mutineers desert their leader. The early profanity of the dialogue is said to have been deleted—*At the Civic Repertory.*

Revenge with Music.—A dull and dirty operetta contrived from *The Three Cornered Hat* in which the costumes and sets and the staging is very far superior to the score of the dialogue.—*At the New Amsterdam.*

Katherine Cornell in Romeo and Juliet and The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Both of which should certainly be seen once if not twice by every one interested in true art. —*At the Martin Beck.*

The Ball and the Cross

The Ball and the Cross is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, The World and the Faith. It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.

A MEDIEVAL MIRACLE AND ITS MODERN CONSEQUENCES

AMSTERDAM is a fascinating city. Its very existence is a marvel, a monument to the patient industry of the Dutch who are forever fighting a battle against the sea. They have a quaint proverb—"God made the sea, but we made the land," —which succinctly describes their achievement in building not only Amsterdam but many another town which, by all the laws of hydraulics, ought to be under the ocean! But though they have pressed back the sea to win their land they have not —fortunately—eliminated the water altogether. Had they done so, Amsterdam would have lost one of its principal attractions,—the labyrinth of picturesque canals which, flanked with fine old elms, run down the middle of nearly every street in the city, keeping the houses well apart, letting in light and air, bearing strange craft of every description and reflecting in beauty the many stately buildings at their sides.

It is a joy to look westward out of a high window in Amsterdam on a summer's evening; the beautiful Dutch sky supplies an ever changing background for the silhouettes of spires and pinnacles, the hum of the street traffic comes from below mingled with the distinctive "chug-chug" of the heavy oil engines which drive the barges along the canals; and most entrancing of all is the twinkling of the lights, both moving and still, which are mirrored in the glistening waters of the canal beneath. Amsterdam holds inexhaustible interests for the artist, the architect, and the engineer, as well as for the ordinary sight-seer. And it has many special interests for the Catholic. One of these legends, selected because it is unique, it is the purpose of this article to describe.

Long ago, when Holland was a Catholic country, and Amsterdam but a small town, the Kalverstraat—now one of the big shopping streets of central Amsterdam—was the dwelling quarter of fisherfolk on the outskirts of the town. In a little house there, on March 15, 1345, a poor man lay dying. A priest came to give him Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum, but shortly after his departure the dying man was seized

with an attack of vomiting. His wife threw the vomited matter into the fire. Next morning when she came to stir the embers she was astonished to see the Sacred Host uninjured rise up from the fire and remain just above the flames. Reverently she rescued It, put It in a clean white cloth inside an oaken chest, and went to fetch the priest. He took the Blessed Sacrament from Its resting place and, full of wonder, bore It back to the parish church of St. Nicholas.

But that same evening the woman had occasion to go to the chest again, and there, to her amazement, she found the Sacred Host in the very place whence she had seen It removed that morning. Once more the priest was fetched; once more he bore our Lord back to the church and placed Him in the tabernacle; and that night he went to his rest a very puzzled man. Conceive of his bewilderment when next morning the woman came to say that yet again the Blessed Sacrament was in the oaken chest at her cottage!

What could be the reason for this recurring miracle? Why had God preserved the Sacred Host from being destroyed by the fire? Why did It return to the chest each time It was brought back to the church? Was it perhaps because He wished to call special attention to the Sacrament of His Love, that He desired a sanctuary on this spot where He should be honored in a particular and public manner?

The priest went to the house, fetched the Blessed Sacrament, placed It in the tabernacle, and then made the whole matter public. He explained to the people that he believed our Lord wanted special honor to be paid to Him; if the Sacred Host were yet again found in the chest, they were to come and be witnesses of the fact, and then they should accompany the Blessed Sacrament back to the church in solemn procession.

Next morning a great concourse of the faithful came to the cottage of the sick man. Important officials from the town were there, as also a representative of the Bishop of Utrecht. The parish priest opened the chest, and behold! once more the Blessed Sacrament was within! The people knelt in adoration; they arose in wonder at the power and the goodness of God, and all went back in joyous procession through the streets of the town, bearing their sacramental Lord to the parish church. The whole matter was thoroughly investigated by the Bishop of Utrecht and the municipal authorities who, as a result, declared that there could be no doubt whatever about the miracle. This is the origin of Amsterdam's special devotion to the miracle of the Blessed Sacrament.

The citizens decided to build a chapel which should include as part of its structure the cottage where the miracle had been worked; and every year on March 15th a magnificent procession of the Blessed Sacrament went through the streets of Amsterdam. Pilgrims came from far and near to the *Heilige Stede* (as the chapel was called) there to adore their God on the spot which He had Himself chosen; the Emperor Charles V. and the Holy Roman Emperor Maximilian were among the number. The latter granted to Amsterdam the privilege of placing his crown over the coat of arms of the town, in thanksgiving for his cure from a disease. Many other miracles of healing were worked, many conversions were

wrought and countless graces received. A tradition grew up about the procession: its route became fixed, its prayers and hymns established by century old custom. It went from the *Heilige Stede* northwards, to the Dam which gives its name to the town; here it halted and five *Paters* and five *Aves* were said for Amsterdam. Then it moved off to the waterfront, near where the railway station now stands. Another halt, another five *Paters* and *Aves* for the sea and those who labored thereon. Then southwards by what is now called Warmoes Straat, as far as the bridge over the Rokin canal. This, a position now occupied by the Netherland Bank, was in those days the southernmost point of the town where the fields began, and so five *Paters* and *Aves* were said here for the fields and those who worked in them. Finally, on returning to the *Heilige Stede*, another five *Paters* and *Aves* were said for the whole country of Holland.

Every year for more than two centuries—till Reformation days—the procession was held unfailingly on March 15th. Then came persecution and spoliation for the Catholics. In 1578 their beloved chapel was taken from them by the Protestants and the processions as such could be held no more. But the tradition was kept alive by the men of Amsterdam, who on March 15th went one by one, early in the morning, to the street outside the now Protestant chapel; and each made his own private devotions as he walked along following the traditional route. The tradition was handed on from father to son; every Catholic boy learned to go round silently in the early morning with his father; each one as he grew up and had sons of his own taught them to do the same, and so the devotion was perpetuated for yet another three hundred years.

By 1908 the number of participants in this "silent circuit" or *Stille Omgang*, had grown to several hundreds. The devotion had become so dear to Amsterdam Catholics that it was decided to make an effort to recover their beloved chapel. They offered no less than a million gulden to the Protestant authorities for this little old building, but hatred and jealousy of the ever increasing success of the Catholic Church in Holland prompted the refusal of this offer. Instead the church was sold to a Jew, well known for his enmity towards Catholics. He destroyed it (all except a bit of the sacristy) and built a huge clothing store on the site, hoping to wreck the *Stille Omgang* forever. But the effect was precisely the contrary. His spiteful act became widely known and drew general attention to the devotion. Fervor was reawakened and the numbers who made the circuit rapidly grew from hundreds to thousands. Early on the morning of March 15th could be seen the extraordinary spectacle of Kalverstraat packed tight with men slowly and silently moving northwards to the Dam.

In recent years the devotion has grown to such an extent that it is impossible for all to make their circuit on the same day. The *Stille Omgang* now takes place on two days, the Sunday before and the Sunday after March 15th, the former for those who live outside the town. On the preceding Saturday night they arrive in thousands by special trains from Haarlem, Leyden, The Hague, Utrecht and other

places. To each train load are assigned a rallying church in Amsterdam, and a definite time at which they are to arrive in Kalverstraat to begin their round. Starting at the Begijnenhof or Béguinage, a little church where devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was kept up secretly throughout penal times, the men make the prescribed circuit, all traditions and customs being observed as of old, except one,—that of standing still to say the five *Paters* and *Aves* at the four traditional points. This is no longer possible because the numbers are so great. After having made the circuit, which takes over an hour, the men go back to the church whence they started to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion. Then follows breakfast in some restaurant or hotel and finally all return to their homes by special train. Their number last year was between thirty and forty thousand, the first band beginning their *Stille Omgang* about 1 A. M. and the last finishing at 6 A. M. The following Sunday the same thing is done by those who live in Amsterdam. Only one outside contingent is included on this day,—the fishermen from Volendam, an old Catholic village on the west shore of the Zuider Zee, who are easily distinguished by their baggy black knickerbockers, their short black velvet coats and their wooden clogs. Very early in the morning they sail in their fishing smacks from Volendam and moor in the Wester Dock near the Dam. They number about a hundred; but the total of those who make their pilgrimage on this second Sunday is again close to thirty thousand.

The *Stille Omgang*, by the custom of three centuries, is made by men only. The women of Amsterdam express their devotion by means of the Benedictions and processions of the Blessed Sacrament which take place at the Begijnenhof every evening of "Miracle Week."

Thus is the memory of the fourteenth century miracle kept alive in twentieth century Holland; thus has God brought good out of the evil of bigotry and hatred which prompted the destruction of the *Heilige Stede*; thus in a silence more eloquent than hymns of praise do the Catholics of Holland intercede with their Eucharistic Savior for the return of their land to the one true Faith.

CLIFFORD HOWELL, S.J.

DARK DAYS AND FAIR

The Long Monday

DO you know Lough Dilveen in the Galtee Mountains of Ireland? It is said that a huge serpent is chained there. St. Patrick happened to meet the serpent one day on his travels and the beast defied him, so Patrick chained it in the middle of the lake.

"And there you stay till Monday!" said the Saint and went his way. But Patrick, contrary to his expectations, did not return on Monday as he had expected—nor indeed on any other day, so the serpent is still in the middle of the Lake awaiting the Saint's coming. Indeed, it is said that every Monday morning it rears its head up through the waters and

calls out in the Gaelic tongue: "It's a long Monday, Patrick!"

St. Patrick had as hard a fight as any in the cause of Christianity, for he had to subdue the wild and cruel religion of the Druids ere he could introduce a kinder, gentler creed to Ireland. His faith was so great that he could cause miracles to happen, and it is said that it was he who cursed the green fields of Ireland to the Druids, and caused the black bogs to appear. And he also laid a curse upon some of the rivers so that, to this day, no fish can live within them.

He died at the age of one hundred and twenty, and after his death the sun shone for twelve days and twelve nights—two hundred and eighty-eight hours of sunlight!

All this happened so many years ago that it is easy to understand how a great deal of legend has mixed with a great deal of truth. One fact is quite clear, and that is that St. Patrick brought Christianity to Ireland and won the people from far stranger and more terrible false gods than the Greeks or Romans worshiped.

IVY O. EASTWICK.

THE JAPANESE MARTYRS

THERE are few more thrilling stories of individual and collective heroism than that of the early Christian martyrs in Japan.

In Europe Christians are quite familiar with the lives of those who died for the Faith in the Roman arena. Pictorial art will never let them forget St. Sebastian's martyrdom under the shower of arrows, St. Catherine perishing on the wheel, or St. Lawrence roasted alive on the gridiron.

Just, however, as there is a seeming lack of interest in Japan's history, so also do Americans and Europeans appear almost entirely ignorant of the glorious page written in the annals of the Church by the native and European martyrs, who gave their lives willingly in Japan in order that the Faith might not altogether die at a time when every effort was made to stamp out forever all traces of the then hated religion. The Catholic Church has few more inspiring chapters to offer her faithful and lukewarm adherents, who often have little conception of the sufferings their brothers and sisters were obliged to endure for the Faith in other lands.

The retelling therefore of the sufferings endured by the early Japanese martyrs should be of deep interest to-day, especially as many missionaries are being recalled to America from Japan in the belief that the time has now come for the Japanese Christians to take upon themselves the responsibility of maintaining the Church founded by the blood of those early martyrs.

There was, a few months ago, in Yamagata Prefecture, in the north of Japan, a private exhibition of early Christian relics. These included several small crucifixes, a medallion on which was engraved the image of the Blessed Virgin, and a photograph of a statuette. Now this statuette was supposed to represent the goddess Kwannon, the Oriental patron of children. In reality, however, it was nothing less than a figure of the Madonna and Child. It

is interesting to note that at the time of the persecution quite a number of these Kwannon were secretly used by the surviving Christians, having been converted into statues of the Virgin and Child. All these relics had been found in old farmhouses of a neighboring hamlet in Yamagata Prefecture. They had, moreover, passed from father to son for about 300 years. Such relics appearing in a somewhat isolated part of the country gave evidence that during the one hundred years' progress made in the seventeenth century, Christianity had spread even to remote parts of Japan.

The study of its history in that part of the country shows a typical example of the old missionary work among the Japanese.

Francis Xavier, who was the first missionary to enter Japan, brought Christianity in the year 1549; but the first records of its existence in Yamagata Prefecture tell us that it probably came to that district about 1570. At this time Christianity was comparatively flourishing in Japan: the ruling powers permitted it to be propagated, and the Christian was not persecuted. This happy condition came to an end, however, in the last years of the sixteenth century, and feeling grew against it which culminated in the terrible persecution of 1620 and later. This persecution apparently put an end to Christianity in Japan. This was due in part to the fact that the Japanese Christians took sides in the civil wars of that period, as also to the fact that the Portuguese traders became unruly and over-confident in their attitude toward the Japanese.

Whatever the causes may have been, there is no doubt that these persecutions rival any in history, in their cruelty and devilishness. In the last years of the sixteenth century, and the early years of the seventeenth, many Christians were driven from the southern part of Japan to the northern (Tohoku); and in this way many came to the Prefecture of Yamagata. In several instances men of high rank were compelled to settle there, and the peasants and retainers under them became converted to the Faith. At first, fortune favored the new religion, for Date Masamune, the one-eyed lord of Sendai, and the most powerful man in the Tohoku, looked with favor on foreign intercourse, and treated the priests and friars graciously.

In 1613 an embassy set out for Rome, bearing gifts from Date to the Pope. After traveling through Mexico and Spain, guided by a Franciscan friar named Sotelo, the envoys reached Rome early in 1615. Here they were cordially welcomed by the Holy Father. The results of this mission, which were very important, will be seen later.

About 1620 an Italian missionary named Angeles, who had been collecting funds in Nagasaki for the relief of famine sufferers, came to Yamagata Prefecture, where he met one Peter, from the north, who had made six hundred converts. In 1621, Angeles traveled to the island of Sado, which has many gold mines, and on this journey he passed through a district where there were many silver mines. He did a great deal of good work there, for it was an excellent field. This was because numbers of people were gathered together to work in the mines; and also because the Christians knew that if persecutions began, they could always flee to the mines, whose caves and crannies offered comparatively safe hiding-places. He met

there two other missionaries, Galves and Adami, and the three spent some profitable months, working together.

The Christian movement reached its height in the Tohoku district in 1621, though as late as 1627 the five missionaries Adami, Martini, Chikimi, Francisco, and Juan Yaama reported 940 baptisms, with 270 for the year before. In 1620 San Francisco de Jesus and three companions, who had entered Nagasaki secretly, reported that they had baptized 6,000 people near Nagai, in Yamagata Prefecture. This year, however, marked the beginning of the decline of missionary work.

In 1620 Date's envoy returned to Japan from Rome. For some reason or other, he appeared to have a very low opinion of Europeans, and advised his lord to drive them out. As the great man had aroused the suspicions of the central government by being so very friendly with foreigners, he decided that it would now be to his advantage to disclaim any relations with them, so he zealously began to persecute them. The first great persecution took place in 1620, and the next in 1623. Among the martyrs of the second persecution were Galves and Angeles, who were burned alive, and one hundred and nine of their converts were slaughtered by the sword. Another victim was Date's old ambassador, Sotalo, who was burned at the stake.

In 1624 a Jesuit, Father Diego de Carvalho, was put to death with great cruelty. It was in February, and in bitterly cold weather, when he and his companions were led to a small pool in which stakes were placed. They were stripped of all their clothing, then tied to the stakes and kept in the icy water for three hours. Next they were taken out and thrown on the frozen ground. Under this terrible treatment two of them died, and their bodies were cut to bits and thrown into the river. Four days later the others were led back to the pool, where they were made alternately to stand and kneel in the water. A biting, cold wind was blowing at the time and it soon began to snow, the snow-storm later becoming a blizzard. Towards evening the pond froze over, adding to the terrible sufferings of the unfortunates. One by one they became unconscious and died. Father Carvalho was the last to perish.

In like manner the persecutions were carried on all over the country. In Arima (S. Japan) one zealous lord hanged Christians from trees, forced others to kneel on hot coals, and then branded them. The same man invented the most horrible torture of all in use at that time. He plunged his victims into the sulphur springs of Onsen until the corrosive action of the water covered them with loathsome sores. The Gehenna-like surroundings and heat of these springs—in one case over 200 degrees—caused them to be called *"Jigoku,"* the Buddhist name for hell. This form of torture proved so successful in making believers recant that artificial springs were constructed in other parts of the country, and used with great success in the persecution of the Christians.

In the year 1628 the powerful lord of Yonezawa, in Yamagata Prefecture, discovered that twenty-nine of his retainers were Christians. He therefore ordered them to be killed. Among them were two named Amagasa and Nishibori. These replied that of the many favors received of

their lord, this was the greatest, and with calm and fortitude they prepared for death. On the night of January 10, 1629, the household of Amagasa, thirteen in number, visited Nishibori for the last time. After a sad parting, they returned to their home, and spent the night in praying and singing hymns. The following morning they were led to the execution grounds, carrying their banners, and were beheaded at eight o'clock. Nishibori and fifteen others were also beheaded, and their heads exposed to the public as a warning.

These were not the only martyrs at that time. One particular story is a lesson in bravery and religious zeal. It is that of an old man of eighty, named Juan, who when condemned to die for his Faith, asked that he might be crucified, in order to die as Christ died. His request was granted.

All this time a stern search was being carried on for any missionaries who might be in the country. Signboards were put up offering rewards for information leading to the arrest of converts and missionaries, or of anyone who might be harboring Christians. These boards were placed in all the principal towns, and were actually not taken down until 1873. A number are still to be seen in Japan, and the writer was recently offered one for 15 *yen* ($5.00 at par), that had been erected by the Daimyo of Niigata in the early days of the Emperor Meiji. Free pardon was offered to all who would desert the Christian religion and embrace their old faith. All this persuasion tended to lessen the number of converts, and make things very dangerous for the missionaries; so dangerous, in fact, that all the twenty or so who were working in the Tohoku were beheaded.

Juan Yaama was martyred in 1633. About this time Adami, Angeles' old companion, was killed by being hanged head downward in a pit filled with offal. From this form of torture, the sufferer soon began to bleed from the mouth, nose, and ears; but death did not come as a rule from two to five days. Six or seven Franciscans were burned at Yamagata City in 1630. Their agony must have been excruciating, for the officials, looking for variety, were now beginning to place the fagots several feet away from the unfortunates in order to prolong the torture. The workers who were so successful in Nagai managed to evade capture until 1639, but in that year Francisco and Bernardo were captured in Yamagata after a long search; and they too died in the flames at Chiba. They were the last missionaries in the Tohoku district until the nineteenth century.

By this time Christianity had apparently almost died out. An unsuccessful revolt by Christians was put down with great slaughter at Shimabara in 1638, and this caused many natives to renounce their new religion. Many were driven out of the country, and the missionaries who did not leave were killed. Attempts to send more missionaries all ended fatally, the last being martyred in 1715.

Yet, in spite of the apparent extirpation of Christianity, a few people secretly continued to believe in it, and relics which are just now coming to light show how steadfast were the Christians, and how safely guarded was the Faith of these few saints. Christianity smoldered, as does a forest fire, unnoticed under the mold, until fanned into flame

again. This was when Japan welcomed once more foreign missionaries after the Meiji Restoration of 1865.

It may well be said therefore that those brave martyrs who so willingly gave their lives in the seventeenth century did not do so in vain.

The number of missionaries in Japan has increased rapidly since 1865. To-day there are many hundreds belonging to the score or more Christian Churches. America recently sent a Laymans' Commission to Japan to investigate conditions in the Protestant mission field there. The Commission was sent by a large number of American business men and others, who for years have financed the American Protestant missions in Japan, but who now, because of the depression, are unable to do so to the same extent as in the past. For this reason, combined also with the belief in many American quarters that the large number of Protestant missionaries in the country were not "delivering the goods" in view of the relatively small number of converts in Japan, it was decided to make a rigorous inventory. Already the Commission has published its report, and one thing is made clear on the whole. It is that it believes the returns are not altogether commensurate with the subscriptions made and the money spent by the Protestant missions. Meanwhile there is no retrenchment in the Catholic missions, which seem to be going from strength to strength.

May this not be attributed to the Faith once for all delivered to the saints and for which those early Catholic martyrs in Japan were so willing to lay down their lives?

A. F. THOMAS.

Nova et Vetera

Come Back to Erin!

Why doesn't all the world come to Ireland at least for the few days of quiet breathing and torpor which summer brings, and which even the most exacting Shylock of the modern world must allow? If I were a Crœsus-philanthropist, I would take from out all the factories and workshops of the world those pale mechanics, those anæmic and wasted women, and bring them here. I would take them from the stifling atmosphere where they breathe poison, and fill their lungs with the strong clean salt air from the sea. For the rumble and thunder of machinery I would give them the ever soothing sounds of winds and waves. For the smell of oil and rags, and the odors of streets and slums, I would give them the intoxicating perfume of winds odorous from their march over purple heather and yellow broom, and the subtle scents that breathe from seaweeds washed with brine, and exhaling its sweetness and strength. And I would say to them: Here, rest and forget! Plunge in these breakers, sleep on this healthy hillock; read, and pause, and think all day! The cares of life have no place here! They have "folded their tents like the Arabs." There is nothing over you here but the blue dome of Heaven, and the Eye of God looking through! . . .

Here, I had Nature, in her most lovely and attractive and terrible aspects, all alone to myself. Yet, it was not solitude. How could it be when there were beauty and music all around — the savage, untamed beauty of sea and rock and cliff; and the more tender beauty of deep-sea pools here and there in the crevices—seapools, clear and green as the most fleckless emerald, and in their depths purple mollusks, whose deep rich Tyrian dyes contrasted with the limpid water; and wonderful algæ of every shape and color, floating and coiling and waving their long, cool flags, as the wind rippled the waters around them. And lest there should be here aught to mar the freshness and sweetness and purity of these tiny lakelets, twice a day the great mother-sea poured in her living waters in deep channels, and flushed the cisterns with foam, which melted into glittering globes and sweetened and purified the rock-wells down to their lowest depths. And sea-gulls gleamed white and gray above the surges; and speckled sea-swallows dipped and flashed here and there from wave to rock, and from rock to wave.

There could be no solitude here, for voices were ever calling, calling to you; and you had to shade your eyes from the glare of sunlit foam, that not only dazzled and blinded at your feet, but floated up in a kind of sea-dust that filled all the air with sun-mists, and was shot through and through with rainbows that melted and appeared again, and vanished as the sunlight fell or the wind caught the smoke of the breakers and flung it back against the steel-blue, darkened sea without. Far up along the coast, you could

see the same glorious phenomenon —a fringe of golden foam breaking helplessly against iron barriers; and, here and there, where a great rock stood alone and motionless, cut loose from the mainland by centuries of attrition, you might behold cataract after cataract of molten gold pouring out and over it, covering it for a moment in the glittering sheet of waters, and then diminishing into threads of silver as the spent waves divided into tiny cataracts and fell. It was again the eternal war of Nature, the aggressive sea, flinging its tremendous tonnage of waters on the land; and the patient rocks, washed and beaten and tortured, for ever turning their patient faces to the sea.

—From *Under the Cedars and the Stars*. By Rev. P. A. Sheehan (New York: Benziger Bros.).

The Gift of Hope

We often talk of the irreligion of today as chiefly caused by intellectual doubt following upon increase of knowledge. Such a view, I am sure, is erroneous. Not one atom of knowledge has been acquired in all these centuries which in any essential point alters the situation as it stood between the Ionic philosophies originating with Thales on the one side and the revolt of Socrates on the other side. The question is precisely the same: it is between some form of necessitarianism — and the dispute among the various philosophies based on that principle is negligible, whether they rest in pure materialism or seek to evade detection in the altitudes of idealistic absolutism— it is between any form of necessitarianism and a teleological view of the world. That issue cannot be decided by pure reasoning, nor is the present inclination towards irreligion caused by increase of knowledges. It springs from an enfeebling of the emotions and a paralysis of what may be called the spiritual imagination. We have been made callous by the business of the world and have been habituated to the use of machinery. That restless longing of the heart for that which the world cannot give, the discontent which the whirring wheels of machinery cannot appease, that reaching out after the invisible things of the spirit and for that which will not pass away, that hunger of hope out of which springs the wish-belief in a God who rules aloft by the law of the spirit and in the end will bring order and righteousness out of this seeming chaos—it is this that has grown dull, and we trudge on through the occupations of the day, passing like hirelings from one task to another, almost though never quite content with the flowing shadows of mutability, asking at the most for comfort and a little space of security, with only a flickering sense of the tragedy of life if this life be all, with no strong up-welling emotions, almost without feeling. And with this deadening of the emotions, whether as cause or effect it matters not, comes a relaxation of the imagination; we have lost the power of making real to ourselves those otherworldly things, whether they indeed be real or not, which the eye cannot see and the flesh does not suffer or enjoy.

So it is that the sceptic finds himself drawn in the end to make a decision not on the authority of pure reason, but as he is swayed by other faculties. If he has succumbed to the pressure of the present and so, drifting inertly with the tide, has lost the power to feel deeply and imagine strongly, he will just put aside the upsurging claims of reli-

gion as a light matter, and by failing to decide for them will have decided against them. On the contrary, if his emotions are stirring and his imagination active, he will be vexed by an ever recurrent doubt: suppose the inference of faith, which he can neither prove nor disprove, be true; suppose the hope of religion, coming to a head in the dogma of the Word made flesh, be not a deception but a reaching forth towards that which really happened—what then? Ah, but you may say, the agnostic certainly will say: How can the genuine sceptic start on the way of believing, or pretend honestly to believe, that to which he is driven by the emotions and the imagination, and how can he submit himself and his will to that which can never be verified by the intellect and so can never be known?

Be sure the sceptic will have thought of that; be sure this last question of all shall have come to him, palsying his will and holding him back at the threshold of faith. And then, if he be a true sceptic, an inquirer, that is, and not a dogmatist disguised as an agnostic, he will be struck by the fact that those who before have crossed the threshold declare that the hope of religion, if followed bravely, brings a strange assurance of satisfaction that faith, if it be of the heart and not of the lips merely, does by some inner miracle pass into knowledge. These things the sceptic will hear, and true to his character he will doubt. . . .

Yet that appeal to his will and emotions cannot be utterly hushed, nor that hope for a peace not of this world utterly quenched. And still looking, and reading, and asking, he will meet those or hear of those, however few in number, who have that peace, and a power from that peace, and a something glorious within which can be felt though not defined. You cannot get away from it; these souls have been and are in the world, recognized Saints it may be, or men and women who make no boast themselves and of whom no boast is made, who profess to know and whose lives profess for them even more loudly that they do know. And he is fortunate above other men who has met one such whether it be a father or a mother or a friend. It is not a knowledge that can be demonstrated by logic, it is not a knowledge that can be conveyed to others against their will, nor is it akin to the mystic's immediate vision of, or union with, God. But it is a certainty of being in the right way, a pragmatic assurance that faith is pointing towards reality, a gift of divine hope. As such it is admittedly individual and private, and to be won must be wooed in secret ways; but here and there it shines out with a great and flashing beauty, like a light set upon a high place above the stormy or tranquil waters where we voyage. And the sceptic will say: Is the beacon for me, is my haven there, in the harbour under that light may I come to my journey's end?

To the agnostic fixed in his infidelity faith is a wish-belief, the true sceptic will rather call it hope; and hope is the summons to a great adventure.

—From *The Sceptical Approach to Religion.* By PAUL ELMER MORE (Princeton: University Press).

THE PERFECT REMEMBERING

IT will be conceded that we cannot in Ireland venerate the earthly remains of Brigid in any worthy fashion. One may state, without fear of giving offence, that no monument

to her in this country expresses in any fitting manner her vast and enduring significance to the Irish race. But in direct contrast to the paucity of her relics, to the silence concerning her in stone, there are the profusion of traditions and the ardent, vehement devotion that is being forever proclaimed to her by the Irish people. The blank absence of the one is as chilling as the emphatic presence of the other is warm. If her people have not painted and carved and wrought and built in her honour, yet neither indeed have they forgotten. And in this respect the cult of St. Brigid of Ireland is the most sublime offering ever laid at the feet of mortal woman, because, with so little material aid or external symbolism of any kind, it has burned with such ardour through fifteen hundred years, fed by the spirit only.

St. Brigid has never been honoured under the lofty dome of splendid cathedrals in her own land. The Irish people's conception of her has not been expressed in marble for the niches of palace walls; nor traced in delicate mosaics; nor painted in glowing frescoes; nor even enshrined in a literature through which genius might exalt her. Rather is it in mud cabins, or beside the Mass-rock in some wind-swept glen, or by fugitives, in concealment and flight, in underground caves, on emigrant ships, in the slave-gangs of the Barbadoes, in the basement kitchens of pagan cities, that she has been steadfastly honoured in the heart.

Her multitude of namesakes, decade after decade, have been flung from the shores of their own land like so much refuse, off-scourings of exile, to become the accepted hewers of wood and drawers of water, so that to-day the diminutive *Biddy* stands in dictionaries of the English language for the synonym of slavey, or m e n i a l. But *Brigid* means *strength*, too, and this corruption of a name never extended to the soul. Though all else was lost by the Biddies, some rags of the dignity, some vestiges of the moral splendour of St. Brigid ever clung to the bearers of her name.

One would imagine that the Celtic saints knew by divine prescience of the future testing, so cunningly did they build the spiritual fabric, so ruthless was their concentration on essentials, so stark the spirit of abnegation they bred in their disciples. One would imagine that they had devised a special spiritual structure that should weather those four hundred nightmare years of religious persecution, and that long cycle, even eight hundred years, of political oppression. They even taught—those all-wise—an independence of relics and of shrines, which is a principle hardly encountered elsewhere. But it would have gone hard with the Gael had his trust been in shrines. When St. Ciaran was dying, he said to his disciples:

"Hasten to other quiet places and leave my remains just like the dry bones of the stag on the mountain; for it is better that you should be with my spirit in heaven, than to be alongside my bones on earth with scandal."

It was from the Celtic saints that the Irish learned in what consists the perfect remembering. St. Francis of Assisi wrote in one of his poems

"Un arbore d'amore con gran frutto
In cor plantato mi dà pasciamento."

(It is the most fruitful tree of love, planted in my heart, that gives me food.)

Such a tree of love did St. Brigid of Ireland plant in the heart of her people for all time, and it was upon this sustenance they fed. In the midst of what was an arid waste externally, the inner garden bloomed. The tree of love took vital root and assumed those graceful proportions that exalt the imagination. It blossomed to gladden the secret heart; gave shelter in the heat and stress of noonday; shed perfumes that refreshed; and bore fruit so potently sustaining, that the longest road round the world, the most arduous of missionary journeys, might well seem but that short step from the fields at Iona in the evening, under the Abbot's benediction, when labour was done.

—From *Saint Brigid of Ireland*. By ALICE CURTAYNE (Dublin: Browne & Nolan, Ltd.).

Foreign Periodicals

Obstacles to Reunion

I believe that the greatest obstacle to such an approach [to reunion] is the widespread feeling that Roman Catholics tend to minimize or deny the workings of divine grace in Anglicans. This feeling may be summarized in the words of a responsible writer, who describes as the way of absorption what he calls the ordinary Roman attitude to reunion. "The Way of Absorption is a false way," he says, "because it implies that the truth of Christianity lies entirely on one side, and involves a denial that the Holy Spirit has taught the other side anything worth having."

Now it is Catholic dogma that grace and truth come to us through Jesus Christ by the working of the Holy Spirit, and it is also Catholic dogma that those who are baptized (whether in fact or by desire) are incorporated into the mystical Body of Christ and made His members by sanctifying grace. The only thing that can cut off a baptized person from the sanctifying grace which unites him to our blessed Lord is mortal sin. Unless, then, a Roman Catholic has the right, and he can have no such right, to say of an Anglican, "He is in mortal sin," he has no sort of business to minimize the extent or deny the existence in him of sanctifying grace....

We believe that in the confusion and upheaval of doctrine which accompanied the Reformation the apostolic succession in the Church of England was broken, and that in consequence (apart from Baptism and Marriage) the sacraments of the Church of England are not vehicles of sacramental grace. But though *we* are bound to the sacraments, God Himself is not, and we have no warrant for saying that Almighty God does not reward the faith and devotion of those who use these ordinances by granting the graces for which they ask Him, and which they believe to be conveyed by them. Such graces would not, of course, be sacramental — in the sense that they would not be conveyed through the sacraments. So far, then, from denying or minimizing the spiritual life of Anglicans, a Roman Catholic must acknowledge that both it and the objective grace which causes it may be as deep and full as his own. The difference between us lies chiefly in this: that many Anglicans tend to regard experience as the guarantee of the validity of sacraments and of grace received; it has become for them an ultimate criterion, while for us, though it is recognized as evidence in its own limited sphere, it is not wholly reliable evidence, unless supported and authenticated by the external authority of the Church.

It is an essential part of our faith that Our Lord founded a visible Church — a society, kingdom or body, which should remain through the ages organically one, in this sense: that as a society, or kingdom, or living organism cannot be divided and yet retain its identity, so the Church must always remain indivisible.

But the visible Church is only a part of the mystical Body of Christ, and the mystical Body of Christ is far wider in its extension than the visible Church. We believe that those who are separated from the unity of the visible Church, for any reason short of mortal sin, are nevertheless united by grace to the mystical Body of Christ, and are our brethren because like us they have been made sons of God through Him.

A second and equally formidable obstacle stands in the way of an understanding friendship between Anglicans and Roman Catholics in this country. It lies in our past history. No candid student of the Reformation can view the evolution of events during that period of chaos without a feeling of profound sorrow for the sins and lost opportunities of the past. Europe was surging with new ideas and new life, the waves of which swept to meet the solid land of traditional Christendom; a land once fertile but now so hard and dry as to resist, until too late, the forming on its surface of inlets and channels to carry off the flood, and irrigate its parched and withered vegetation.

The new ideas came when the Church was ill prepared to receive and assimilate them. The Papacy, weakened in men's eyes by the long scandal of the Babylonish captivity and the great schism, was so occupied with diplomacy and intrigue that it was in danger of being regarded more as one of the rival powers of Europe than as the spiritual centre of Christendom. The Popes themselves, sometimes chosen with an eye to their capacity for political rather than for spiritual rule, were not the leaders who could or would initiate a drastic reform in head and members. There was widespread scandal and corruption in the highest ecclesiastical places, and men began to ask themselves whether an authority which tolerated and sometimes actively exploited perversions of truth and justice so gross could indeed be of God. Meanwhile, the intellectual life of the Church was at a low ebb, and what was worse, true spirituality had declined, giving place to a formalism which emphasized external works at the expense of interior sanctification and was content to allow men's souls to starve through being unfed by the Body and Blood of Christ in Holy Communion. . . .

At the back of the reforming movement lay much that was sound and good. Apart from the desire for the abolition of the more obvious abuses connected with simony and other forms of spiritual traffic, and certain undoubted superstitions, anxiety was shown for a more real sharing by the laity in the life of grace. This expressed itself in the wish for the restoration of frequent Communion, for liturgical reform, and for re-emphasis on congregational worship, but a sense of impotence in the face of entrenched abuses drove people into the position of rebels against authority, and, the momentum of their minds gathering speed, they ended by becoming destroyers rather than renovators of the riches of Catholic truth.

Out of the chaos of conflicting movements emerged the Church of England, strongly national in sentiment, closely bound up with the State, altered almost beyond recognition, though preserving some elements of its pre-reformation past; but now no longer a component part of a united Christendom, but a new and independent entity. It was a

dominant and persecuting body, or at least a body so closely identified with the persecuting State that the functions of the two were scarcely distinguishable (I am stating facts, not discussing values); and the fullest force of its repressive zeal fell upon the little group who still remained actively faithful in their allegiance to the Holy See. For two hundred and fifty years this little group was a harried, repressed, and dwindling minority which kept the faith with heroic fortitude, cut off from any part in the education and the rich cultural life that was flourishing around them. From that group the Roman Catholic Church in England to-day is descended, and we are only now beginning to recover from the famine of the lean years of persecution; but as a body we are saturated with the glorious traditions of our Catholic forefathers and of our martyrs who suffered death for the Faith.

But these traditions of the past, glorious in themselves, undoubtedly do blind us to the fact that the disasters of the Reformation were due, largely at any rate, to worldliness and neglect of duty in high quarters, to supine toleration of abuse and corruption and to acquiescence on the part of authority in a very low standard of spirituality; to the sins in short of Catholics themselves. We sometimes adopt an attitude of arrogance as if the fault were all on the other side, whereas we should be the first to confess our share of the blame for the divisions and woes of Christendom. At the same time, Anglicans must exercise a wide charity, remembering that the memory of centuries of persecution is not easily blotted out. We stand on the threshold of a new and changing world, and we must look steadily forward to the unity of the future, not backward to the divisions and bitterness of the past; if we do this the obstacles from our past history which stand in the way of mutual understanding will gradually melt away. . . .

—HENRY ST JOHN, O.P., in *Blackfriars* (Oxford), February.

Recent Events

Golden Jubilee of Paulist Church

The solemnization of the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul on Sunday, January 27th, was the occasion for celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the blessing of the great Church of St. Paul the Apostle in New York. His Excellency the Most Rev. Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, presided at the Solemn Mass celebrated by the Superior General of the Paulist Fathers, the Very Rev. John B. Harney, C.S.P., and again at the evening service at which Father Harney preached. The Apostolic Delegate gave the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The evening service was broadcast over the Paulist Radio Station WLWL.

At the Solemn Mass the Auxiliary Bishop of New York, the Most Rev. Stephen J. Donahue, D.D., occupied a throne opposite the Delegate. Present in the sanctuary were the Right Rev. Michael J. Lavelle, Vicar General of the Archdiocese and the Very Rev. J. Francis A. McIntyre, Chancellor, and a number of priests of the Archdiocese. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Peter J. Moran, C.S.P., and his theme was "Remembrance."

"Fifteen years this church was building," said Father Moran; "fifty years ago it was blessed. . . . To build a church of such proportions would be a notable achievement today. It was a daring adventure fifty years ago. Much courage went into its foundations. . . . To the glory of God these massive walls, symbolic of sincerity, were built as a fortress of Catholic truth. To the glory of God these giant pillars of Norman strength were lifted up, to teach man humility. To the glory of God, and in honor of St. Paul the Apostle, that majestic altar canopied with mosaic, was built, upheld by marble from Africa and Siena, and onyx and porphyry from what is now bleeding Mexico, to be the stone of Sacrifice for the Sacrament of Divine Remembrance offered up every day."

On the same day in Rome the Paulists in the Eternal City celebrated, by special permission of the Congregation of Rites, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, in their Church of Santa Susanna, the Titular Church of His Eminence Alexis Cardinal Lepicier, who preached at the Solemn Mass celebrated by the Very Rev. Msgr. Eugene S. Burke, Rector of the North American College. The choir of the College under the direction of Msgr. Rella sang the Mass.

Canonization of English Martyrs Assured

For over three hours the Supreme Pontiff presided at a meeting of the Congregation of Rites on January 29th, examining the Causes of Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More. Eleven Cardinals and twenty consultors were present. All that remained then was for His Holiness to give the final decision, which he did on February 10th. The historical section of the Con-

gregation finished its report last November and it was entirely favorable. The London *Catholic Times* reported that the Protestant Truth Society (England) had sent a telegram to the Pope averring that State Papers of September 27, 1533, disclosed that Bishop Fisher was a traitor planning the Spanish invasion of England, and asking: "Shall we send copies of State Papers before you proceed further with canonization on January 29th?" To which the Vatican replied: "Documents proposed will be willingly received by the Historical Section."

Blessed John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester for thirty years, was a friend of Blessed Thomas More, and with him was sent to the Tower in 1534 for denying the supremacy of King Henry VIII. over the Church. The Bishop was made a Cardinal the following year by Pope Paul III., but in that same year he and More were beheaded. The canonization ceremony of the two martyrs will take place in May.

Mexican Persecution Discussed in Congress

At the end of January a vigorous resolution was introduced in the United States Senate by Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, calling for an exhaustive investigation by the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate or a sub-committee, "into the persecutions of Christians of all faiths now being practiced in Mexico," which, he said, "have aroused indignation and protest throughout the civilized world." Senator Borah listed many of the evils suffered by the people under the present régime in Mexico, as the restricting of the number of ministers of religion, and, in some States, the prohibiting of any, thus resulting "in the complete denial of the right of the people to practice the religion of their own choosing"; prohibiting private and religious instruction of children, thus compelling parents to send children to schools which teach hostility to orthodox religion. He accused the Mexican Government of encouraging an economic boycott against sincere, professing Christians, of expelling Christians from public office and driving them from the professions, and of flagrantly mistreating Christian residents of Mexico who complain of such intolerance.

Therefore be it resolved, he said, that the Senate should protest against this "anti-religious campaign," and "strongly condemn the cruelties and brutalities that have accompanied the campaign," and further, "that it call upon the Government of Mexico in the name of humanity to cease denying fundamental and inalienable rights to those of our nationals who may be resident in Mexico regardless of religious convictions."

The Mexican Embassy in Washington that evening issued the naïve statement that "there is no religious persecution in Mexico," and complained that the resolution presented in the Senate that day was "probably due either to partial or incomplete information." It went on to say that clergymen "who have complied with the laws," are exercising their ministry. Immediately, the Rev. Dr. John J. Burke, C.S.P., general secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, answered through their news service pointing out that the statement of the Embassy is "purposely worded to mis-

lead the people of the United States and of other nations."

"The fact is," said Father Burke, "that 3,500 priests are not permitted by law to exercise their ministry, and 334 are permitted to exercise their ministry only by obtaining a license to do so by proving to a municipal official that they are acceptable to the Revolutionary Party which controls the national, State and local governments of Mexico."

The Borah resolution in the Senate was paralleled by speeches in the House participated in by Congressmen Connery of Massachusetts and Boylan and Fish of New York. A resolution was introduced by Congressman Fish stating that "Whereas the Mexican Government is pursuing a relentless and ruthless policy of religious repression and persecution and substituting atheism and communism for Christianity; and whereas the grievances adverted to are so enormous as to impart to them an international character in redress of which all countries, governments and creeds are alike interested," therefore he called for an expression on the part of Congress of sympathy with the sufferers, and of trust that the Mexican Government would respect the inherent rights of their own citizens.

Supreme Court Decision on Gold

The long and anxiously waited decision of the Supreme Court on the gold clause cases was delivered by Chief Justice Hughes on February 18th. It was a five to four decision upholding the Government policy on the payments for gold bonds and certificates. Concurring with the Chief Justice were Justices Stone, Brandeis, Roberts and Cardozo. The dissenting opinion was held by Justices McReynolds, Van Devanter, Sutherland and Butler. The Court upheld the right of Congress to regulate the currency.

Several test cases had been presented to the highest Court all bearing on the same issue, namely whether Federal, State and municipal governments, as well as private companies, which had issued bonds and certificates that called for payment in gold could pay them in the depreciated currency of the present. Money to the amount of more than one hundred billions was involved. The Court decided unanimously that Congress had exceeded its power in the Joint Resolution of June 5, 1933, and that its act was unconstitutional, but five Justices maintained that no real damage had been shown and that holders of bonds would have no redress in the courts. The other four insisted there had been demonstrable damage.

There were a series of opinions. Chief Justice Hughes delivered the ruling of the Court on three private bond cases, on the Liberty Bond appeal and on the gold certificates case. Mr. Justice Stone took partial exception to the Liberty Bond decision and read his own opinion. Then the Chief Justice delivered the majority opinion. Mr. Justice McReynolds filed the dissenting opinion and made a vigorous speech hardly referring to his notes setting forth the arguments of the minority.

It was an historic occasion. Though there was no advance assurance the gold decision would be made that day, a large crowd had gathered among whom were many distinguished in our national life. The present chamber in which the

Supreme Court sits holds only three hundred. Admission was by ticket and the room was overcrowded. The Court assembled at noon and Chief Justice Hughes began at once by announcing that the gold cases would be read. He spoke until 1:25, and was followed immediately by Mr. Justice Stone. It was about 1:40 when Mr. Justice McReynolds made his unexpected speech which he finished in twenty minutes. The Court then adjourned for two weeks. The gold cases were finished and there was immediate reaction in all the money markets of the world.

Honor to Editor of Commonweal

The editor of that worthy Catholic weekly, *The Commonweal*, Michael Williams, Litt.D., was awarded the annual medal for Catholic Action by St. Bonaventure College. The presentation was made by the Most Rev. Maurice F. McAuliffe, D.D., Bishop of Hartford, Conn., in whose diocese Dr. Williams resides, at a dinner in New York, on Sunday, February 3d. Speakers on the occasion lauded the honored guest as an intellectual leader and as a defender of the Faith and of liberty.

Dr. Williams considered the honor he was receiving as a tribute to the staff of *The Commonweal*, "of recognition to the laity, and to what the literary laity is trying to do." The distinguished editor defined Catholic Action as the "coöperation, indeed the participation, of the laity with the hierarchy, the sacred ministers of the Church, in the apostolic mission of that Church." It was designed to deal with the pressing problems of the day, like the economic crisis, the acute questions connected with war and peace in the world, and above all, the tremendous danger to our traditional Western civilization produced by the mounting power of the new paganism. Dr. Williams explained this as being evidenced in the assumption of supreme power by various forms of the totalitarian secular State, as in Russia, Germany, Mexico, and, to a lesser degree, in Italy. He called attention to the danger of such tyranny in this country.

The Very Rev. Thomas Plassman, O.F.M., president of St. Bonaventure College, who introduced Dr. Williams, described him as a recognized leader in letters and literature who defends the teachings and aims of the Church, and has dedicated his career to Bonaventure, the patron saint of journalists.

The Catholic World extends sincere congratulations to Dr. Michael Williams on this honor so deservedly come to him.

Our Contributors

A MEMBER of the Brothers of St. Francis Xavier, BROTHER CAJETAN is the Head of the English Department at St. John's Preparatory School, Danvers, Mass. He was educated in the schools of his Congregation and pursued his higher studies at Johns Hopkins and at Boston universities. Though "The Pendulum Starts Back" is his initial offering to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, he has contributed to *America, The Sign, The Commonweal, The American Mercury,* and *The Catholic Educational Review.*

MICHAEL MCLAVERTY, M.Sc., is a young Irish school teacher living in Belfast who is also new to our pages. He is a regular contributor to the *Irish Monthly,* one of his stories published therein having been included in Edward O'Brien's *Best Short Stories of 1933.* The island he writes of in "The Return" really exists, one of the old inhabitants having given him the idea for his story.

THE lovable, great-hearted idealist who was "John Boyle O'Reilly" stands forth in these pages of "Reminiscences" from the pen of an old friend of his, W. F. P. STOCKLEY, M.A., Litt.D. An Irishman and a convert, Dr. Stockley himself knows the price demanded of those who would keep faith with themselves and God. His last article, "Popes and Jewish 'Ritual Murder'" (July) was in a somewhat different vein.

LASHLEY GREY HARVEY, M.A. ("In the Name of Local Pride") is well qualified to write on the subject he presents, having studied, taught and done practical work in the social sciences for the last decade. Mr. Lashley is Assistant Professor in the Department of History and Social Science in the Adams State Teachers College in Alamosa, Colo., the author, with Professor Frank Magruder, of *Our Nation's Government,* and a contributor to *School and Society* and *The Historical Outlook.*

HAD not ALAN DEVOE already told us that he was at heart a country man, a reading of "I Live in the Country" would have been proof positive of that fact. He is a writer by profession and a contributor to *The Atlantic Monthly, The Commonweal, America, The Bookman, Vanity Fair,* etc. His "very ancient and haphazard house" is at Phudd Hill, Hillsdale, N. Y.

HOW at least one girl resisted the lure of London's Hollywood, is disclosed by P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY in the concluding part of "Deirdre MacDade's Discovery."

JOSEPH B. MCALLISTER, M.A., gleaned the material for his interesting article on "The Wanderers" last summer while traveling and studying in Germany and other parts of Europe. He is at present a student in the Sulpician Seminary in Washington, where he is Director of the Choir and Music.

THERE would seem to be something almost prophetic in the note upon which MICHAEL MONAHAN ends

his "Avignon," an article we had accepted just a few months before his death. Representative of a rapidly passing culture, Mr. Monahan leaves a blank in our pages which cannot well be filled.

WE are happy to give to our readers REV. JOHN LAFARGE'S study of "The Mind of John LaFarge," his Father. Before taking up his present work as associate editor of *America*, Father LaFarge was for fifteen years attached to the Jesuit Missions in Southern Maryland. He is particularly interested in the betterment of the condition of the Negro and is Chaplain of the Catholic Interracial Council. Carrying on the family tradition, he is also Chaplain of the Liturgical Arts Association and a contributor to many Catholic periodicals.

THE author of "Ireland Calling!", MARY LOUISE GRAY, is among this month's many newcomers. Born in Charlestown, Mass., she was educated in the public schools, and at the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, now the Department of Hygiene of Wellesley College. She received her M.D. degree from Tufts College Medical School and has been resident physician in various sanatoria for the treatment of tuberculosis in the United States and Canada. Dr. Gray is at present living in North Brewster, Mass.

AN Indian journalist with contacts with many British magazines and newspapers, B. SHIVA RAO ("Mr. Gandhi's Future Plans") is an active worker in the interests of Indian self-government. He has been on many important Commissions, was a delegate to the Indian Round Table Conference held in London in 1930 and is now working for rural development, in which he thinks the foundations of India's progress lie. He is coauthor with Major D. Graham Pole of *The Problem of India* and has recently completed a volume called *The Indian Worker*, soon to be published.

WE have poets from far and near, old and new, and poems grave and gay for this month of Spring and of St. Patrick. MOTHER ST. JEROME returns to us after several years with a lovely lyric "My Song Stands Tiptoe,"—during the interim she has been sent from the house of her Congregation in Bruges to the English house at Birmingham; (MRS.) JANE COFFIN, a Nevadan by birth and known to Western readers as Jane O'Sullivan, sends her first contribution, "Strange Hurt of Beauty" from Hawaii where she has been living for the past six years near Honolulu at a place well-named Lanikai (Heavenly Water); EVELYN (MRS. DAVID) DEASY, another newcomer, spent her early years in the San Joaquin Valley and now lives in San Francisco, possibly in the shadow of "Old St. Mary's" of which she writes; LIAM P. CLANCY'S "The Fairy Lough" would charm St. Patrick himself; SISTER M. PATRICIA, R.S.M. ("Song of the Fisherman's Wife"), new to our pages, was born in Ireland, is an alumna of College Misericordia, Dallas, Pa., where she now teaches and is known in the columns of many of our Catholic magazines; while ELEANOR DOWNING, LITT.B. (OXON.), an old friend, charms us once again with her seasonal "Prelude."

New Books

A History of National Socialism. By Konrad Heiden.—R. E. Lee. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Vols. III. and IV.—The Forty Days of Musa Dagh. By Franz Werfel.—A Shorter History of England. By Hilaire Belloc.—Oliver Cromwell. By John Buchan.—Cromwell. By Hilaire Belloc.—The House Divided. By Pearl S. Buck.—If I Were Dictator. By Julian Huxley.—What I Like in Poetry. By William Lyon Phelps.—The Challenge to Liberty. By Herbert Hoover.—Joan of Arc and Her Companions. By Jehanne D'Orliac.—The Romance of the Floridas. By Rev. Michael Kenny, S.J.—The Franciscan Père Marquette. By Marion A. Habig, O.F.M.—Shorter Notices.—Pamphlet Publications.

A History of National Socialism. By Konrad Heiden. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.

Konrad Heiden was for years the journalist assigned by Germany's foremost daily to cover National-Socialism. He knew it well in the days when Hitler was just a minor partner in what seemed an old soldiers' debating society fond of topics like joblessness, French deceit, Jewish profiteering, pacifistic degeneracy, the horns which Jesuits conceal under their birettas, and the future ability of the German infantryman to take Paris. He knew more about the subject than any of the other German writers, though his analysis was not so searching as was, for instance, that of Fritz Gerlich, convert Catholic editor on whom the Nazis took a bloody revenge on June 30th of last year. I should say that if one put the writings of these two men together, there would be little to add from a German source prior to the glorious day when Wotan, Walhalla and *Ein-zwei-drei* came into their own. Now here is Heiden in a substantial English translation, with most of what was characteristically German in the style of the original squeezed into ill-fitting, baggy British trousers, but an encyclopedia of facts none the less. Heiden worked hard on his first treatise, so as to bring it up to date. Unfortunately the later sections written necessarily from an exile's lookout, lack the incomparable solidity of the earlier material.

There were many reasons why National-Socialism should have become a going concern. It appealed to the suppressed desire of a middle class trained for military service, to shout themselves hoarse over a victory. Inevitably somebody had to diagnose that longing correctly, and Hitler was the man who did so. Heiden speaks with chilly, ironic detachment of this little Austrian with the raucous voice, the absurd mustachios and the unlimited cunning. Yet even he, the sleuth, cannot help being amazed at the extraordinary political clairvoyance of this ex-corporal and house painter, the power within whom was really the power of the heresiarch — that energy which Rousseau flung against the world in the form of books, and which Hitler has leveled at civilization from the vantage

point of one who has always known how to adjust the sights on an oratorical blunderbuss.

The rest is history. To Heiden that word implies more fatalism than is to be found in a conscious Christian's vocabulary. He seems to think it all inevitable: the Weimar Republic had to collapse, Hitler was bound to come, the 30th of June, 1934, was written in the stars. Nevertheless he tries earnestly and intelligently to explain the steps leading up to each disaster. The Republic was not loved; therefore it had to die. Soldiers and captains of industry, eager to take control under cover of the monarchical principle, fumbled about in a welter of intrigue which eventually strangled most of them. The massacre of June was a desperate antidote for desperation. And what is to come now? The German people, Heiden thinks, want government, and they do not believe that Hitlerism is a government. It is only, most of them realise, a frenzy that may be—if one may venture hopefulness—attendant upon the pangs of a new social birth. But can they or anybody else do anything about it? I think that the answer of those who read Heiden's book carefully will be "No." Let us note in conclusion that a Catholic writer would have seen some things differently, but he could hardly have refrained from sensing in Heiden a fair-minded and kindred spirit. G. N. S.

R. E. Lee. A Biography. By Douglas Southall Freeman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Vols. III and IV. $3.75 each.

Mr. Freeman's concluding volumes certify the *prima facie* of his first two. Without challenge this is to be one of the immortal biographies. The singularity of the author's accomplishment lies in the fact that instead of upsetting preconceptions he demonstrates them, and yet says the last word and sets Lee forever, and beyond debate, in his permanent place in history.

It may be said that Lee's permanent place was secured long ago. In a general way it was, but he has remained a subject for debate in detail. It is Mr. Freeman's method which puts an end to debate. This method, not only on every page, but in every sentence of his first two volumes, produced complete confidence in his indefeasible rightness; but the last two, giving us a perspective on the work as a whole, do more. Carrying Lee from his military apotheosis at Chancellorsville to his death in his labors for a rebuilt Union and a new South, they make the finished work assume the proportions of Lee's own individual and permanent Valhalla.

This shearing away of every debatable detail, this solidification of every final fact, has the surprising effect of revealing a grander, nobler Lee even than the incrusted Lee of seventy years' writing. He ceases to be a steel engraving and takes on life; and this though the main lines of the traditional Lee are not disturbed, but carved deeper.

The same method is applied, though of course less extensively, to Lee's surroundings, to the Confederacy as a whole and to its other generals. About the Union and its leaders the author says almost nothing, which is a "new departure" but eminently right in such a work. The single paragraph devoted to Lincoln, for instance, appraises him with a perfection seldom reached by Lincoln's eulogists, as the iron man whose inveterate determination won

the war. But only when a Unionist directly and importantly affects Lee's fortunes does Mr. Freeman seem to see him, and then only momentarily, albeit accurately.

The myth that the Confederate army was a unique band of Spartan heroes fighting to the last drop of blood is dissipated by figures. Those about desertion, often desertion into the Union army, are appalling and go far to explain why Lee had so small a force when Grant, at Appomattox, asked him how many rations to send to the surrendered army and Lee did not know. Grant knew, however, and cut the matter short by sending 25,000. The facts about conscription are also revealing: the Confederacy had to resort to it long before the Union did, was long unsuccessful with it, and when it was successful the drafted soldiers lowered the army's morale and stimulated desertion among the tired or lukewarm.

The Confederate commanders are the subject of his impartial scalpel as they, one after another, cross Lee's path. Even A. P. Hill shrinks in stature, while Jackson and Stuart increase in size; all by that same method of taking nothing for granted, putting every particle of evidence to the touchstone. From it the fallible suffer, but the great grow greater. Nowhere, however, does Lee step aside. The four volumes are, rather than describe, the real Lee, and Lee complete. C. W. T.

The Forty Days of Musa Dagh. By Franz Werfel. New York: The Viking Press. $3.00.

This novel, built around historical events which took place in the summer of 1915, has been widely proclaimed as an epoch-making achievement. It would seem that reviewers to some extent, have confused the importance of the book with the importance of the event described. The historical fact that on a mountain, 5,000 Armenians facing almost certain annihilation, defied the whole Turkish nation during an immortal forty days, indeed deserves to be included among the most glorious achievements of human history. But the value of the book as a literary achievement, pales in comparison with that fact.

The author, a recent convert from Judaism to Catholicism, has unusual gifts, including ability to analyze character and to detect motives; at times he reaches a high dramatic level, as in the breath-taking account of the actual battle, where the slogan was, "A Turk for every bullet!" But the narrative often lags in interest, and one feels that the story would have been greatly improved if its 817 pages had been reduced by half.

The fine details of Mr. Werfel's novel may or may not be historical. One wonders whether the leader's illicit love and the adultery of his wife, really played so prominent a part in what actually took place during those heroic forty days. One wonders also why the Catholic Book Club should have chosen as its book of the month, this one which contains no true appreciation of Christianity (much less of Catholicism)—nor even of the religious quality of the Armenians. G. T.

A Shorter History of England. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00.

This six-hundred-odd page survey from Roman times to the present age is designed for the general and elementary reader and is written in Mr Belloc's usual crisp, clear and

forceful language. The proportions of the book are novel and up to a certain extent admirable. There is no "telescoping" of history so that adequate treatment of the distant past is sacrificed to an elaboration upon the modern age; the reader is a quarter way through the book at Magna Charta, and at the midway point he is with Elizabeth. Mr. Belloc explains his proportional arrangement by saying that "the nearer historical objects are to our own eye the more we lose proportion, the more we tend to exaggerate and to misjudge in the presentation of motive and consequence." One may readily assent to this, and yet still think that the last seventy-five years deserve more than the fifty pages which Mr. Belloc gives to them. Is the Victorian age still too recent for the historian to write of it with certainty and to put it in right perspective? For a man of Mr. Belloc's strong opinions and fearless judgments in historical controversy (as evident in this book as in his many others), there will be those who think this a startling confession of intellectual uncertainty.

One will be inclined also to disapprove Mr. Belloc's impersonal treatment of the whole period since the Parliamentary revolution of the seventeenth century. Under the aristocratic *régime* which succeeded to the monarchical, it is perfectly true that "one has largely to forget personality and rather to consider the general forces" in explaining cause and effect, but men remain men no matter what kind of *régime* they live under and when something is done it is a man who does it. The pressure which induced him to act may be concealed, but it can hardly be hunted out unless the man himself is carefully studied. So great a neglect of personalities as one finds in this part of Mr. Belloc's book tends to make history excessively abstract. R. J. S. H.

Oliver Cromwell. By John Buchan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.50.

Cromwell. By Hilaire Belloc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. $4.00.

Two studies of Oliver Cromwell came from the press last fall almost simultaneously, and although differing one from another in many important respects both must be marked as works of high value. Mr. Buchan presents a full-length biography documented after the manner of the best historical scholarship; Mr. Belloc presents a shorter and more interpretative study penetrated by that cogent and illuminating reasoning which consistently informs his work. Mr Buchan, who derives from the tradition of Scotch Calvinism, presents Cromwell chiefly as an English patriot and architect of imperial Britain; the Catholic Mr. Belloc is mainly interested in Cromwell as a great soldier wielding the sword of a new religious faith.

It would be expected, therefore, that striking differences of judgment on Cromwell should appear in these two books. Such differences indeed are there, and they are the more noticeable because they stand in sharp contrast to the very wide agreement between the two writers as to the character and behavior of their common biographical subject. For the happy fact is that when Mr. Buchan and Mr. Belloc are not differing sharply they are in a near-perfect accord; and the reason for this is that both avoid special pleading and aim honestly at the truth. Thus they are at one in saying that

Cromwell was reluctant to have power, that his motive for killing the king was not ambition but self-preservation; and they are at one in saying that although he could lie Cromwell was yet free from what Mr. Belloc calls "that fundamental lie which is hypocrisy." They agree too in a very high estimate of his genius as a soldier; also in discerning his sturdiness of character and many admirable, even amiable qualities. Further, they are at one in perceiving that the man was formed largely by the Calvinist religion, the defense and propagation of which was his supreme and central aim.

When divergence between these books appear the reason is seldom one of conflicting factual statements. To be sure, there are a few such contradictions, but the really important divergences spring from differences between the authors in insight, reasonable estimate of probabilities, sensitivity to Puritan morals and judgment of values. Space forbids illustration of this beyond reference to two striking points, which have to do with the killing of Charles Stuart and the Cromwellian fury in Ireland. Taking the first point, Mr. Belloc argues that Cromwell's decision to kill the king was made approximately a year earlier than Mr. Buchan would be willing to place it. He develops an argument to show that as early as the fall of 1647 Cromwell determined (because of Charles's growing understanding with the Scots) to kill the king. This was more than a year before the dreadful deed at Whitehall, and during that year, says Mr. Belloc, Cromwell worked like a campaign strategist to bring Charles to the block. It is an ingenious argument, but one need admit no more of it, for it is emphatically not a proof. If, as Mr. Belloc insists, it accords with the characteristic behavior of Cromwell the soldier tactician (as a matter-of-fact, on Mr Belloc's own showing, I think it does not), it certainly does not square with Cromwell the pragmatist and contriver of day-to-day expedients; which character Mr. Belloc discerns as clearly as does Mr. Buchan. The evidence in the matter is inconclusive either way, but to me at least Mr. Buchan appears nearer the truth in showing Cromwell not as a shrewd planner but as a reluctant, eleventh-hour convert to the move for doing Charles Stuart to death.

In the matter of Ireland the point is decidedly in Mr. Belloc's favor. He can tell the horrible truth more successfully than Mr. Buchan because he is far better able to estimate and understand the violent hatred which Oliver bore against the religion of the Irish. Not that Mr. Buchan does not recognize Oliver's deep detestation of "Popery" and Anglicanism, but he appears to underrate this driving force in Oliver's conduct. That is the reason why, although acknowledging the Irish campaign "as the darkest episode in Oliver's career," Mr. Buchan does seek to minimize (in violence to good historical evidence) Cromwell's carnage and even partially to extenuate it on the ground of poor health. Through inadequate realization of the potentialities of anti-Catholic hatred, he finds it rationally necessary to minimize and to palliate. Otherwise it would be hard to forgive him the following words concerning the massacre at Drogheda: "Inevitably in the confusion a certain number of civilians perished."

In spite of these and other less important differences,—or rather precisely because of them,—these two studies of Cromwell, each brilliantly written, make good companion volumes. They supplement and correct each other, for whereas Mr. Buchan shows us an admirable man with serious defects, Mr. Belloc shows us a deplorable man with some very high virtues. Taken together they provide as true a picture of the Lord Protector and his England turned Zion as we are likely ever to get. R. J. S. H.

The House Divided. By Pearl S. Buck. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.50.

China to-day is the scene of this, the final book of Mrs. Buck's powerful trilogy, the saga of the House of Wang. A comprehensive portrait of three generations, it pictures: the toiler who moistens the ground he tills with the sweat of his labor; his sons, whose exemption from physical work is the fruit of his pioneering, and whose concerns are with commerce, organization and power over men; and now in this volume, the third generation, which bursting the bonds of home and local traditions, indulges its appetites and satisfies its curiosity in the pursuit of pleasure, in Communism, poetry and travel.

The central figure of The House Divided is Yuan, son of Wang the Tiger and grandson of old Wang Lung the farmer of *The Good Earth* whose love of the land and sense of the serene reappear as marked characteristics of the grandson. Yuan traverses the world to discover modern civilization in its Western aspect; his amazement at what he sees and hears as a student at an American college is enlightening to us who through familiarity may have become inured to the more startling implications of our modern environment. Unsatisfied, Yuan returns to China and there, stirred by his old attraction for the earth and his new knowledge of agriculture, and helped by his love for Mei Ling, who represents to him the good and the true, he endeavors to find a peaceful solution to the contradictions, the upheavals and the turmoil of modern life.

Mrs. Buck has made China live for many a reader, but her theme outstretches locality—it is humanity, anywhere,—and we notice its universality particularly in this last volume. She deals with nature in terms whose frankness might offend a particularly fastidious reader. Wang Yuan's reactions to the brutalities, the confusions, the lusts and the insincerities of high-powered civilization are only our own—when we stop to think about them—and we find it stimulating, if humiliating, to see ourselves through pagan eyes. C. A.

If I Were Dictator. By Julian Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.00.

It frequently happens that in times of stress scholars will come forth from the recesses of their academic laboratories, biological, psychological, philosophical or otherwise, and enter the arena of practical politics in the hope of presenting some formula for the guidance of their fellow men with whom they have had but few contacts before making their altruistic effort. Perhaps it is unfair to the author of this present volume to classify him with those who have little knowledge of the world at first hand. For his previous works indicate that

he is an acute thinker who has behind him the great traditions of a family of scientists and bold independent thinkers. For all that, however, he seems to the reviewer to know his world but poorly.

If his volume is to be taken at its face value, Mr. Huxley would have us apply to the problems of to-day the principles of "scientific humanism," and as a dictator he would seek to apply these principles so as to give man control over nature and over his destiny. This would be done by a planned economy in accordance with scientific research. The trouble with Mr. Huxley's proposition would seem to be in its fundamental assumptions. "Scientific humanism" definitely rejects the idea of God or any guiding force in the universe, takes man as he is and recognizes that he has "only one goal in life," namely "more life —more satisfying experience, richer and fuller being." Man's "conscious reason" puts him in a position superior to that of other organisms, —he can become "the conscious trustee of Evolution."

Mr. Huxley then proceeds to elaborate in detail the "public relations" of his dictatorship, its politics at home and abroad, what a dictator could do with science, what with social life, education and art. Many acute practical criticisms are made of the present order and suggestions for their improvement. Too bad that after describing in some detail the material basis of his dictatorship the author could not have been more definite in his description of the "social religion" which is to be the substitute for "God-religion." How can a scientist, boasting of his science, be content to use terms which convey no meaning? How can he ask us to become trustees of Evolution without defining our duties more in detail? But perhaps all the time he is merely poking fun at us. If it is really a joke the book is stimulating reading. C. G. F.

What I Like in Poetry. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

If it be objected that "of the making of anthologies there is no end," the answer in the present instance is obvious. This is not just another anthology but a superb selection of 374 poems representing the work of 145 authors, ranging over many centuries and coming down to the present day. The gamut of human emotions is run here from the poetry of high seriousness and the religious lyric to the biting humor of Belloc and the crashing cymbals of Vachel Lindsay.

There are distinctive things about this book: it reveals in all of its 600 pages the personality of Professor Phelps, his catholic taste, his abundant joy in life, his sense of the tears in things and of the fun and tragedy of human aspirations. He has not sought to include the poems that "should be in every anthology" nor played up to the taste of those who ignore Milton's dictum that poetry should be "simple, sensuous, and passionate" and who affect to believe that to be great it must be comprehensible only to the elect. Professor Phelps agrees with Milton and adds: "I am not at all sure that poetry is a criticism of life. It is rather an illumination of life. The poets are the soothsayers, the clairvoyants; they see beyond the vision of the ordinary man and they tell us what they see."

A Catholic review, while discussing a recent anthology, complained that it included not a single

Catholic poet. Such a criticism does not hold in the present case. My copy of What I Like in Poetry lies open at the moment to a beautiful translation of the "Stabat Mater," and Newman, Faber, Noyes, Thompson, Katherine Tynan, and Alice Meynell and half a dozen more grace these pages.

Not the least delightful thing about this anthology is the comment of the editor, enthusiastic, illuminating, and full of those facts which everyone likes to learn but which so few know where to find.

Says Professor Phelps in his introduction: "This book is filled with poems written for our delight; it is my hope that the reader, opening almost anywhere at random may find that delight which should always be found in a union of truth and beauty." The present reviewer, after reading this anthology from cover to cover, is glad to answer, "You have your wish." J. J. R.

The Challenge to Liberty. By Herbert Hoover. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

Apart from any intrinsic merits that it may possess this volume by the titular leader of the Republican party would merit the serious consideration of all persons who are concerned with the problem of setting our national economy in order. To the reviewer the issues raised by the volume are not so much a "Challenge to Liberty" as a challenge to lovers of liberty to examine the fundamentals of that traditional conception and look at the present economic scene with a constructive as well as with a critical eye. "Liberty" means many things to many men, one thing to the industrialist who wishes to have a free hand in the management of his industry, another thing to the worker who seeks to obtain a position of security that will enable him to face the future without fear, still another thing to the army of the unemployed to whom "liberty" means little more than the privilege of walking this street or some other in search of a job. The old conception of "freedom of contract," when man was supposed to bargain with man and agree upon fair terms of employment, has ceased to have much meaning in a world where such bargaining as is done, is done by organized labor dealing with organized capital.

Liberty, as Mr. Hoover conceives it, is primarily a thing of the spirit —freedom of worship, of thought, of opinion, of speech. But freedom of the spirit cannot be maintained unless man is free "to choose his own calling, to develop his talents, to win and to keep a home sacred from intrusion, to rear children in ordered security." Few would dispute this fundamental thesis of the author. It is when he comes to the application of general principles to concrete situations that many readers will find difficulty in following him. His criticism of the recent centralization of government, of the bureaucracy developed by the New Deal, of the confusion attending government planning, of the dangers of regimentation, would to the reviewer be more effective if he could show that the old order of "rugged individualism" were really as individualistic as it was rugged. Surely the collapse of an economic system which the leaders of the economic world had it in their power to save, with every willingness on the part of the president then in power to help them, suggests that more effective planning was needed,—and all plan-

ning must to some extent encroach upon old-fashioned liberty.

But, as has been said, it is not necessary to agree with Mr. Hoover to profit by his challenge to serious thought upon the important problem with which he is dealing.

C. G. F.

Joan of Arc and Her Companions. By Jehanne D'Orliac. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. $3.00.

The whole setting of this life of St. Joan of Arc is a false one, although Jehanne D'Orliac announces it as an original discovery. In one passage she unwittingly admits she found her impossible thesis in Michelet and Anatole France, sworn detractors of the Maid and the Middle Ages which produced her. She maintains that the mother-in-law of Charles VII., Yolanda of Anjou, used St. Joan as a tool to regain the lost kingdom of France for her daughter's husband, and to further the interests of the house of Anjou, whose safety depended upon the victory of France's legitimate king.

Her whole argument is woven out of a fervent imagination. Yolanda, forsooth, paved the way for St. Joan's easy access to the King; Yolanda wrote or at least inspired St. Joan's letters to the King, the English, and the various cities of France; Yolanda, and not the so-called "Voices" suggested to St. Joan the coronation at Reims, and the raising of the siege of Orléans; Yolanda used St. Joan as a mascot and a tool—shades of Anatole France—and when St. Joan's prescribed mission had been accomplished, Yolanda set her aside—nay more, had her abandoned by her friends, the soldiers and counselors of the King. Is it not strange that hitherto historians have not recognized the Spanish bride of the King's cousin as the chief actor of the closing period of the Hundred Years' War, or praised the "genial" Yolanda, who had Giac and Le Camus murdered, and presented mistresses to the King and to the Duke of Lorraine to strengthen her cause?

The author does her best to rob St. Joan of all claims to sainthood. She may with her tongue in her cheek call her in magniloquent words "the patron saint of France," but the young woman she portrays would never have been canonized by the Catholic Church. We are told that St. Joan "loved fine horses, rich clothes, and knew how to appreciate perfumed baths"; that after the coronation of Charles VIII. she deliberately lied by pretending she longed to retire to her home in Domrémy; that she made no effort to discredit the legendary miracle of Lagny; that she was on terms of daily familiarity with Gilles de Rais, "the Bluebeard of the legend, the murderer of children, and the agent of the devil"; etc.

The most *blasé* of readers will tire at last of the continual suggestions of worldliness, pride, deceit, fanaticism and superstition made with regard to one of the most simple-minded, unselfish, and humble saints of Christendom.

B. L. C.

The Romance of the Floridas. By Rev. Michael Kenny, S.J. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. $3.75.

The Franciscan Père Marquette. Father Zenobé Membré, O.F.M. By Rev. Marion A. Habig, O.F.M. New York: Joseph F. Wagner. $1.00.

Father Kenny divides his well-documented history of Church and State in Florida in the sixteenth century into two parts. I. "The Find-

ing" (1512-1565), which treats of the discovery of Florida on Easter day, 1512, by Ponce de León, and describes in detail the early exploring expeditions; II. "The Founding" (1565-1574), which the author styles the Menéndez Jesuit period, and which treats in detail of the life and activities of the famous Spanish Admiral, General and Governor, Pedro Menéndez de Avilés.

The author asserts that there is no historic evidence of the legend of Ponce de León's Fountain of Youth; that the Pocahontas legend invented out of whole cloth by John Smith in 1624 is merely a dressing-up of the facts recorded of Ortiz in 1528. He defends Ayllóon and De Soto from the charge of cruelty, apologizes rather weakly for the royal order to war against and enslave recalcitrant Indians, and fails to stigmatize as it deserves the slavery system of the *encomenderos*. We would advise the calumnious attorney-general of Mexico, Emilio Gil, who recently published an attack upon the Spanish clergy, to read carefully Lowery's words (p. 8) on the insistence upon the conversion of the Indians, voiced repeatedly "in royal and official correspondence, in vice-regal instructions and reports, and in innumerable requests, complaints, and suggestions addressed to the home government."

While Father Kenny rightly condemns Menéndez for his flagrant immorality in a particular instance, he spares no pains to defend his killings at Matanzas on the plea that the Huguenots were pirates, whom by royal orders he was bound to destroy. We agree with Gilmary Shea and Father Kenny's confrère, Father Woods, that this massacre after surrender has left "an indelible stain" upon Menéndez' memory.

The bulk of the volume is devoted to the missionary labors of the Jesuits and their Franciscan successors among the Indians of the Southeast. An appendix cites the chief writers of late years who have revealed to the world Spain's many-sided contribution to the exploration and civilization of our country, special mention being made of the scholars, Catholic and non-Catholic, who have written about Florida, which included in the sixteenth century Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia.

Father Zenobé Membré, as the critical biography before us clearly proves, was one of the leading pioneer Indian missionaries of the seventeenth century. In these pages he appears as an intrepid explorer, a zealous, persevering missionary, an exact historian and a humble son of St. Francis, worthy to be numbered among our missionary martyrs.

While due praise has ever been given to the Jesuit Père Marquette who accompanied Joliet in his explorations, the chaplain and companion of La Salle, the Franciscan Father Membré, is comparatively unknown. Historians here and abroad have either ignored him or minimised his work, out of sheer ignorance or out of hatred for La Salle. Tracy in his *History of Canada* (Vol. I., p. 231), makes him a Jesuit; Thwaites in his edition of the *Jesuit Relations* calls him a lay brother; Shea in his *Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi*, speaks slightingly of his learning, and unfairly styles his Journal "obscure and prejudiced"; Agnes Repplier, who does not pretend to scientific attainment in the field, gives us an unfair caricature in her *Père Marquette* (p. 254).

Father Habig, depends in great

measure upon writers of the seventeenth century like Le Clercq, Joutel, La Metairie, Minet, Tonti, La Salle and Membré himself. Some may think that he paints too favorable a portrait of La Salle. We do not agree with them. True indeed La Salle was impatient, stern, haughty, and suspicious, but he had many enemies to combat both in New France and Old. His final failure was not due to incapacity, as Shea maintains, but to the moral, physical and intellectual unfitness of the colonists, soldiers and workmen, who sailed with him from France. His murderers were cutthroats on a par with twentieth century gangsters. B. L. C.

Christ in Us. Meditations by Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., S.T.D. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. $1.25.

"Meditation," says Father McSorley in his *Primer of Prayer*, "is essentially nothing more than a process of collecting one's thoughts, of focusing one's attention, of recalling pertinent facts and principles and circumstances." Not always easy, as experience tells us. In fact, we are confronted with a major difficulty at the very beginning, *viz.*, the selection of a suitable subject to start the head agoing. Then a second difficulty, *viz.*, to rouse a sluggish, a sleeping heart. Dr. Burke's little volume puts an end to these troublesome drawbacks, in consequence of which many souls are turned from the priceless practice of daily meditation. Our author does not allow himself to forget the primary purpose of his little volume, *viz.*, to have *Christ in us*. Hence his thoughts as expressed here always run in the same direction—towards Christ "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." He is put before us in His teachings and His life that we may make Him our own. The characteristic note herein is simplicity. There is a straightforwardness, a directness of treatment, a running to the point that removes the cumbersomeness found in other meditation books which frequently end in mental lethargy.

The treatment is primarily doctrinal and the mode of expression is full of life. While appealing to the mind, the heart and will receive their proper allotment of the inspiration which the author gives his readers in order to accomplish his purpose. Again, the style is quite facile, thus keeping the attention of the reader to the end. The brevity of each chapter lends a special appeal, and puts the book within the range of profit for the layfolk as well as for the clergy. In fact I find it very adaptable for short spiritual reading. And its handy size and clear print render it very serviceable for traveling.

A frequent and prayerful reading of these diversified chapters will go far to put us in the field where we may find the "Pearl of Great Price." J. F. B.

SHORTER NOTICES

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY: The Protestant Reformation in Great Britain. By Joseph Clayton (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. $2.00). While to-day the facts of the Reformation are no longer in dispute, the prejudices of the sixteenth century are still active in distorting the significance of the facts. Many a prejudiced non-Catholic historian has approved the Reformation as a movement towards liberty

and a return to primitive Christianity, intentionally omitting with Trevelyan all mention of the torturing and executing of priests for saying Mass, or with Frère all mention of the doctrinal changes embodied in the Articles and the Book of Common Prayer. Catholic historians too have passed over in silence the effective Lutheran preaching of Latimer and other ex-priests, or minimized the harm done by the politically minded Catholics intent upon the overthrow of Elizabeth. Clayton tells the complete story of the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary Tudor and Elizabeth, giving well outlined sketches of Cranmer, Cromwell, Gardiner, More, Fisher, Cecil, Parker, Allen, Knox, and scores of others who either fought or favored the New Teaching. We recommend this book to Catholics as a brief but reliable record of one of the great crises in the history of the Church, and to non-Catholics as an excellent sketch of the beginnings of their history.

Seventeen Crises in World History. By Sister M. Fides Shepperson, Ph.D. (New York: The Dial Press. $2.00). The historical student in our high schools will find this volume helpful as a book of collateral historical readings. It views twenty-three centuries of world history from the standpoint of seventeen decisive battles, beginning with Marathon and ending with Waterloo. The author quotes the poets—Byron, Chénier, Dryden, Alice Meynell, Rossetti, Southey, Schiller, Tennyson—rather than the historians, perhaps to sugar-coat the pill for the plodding student. The style is rather flamboyant for a text-book, and we tire of "silvery moonlight and dazzling sun-radiance rainbow-frilled"; of "the answerless *whys* wailing from out the past as Pharaoh-ghosts in search of non-existent mummies."

The White-Headed Eagle. By Richard G. Montgomery (New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50). This is a stirring tale of the pioneer fur trade of the Canadian Northwest, centering about the life of John McLoughlin, chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company at Vancouver. He served the Company faithfully for thirty-eight years, maintaining its supremacy over its American competitors, establishing dozens of trading posts, creating friendly relations with Indian tribes who christened him The White-Headed Eagle, and ruling for years like a king over an immense unsettled territory. Born of Catholic parents at Rivière de Loup in 1784, he drifted away from the faith to return to it in 1845, eleven years before his death. An ungrateful Company forced him to resign that same year, because of his open-handed hospitality to the American pioneers to whom he had loaned monies without stint. He became an American citizen in 1851, and an ungrateful adopted country confiscated his property, which however was afterwards restored to his children. The book is valuable historically for the insight it gives of the Oregon controversy between Great Britain and the United States, and for its account of the beginnings of Oregon. It was the February choice of the Catholic Book Club.

Victoria the Widow and Her Son. By Hector Bolitho (New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. $5.00). Here is that unexpected find—a fresh biography of Victoria. Never were the relations between mother and son more of an interesting study than in the case of the isolated,

strong-willed sovereign Victoria and her convivial, determined son and heir Edward. Mr. Bolitho accentuates their conflicts by emphasizing their similarities. A reading of his previous volume, *Albert the Good*, which deals with the earlier years of the Victorian age, will contribute to a fuller enjoyment of the present volume, which, as its title implies, deals with the second half of the century. It is nevertheless in itself a unit. Two personalities so vivid and dramatic as Victoria and Edward should certainly provide material enough for one book; add to them the brilliant panoply of the Imperial Court, the sequence of world events and the innumerable great people of a great era, and the resultant chronicle, touched by the originality and fine artistry of Hector Bolitho, is an engrossing work.

LITERATURE AND FICTION: Opinions: Literary and Otherwise. By Henry W. Taft (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00). Such diverse subjects as genealogy and literary criticism afford Mr. Taft an opportunity to reveal his balanced erudition. In well modulated prose he introduces us to the fortuitous nature of genealogy in general and the occasional ironical implications of the Taft family in particular. In a chapter on "Formal Biographies and Informal Exploitations," he criticizes the zeal for personal publicity which prompts a good many volumes of memoirs. He is at his best in the essay on "Books," a paper which indicates clearly his rich, literary background. Herein he rightly points out the comparative unimportance of many current novels. In his "Observations on Old Age," Mr. Taft draws freely from Cicero's *De Senectute* and Montaigne's *Essais*. To him senility is not a period of mental lethargy but rather a time of life which affords mellowed retrospection and a fuller enjoyment of the worth while things in life. His apt comments on people and things are both informative and entertaining.

Heaven's My Destination. By Thornton Wilder (New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50). This is the story of an idiot. That he is in some ways a nice idiot, that "he's crazy in a nice sort of way," makes him no less imbecilic. It is the author's purpose probably to hold up to ridicule the sort of mental confusion that passes in certain circles as religion. In so far as the portrait of his hero may be representative one can rejoice mildly that his tender irony and penetrating humor have been displayed to so successful an end. Only it would seem to those who take the subject of religion seriously, to be just a little bit on the side of poor taste to be so excruciatingly funny about s o m e t h i n g which may be regarded as a disease. And one has to fear, of course, that this is the sort of book that will be welcomed by the unbelieving as another great epic on the impossibility of all religion. What Mr. Wilder should do now, if the religious complex which has been evident in nearly all that he has written continues to bother him, is to write his next book about some one who is thoroughly religious and of at least average intelligence. It would help to round out the picture.

Gallybird. By Sheila Kaye-Smith (New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50). In spite of the f r e q u e n c y with which she produces new novels,—something like two a year,—Sheila Kaye-Smith c o n t r i v e s to make each one gripping and dramatic,

partly by means of a turbulent theme and partly by means of the passionate fervor with which she apparently tells her tale. We say "apparently" because she gives also the impression of care and accuracy concealed beneath a vivacious exterior. In her last novel she has chosen for her title the gallybird, which is a woodpecker that attacks only rotting trees, and her symbol is an apt one, for the theme is black magic and its effect on Gervase, a crumbling relic of the Alards, whose family history she has recounted in many another novel. In this book, her setting is the familiar Sussex, but as in *Superstition Corner* the period has been set back to the days of Catholic suppression.

Mary Poppins. By P. L. Travers (New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. $1.50). Hear ye! Hear ye! All who cherish *Peter Pan* and *Alice in Wonderland*, be you children of small or larger growth, rush out to the nearest bookseller this very moment and buy yourself a lifetime of chuckles and delight, bound up in a starry bookjacket. For years to come the thought of Mary Poppins is bound to bring a tender and spontaneous smile to the eye of many an enchanted reader. Perhaps the most entrancing thing about Mary is her nonchalant acceptance of the unseen fantasies that surround us; unless it is her jovial uncle, whose risibility keeps him continually on the rise; or her everblooming hat; or her Young Man with the capacity for pavement pictures and miraculous tea parties; or her parrot-headed umbrella, or her tendency to paste gold paper stars on the evening sky; or her talent for friendship with dancing cows, loquacious starlings and terrifying Hamadryads. But personally we confess to a particular fondness for her as the Perfect Nursemaid, brooking no nonsense from Parents or Cook, achieving an all-time high for ruthless discipline, and at the same time, leading the children daily through worlds of joyous fancy, back to the safe anchorage of home.

Religion: Catholics, Jews and Protestants. By Claris Edwin Silcox and Galen M. Fisher (New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50). At the request of the National Conference of Jews and Christians, Mr. C. E. Silcox undertook early in 1933 a survey of the different forces making for sympathy or antagonism on the part of Catholics, Jews and Protestants in this country. In this field Mr. Silcox has long enjoyed the reputation of an expert and fair-minded specialist. His report provides us with a valuable, detailed description of the existing situation here and in Canada, where economic, social, political, racial and educational elements combine to make a series of very complex problems. The result may be described not so much as a solution of the problems, but rather as an objective presentation of facts, tendencies and points of view. Without in any way reflecting upon the fairness of the author, one may say that with regard to certain matters—birth control, for example—the exposition of the Catholic teaching leaves something to be desired. This, of course, could hardly be otherwise; and every fair-minded reader will be ready to pay Mr. Silcox the tribute of having performed a difficult piece of work extraordinarily well.

New Relationships With Jews and Catholics. By Mrs. Albert J. Gregg (New York: Association Press. 25 cents). The preface of Mr. Silcox's

book anticipates that it will be later implemented by a discussion outline; and Mrs. Gregg's volume is intended to meet this need. It aims to assist groups of Protestant young people who are interested in the study of religious misunderstandings. It is logical and well-documented and contains many practical suggestions.

The Making of a Pulpit Orator. By Rev. John A. McClorey, S.J. (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00). There has been a considerable revival of interest in preaching during the past year and lamentations have been uttered and written about the decay of this art among the Catholic clergy in our day. And now one of the foremost of our pulpit orators comes before the public with a book on the subject of pulpit oratory, offering as the reason for writing it, the desire to resurrect among clerical students and priests interest in an art that is nearly defunct. This work of Father McClorey is not to be conceived of as a textbook giving detailed instructions on the mechanics of oratory, but rather as a treatise in explanation and defense of the art, portraying its background and offering most valuable suggestions, the latter a transcript of the author's observation and experience in a long preaching career. We believe his book will be an inspiration and a help to any one interested in the subject.

The Bible and Character. By William H. Russell, Ph.D. (Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. $1.50). This work, originally submitted to the Catholic University of America for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, has for its object the value of Bible-reading on character training, notably that of high school teachers. The experimental feature of Dr. Russell's dissertation consisted in part of sending questionnaires to some one hundred and fifty Catholic high school teachers, and also of analyzing the results of an experimentation class in Bible-reading, conducted during the Summer Session of the Catholic University in 1932. The results indicate that meditative reading of the Scriptures supplied valuable material for personal character building in the Catholic teacher.

MISCELLANEOUS: **Psychic Phenomena of Jamaica.** By Joseph J. Williams, S.J., Ph.D. (Ethnol.), Litt.D. (New York: The Dial Press. $2.50). Those who read Father Williams's previous book on phases of West India witchcraft will be prepared to find some weird stories in this new volume. Partly from his own observation and partly from the accounts of eyewitnesses, he has collected a series of incidents which seem to constitute clear evidence of preternatural forces at work among the natives. The author restricts his study to those phenomena which are distinctly Jamaican and presumably therefore of African origin. He deals with the evidence in the restrained spirit of a scientific man and ventures no definite theory by way of explanation. The book is a well-informed contribution to the literature of psychic phenomena.

Saga of Saints. By Sigrid Undset (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50). **Stages on the Road.** Same author (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75). What Sigrid Undset thinks of people and things must necessarily arouse keen interest among the ever-widening circle of her readers. In these two volumes she talks to us about a variety of topics: poetry and mysticism, the

Reformation, feminism, the cult of saints versus the cult of success, prayer, marriage, her own views of religion, the old paganism of the North, the legends and the history of her land, and heroic men and women who have attained to the pinnacle of sanctity. These offerings have not the objective power of Mme. Undset's fiction; their chief appeal is that they illuminate her philosophy. Yet to every cultured Catholic, beliefs and opinions of so scholarly a convert should be a pride and a treasure.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS: Buddhism, by Prof. L. de La Vallée Poussin; Jesus of Nazareth, by Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J.; Scholasticism, by Rev. V. White, O.P.; Gnosticism, Marcionism, and Manichæism, by Rev. J. Lebreton, S.J.; Presbyterianism, by W. E. Orchard, D.D.; Christian Science, and Spiritualism, by Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.; and Communism and Religion, by Rev. Lewis Watt, S.J., are recent additions to the exceedingly valuable "Studies in Comparative Religion." An archæologist of note, Ernest Tatham Richmond, provides a most interesting and detailed study, with diagrams, of *The Sites of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection.* Present-day agitation for legislation permitting "sterilization of the unfit" renders an examination of Mental Deficiency, Its Causes, Prevention and Treament, by Mildred MacGowan, M.B., Ch.B., timely and useful. A group of biographies depict for us an apostle of charity, the recently canonized Co-Foundress of the Sisters of Charity, St. Louise de Marillac of the sixteenth to seventeenth centuries, and a great educator; the Foundress of the Institute of Notre Dame de Namur, Blessed Julie Billiart, of the eighteenth to nineteenth centuries (London: Catholic Truth Society, 5 cents each).

Outstanding contributions to December and January issues of The Catholic Mind include the Pastoral Letter of the German Bishops, enumerating explicitly the dangers of "The Modern Paganism in Germany," and Cardinal Pacelli's sermon at the close of the Eucharistic Congress in Buenos Aires on "The Kingdom of Christ"; "The Catholic Church and Peace," by John La Farge, S.J., a clear statement of the position of the Church on peace, most welcome amid the welter of ill-considered peace movements; an address on "Economic Organization and the Encyclical of Pius XI.," by Rev. Joseph E. Thorning, S.J.; interesting comment on "The Splendor of the Liturgy," by the Patriarch of Venice and the very useful Index to Current Magazines (New York: The America Press, 5 cents a copy).

The first of two pamphlets on Mexico, by Edward Lodge Curran, tells the story of three centuries of the influence of the Church in Catholic Mexico (Brooklyn: International Catholic Truth Society, 5 cents). The Church in Mexico Protests, by William F. Montavon, relates, year by year and step by step the events since 1917 which have robbed Catholics of their personal liberties and the Church of her right to minister to their spiritual needs. The cover bears a telling quotation from an unexpected source (Washington: National Catholic Welfare Conference, 10 cents).

The Greatest Prayer: The Mass, published by the Bruce Publishing Co. of Milwaukee, carries unusually attractive illustrations of the action of the Holy Sacrifice with prayers from the Ordinary of the Mass or in

the spirit of the Ordinary and Proper. One regrets that the incomparable text of the Ordinary was not used throughout in connection with such clear illustrations of the actions of the priest. The same comment applies to **The Best Gift, Mass Prayers for Children**, by Rev. L. A. Gales, which, however excellent in interpreting and explaining the Mass, postpones desirable familiarity with the liturgical prayers. The artistic line drawings will aid the child in following the Mass (St. Paul: The Catechetical Guild, 5 cents). The desire of the laity for the liturgical text is evidenced by the sale of three million **Leaflet Missals** since they were launched five years ago. To the Sunday Masses have been added **The Mass on the Day of Burial** and **The Mass on the Day of Marriage** (St. Paul: The Leaflet Missal, 10 cents each). Intelligence and emotion travel side by side in the Pilgrimage of Rev. John M. Riach, C.S.P., to the Catholic Church and the priesthood and give this story of conversion personal charm and appeal (Privately Printed).

A detailed account in English of the modern community, **The Women of Nazareth**, whose mission is to organize and direct the Grail Movement among Catholic girls is a welcome addition to the literature on this interesting movement now established in Holland, Germany and England. The progress through the century of **The Catholic Church in Victoria** is another chapter in the story of the Church "ever old and ever new" (Melbourne: Australian Catholic Truth Society, 5 cents).

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

B. L. C.: Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., missionary and writer, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; founder and spiritual director of The Catholic Unity League; author of *Studies in Church History, The Question Box*, etc.

C. A.: Claire (Mrs. Theddeus J.) Armstrong, artist, lecturer and critic, Port Washington, N. Y.

C. G. F.: Charles G. Fenwick, Ph.D., author and translator, Professor of Political Science, Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pa.; associate editor of *The International Law Journal*; author of *The Neutrality Laws of the United States, Political Systems in Transition*, etc.

C. W. T.: Charles Willis Thompson, author and critic, Scarsdale, N. Y., former editor of the *Review of Books* and political correspondent for the *New York Times*; author of *Presidents I Have Known, The Fiery Epoch*, etc.

G. N. S.: George N. Shuster, M.A., author and educator, Professor of English, St. Joseph's College for Women, Brooklyn; managing editor of *The Commonweal*; author of *The Germans, Strong Man Rules*, etc.

G. T.: Gertrude Tregaser, Ph.D., writer and critic, Port Washington, N. Y.

J. F. B.: Very Rev. Msgr. John F. Brady, rector, Church of St. Francis de Sales, New York City.

J. J. R.: Joseph J. Reilly, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., Professor of English and Librarian, Hunter College, New York City; author of *Masters of Nineteenth Century Prose, Dear Prue's Husband and Other People*, etc.

M. C. M.: Margaret C. Meagher, writer, teacher, musician, Cataloguer of bibliographical works for Art and Society Libraries, Richmond, Va.

R. J. S. H.: Ross J. S. Hoffman, M.A., Ph.D., Professor on the Faculty of History, New York University, New York City; author of *Restoration, Great Britain and the German Trade Rivalry*, etc.

T. C. P.: Rev. Theodore C. Petersen, C.S.P., writer and critic, Professor of Scripture, St. Paul's College, Washington, D. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Negro Intelligence and Selective Migration. By Otto Klineberg. $1.25.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:
Answers and Denials. By G. K. Chesterton. $2.50.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:
The Way of Simplicity. By W. E. Orchard. $2.00.

FARRAR & RINEHART, New York:
Don Segundo Sombra. By Ricardo Guiraldes. Translated by Harriet de Onis. $2.50.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., New York:
Common Sense for Mothers. By Mrs. John S. Reilly. $2.00.

HARPER & BROS., New York:
No Quarter Given. By Paul Horgan. $2.50.

J. J. HICKEY PUBLISHING CO., New York:
The Life and Times of the Late Sir Thomas Lipton. By Officer "787," John J. Hickey, Retired. $3.00.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Living Faith. By Very Rev. Canon Thomas Wright. $3.00. *The Word Incarnate.* By Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J. $1.75. *Catholic Missal Supplement 1935.* By Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P. and Rev. John A. McHugh, O.P. 25 cents.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, New York:
Open the Door! By Wilfred Brandon. Transcribed by Edith Ellis. $2.00. *Road of Ages.* By Robert Nathan. $2.50.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
The Cambridge Ancient History, edited by S. A. Cook, Litt.D., F.B.A.; F. E. Adcock, M.A.; M. P. Charlesworth, M.A. Vol. X. $11.00; *Volume of Plates IV.*, prepared by C. T. Seltman, M.A. $4.00. *Things To Live For.* By Francis Stuart. $2.50.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Jus Gentium Methodo Scientifica Pertractatum. By Christian Wolff. Vol. I.: Photographic Reproduction of Edition of 1764; Introduction by Dr. Ottfried Uppold; Vol. II.: The Translation of the Edition of 1764. By Joseph H. Drake. $10.00.

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK, New York:
Unrolling the Map. By L. Outhwaite. $3.75.

PRENTICE-HALL, INC., New York:
A Survey of Classical Roman Literature. By Dean Putnam Lockwood, Ph.D. Vol. II. $2.50.

SHEED & WARD, New York:
Form in Modern Poetry. By Herbert Read. Essays in Order, No. 11. $1.00. *Values and Reality.* By Leo Ward, C.S.C. $3.00.

WHITTLESEY HOUSE — McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO., New York:
The Art of Leadership. By Ordway Tead. $2.50. *Before the Dawn of History.* By Charles B. Knight. $2.50.

WILLIAM H. WISE & CO., New York:
The Modern Encyclopedia. Edited by A. H. McDannald, B.L. $1.75.

THE STRATFORD CO., Boston:
Why We Feel That Way. By Augustus W. Tretlein, Ph.D. $3.00.

B. HERDER BOOK CO., St. Louis:
The Communion of Saints. By Rev. Valentine Breton, O.F.M. Translated by Rev. R. E. Scantlebury. $1.35. *The Life of Blessed Catherine Labouré.* By Rev. Ernesto Castnari, C.M. $1.35. *Auxiliatrix Informatorum.* By Robert Eaton. 90 cents.

THE KALEIDOGRAPH PRESS, Dallas, TEX.:
Blown Leaves and Petals. By Gertie Stewart Phillips. $1.50.

GARDEN CITY PRESS, Toronto:
Youth and Chastity. By Dr. Tihamer Toth. Edited by Rev. L. W. Forgeaû. Paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.25.

BURNS OATES & WASHBOURNE, London:
The Sacrament of Confirmation. By a Secular Priest. 6 *d.*

AT THE SIGN OF THE THREE CANDLES, Dublin:
Christmas Verse. By Teresa Brayton. 1 *s.* *Red on the Holly.* By Michael Walsh. 1 *s.*

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE ET SES FILS, Paris:
Sortis Spirituels. III. Par R.P. Léonce de Grandmaison. 20 *fr.*

DESCLÉE DE BROUWER ET CIE., Paris:
Standhal. Par Pierre Jourda. Collection "Temps et Visages." 20 *fr.*

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Dans le Secret d'une Ame: Cherubin Marolla. Par R.P. Joseph de Baggiero, Barnabite. 15 *fr.* *Méditations sur divers Sujets.* Œuvres choisies de St. Jean Eudes. II. 30 *fr.*

[redacted] FRÈRES, Paris:
Les Scouts sous terre. Par J. Alain et J. R. Defonse. 7 *fr.*

MAR 4 - 1935

Child Murder as Entertainment

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

March — 1935

•

THE WORLD COURT, A QUEER COURT!

THE MIND OF JOHN LaFARGE

"OLD ST. MARY'S"

THE PENDULUM STARTS BACK

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

Drama - Fiction - Verse - Books - Chronicle

VOL. CXL. - NO. 840 PRICE 40 CENTS

Catholic Unity League

Library List

of

7,500

Books and Pamphlets

A loan mail-order library for members of The Catholic Unity League. Books borrowed at cost of postage only.

•

Catalogue—30c the Copy

•

MEMBERSHIP

Active .....$1.00 a Year
Associate .....$1.00 a Year
Life $100.00

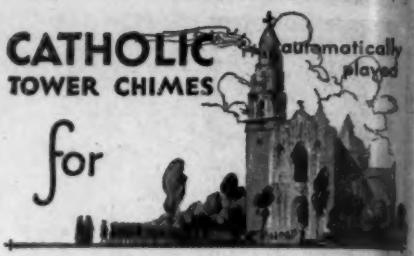
•

Address:

The Catholic Unity League

615 West 147th Street
New York City

CATHOLIC TOWER CHIMES for The Catholic Church



Played automatically or by hand, Deagan Tower Chimes send forth a daily program of beloved Catholic hymns. At the conclusion of each quarter-hour they sound a distinctly Catholic time-peal. Morning, noon and evening they play the Angelus . . . Year in and year out they remind the parish, every day, of the presence of the Church, and the peace and solace to be found within its walls.

A splendid opportunity for men or women of affluence to serve the Church.

Price, $4171 and upward, f.o.b. Chicago. Other tones may be added, as may also the Electric Player.

J. C. DEAGAN, Inc., 282 Deagan Bldg., Chicago

Deagan Tower Chimes

AUTOMATICALLY PLAYED WITH SPECIALLY HAND-RECORDED REPRODUCING ROLL

The Memorial Sublime

Sold Everywhere

Famous for Quality

7-20-4

R.G. SULLIVAN'S

CIGAR

Now 10c

Famous for Quality

Pamphlets

. . . ten new titles with
. . . covers in seven !
. . . lovely colors

You have been created! You exist! You live! Why? What is the purpose of it all? The Catholic Church has the answer and you will find it in

THE FACE THE FACTS SERIES BY

WILFRED HURLEY, C.S.P.

- TITLES -

There Is a God!
Religion Is Reason!
The Pope Is Infallible!
Honor Mary Thy Mother!
Jesus Christ, God and Man!
Jesus Living in the World Today!
Sins Are Forgiven in Confession!
The Catholic Church and the Bible!
One Church Is Not as Good as Another!
The Catholic Church Is the Church of Christ!

5c Each

$4.00 the 100, $35.00 the 1,000
(Carriage extra)
Individual Set, one of each, 60c postpaid

The demand for pamphlets on Catholic teaching that are simply written so that the ordinary mind can grasp the fundamentals of the Church is met in these ten with their very new covers —original paintings reproduced in seven lovely colors.

•

Size 3½" x 6"

•

THE PAULIST PRESS

Publishers

401 West 59th Street ..... New York, N. Y.

The New Paulist Bookrack Now ready for

LENTEN INSTALLATION!

A Few Features:

GLASS PANELS permitting benefit of attractive full cover display.

EIGHTEEN POCKETS including six especially designed for the vest-pocket pamphlet.

COIN BOX as strong and concealed as is possible in a metal rack.

MATERIAL: pressed metal in an olive green finish.

WEIGHT crated for shipment 36 pounds.

Price $12.00
f. o. b. New York

Encourage Catholic reading in your parish by placing a bookrack in YOUR church vestibule

The bookrack is the best known medium for the distribution of the written word, the most effective means of educating Catholics, and of convincing non-Catholics. The pamphlet—cheap, convenient in size, treating one topic authoritatively—unique and unequaled as the best instrument of the written word.

Special Introductory Offer:

One of our new bookracks with an assortment of 200 of our best pamphlets. *Your selection or ours*

Price $18.00
f. o. b. New York

Check must accompany order

THE PAULIST PRESS 401 West 59th Street New York, N. Y.

For eighty-nine years

Estey has supplied organs to Catholic Churches

Whether you are contemplating the installation of a new reed or pipe organ, or the renovation of an old instrument, let us give you the benefit of our long experience.

We shall be pleased to consult with you, and assist you as we may be able without obligating you in any way.

If you are located in the vicinity of New York City, we suggest you communicate with our New York warerooms at 5 West 52nd Street. Otherwise, send your inquiry direct to the home office. Prompt and efficient service is guaranteed.

•

ESTEY ORGAN CORPORATION
Brattleboro, Vermont

THE FIRST LEGION

A Drama of the Society of Jesus

By EMMET LAVERY

The Text of a Play Which Impressed Broadway Audiences Through Fourteen Weeks.

"It will elevate your mind and warm your heart—It may bring tears to your eyes but they will be tears of joy."—*Catholic Theatre White List.*

Price $1.50

SAM'L FRENCH 25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y. 811 W. 7th Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

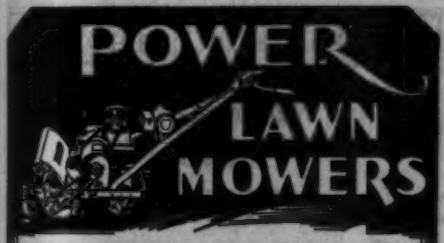
CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN, ECCLESIASTICAL EMBROIDERY

NOTICE

The St. Hilda Guild is now located at

147 EAST 47th STREET
New York, N. Y.

ELdorado 5-1058



SPRING ADVANCES!

WHEN the rigors of Winter cease destroying, restoration of the former beauty of the lawn begins with physical applications aiding Nature in the recovery.

Soil upheavals must be levelled, exposed roots must be protected, soil moisture must be retained, cutting, trimming and collecting the grass must be done. Our roller traction construction furnishes a machine that will do all of these with the extra convenience of riding.

A size and style is made for your lawn.

DEMONSTRATIONS ARRANGED

Descriptive catalog CW-13 sent upon request

COLDWELL LAWN MOWER CO.
NEWBURGH, N.Y.

Recently Published *"The Ideal Sister of Charity"*

MOTHER SETON

By Rev. Joseph B. Code

• The very interesting story of how Mother Seton, frail of body and with faith and love as her only capital, began a work in the hills of Maryland that has spread throughout all America and even to the Orient. Father Code's pamphlet on the work of a truly noble woman should prove an inspiration to many and should be widely distributed today so that many new friends may be won to the canonization cause of Mother Seton. Price is 5c, $3.50 the 100, $30.00 the 1,000 copies.

THE PAULIST PRESS

401 West 59th Street **New York, N. Y.**

To read during Lent

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ACTION

This epoch-making book, a choice of the Catholic Book Club, answers questions you ask or are asked concerning the organization and function of the Catholic Church. It was written after fifteen years of research in collaboration with Julia Kernan. $2.50

AMERICAN JESUITS

James J. Walsh, famous educator and author, has been in close touch with the Jesuits for many years. He writes a thrilling account of their influence on American history and life. A book in which every Catholic will take great pride. $2.50

THE BLESSED FRIEND OF YOUTH

This popular biography by Neil Boyton, S.J., has been revised in honor of the canonization of John Bosco. It is an inspiring book for young and old alike. $1.00

THE LONG ROAD HOME

John Moody, one of the most famous converts of our day, here tells the romantic and significant story of his life and how the great Mother Church of the Christian Faith brought him the inestimable blessing of perfect peace. Now $1.00

THE MAKING OF A PULPIT ORATOR

A practical book on oratory by John A. McClorey, S.J., one of the greatest pulpit orators and radio speakers of our time. $2.00

Famous Catholic Books

The Book of Saints. New edition, revised. Thousands of Catholics cherish this invaluable reference work. $3.00

The Small Missal. In two beautiful editions: cloth, $.90; leather, $2.40. Write for special offer on quantity orders.

The Calvert Series. For the layman and his non-Catholic friends on questions of present-day interest. Each volume $1.00.

The Treasury of the Faith Series. A standard series of pocket-size books written by the finest scholars and leaders of the Catholic Church. Write for prices and further information.

MACMILLAN • NEW YORK

A New Book by

Rev. Joseph McSorley

of the Paulist Fathers

A PRIMER OF PRAYER

CATHOLIC WORLD readers need no introduction to Father McSorley. His new volume teaches the various ways of meditation, practical ways of cultivating recollection and the essential methods of communion and prayer. Beautifully written, this book should be a new inspiration for daily living and thinking. $1.25

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

A BOOK FOR CATHOLICS

PARENT AND CHILD

By

EDGAR SCHMIEDELER, O.S.B., S.T.L., Ph.D.

and

M. ROSA McDONOUGH, Ph.D.

"It is a book for Catholics," says *The Survey of Current Catholic Literature,* "for those who are bringing up their children in the household of the Faith. . . . In its pages Christ and His Blessed Mother and the Saints give their loving advice on every phase of the child's development."

$2.75

D. APPLETON-CENTURY CO.
35 West 32nd Street
New York, N. Y.

Read the lives of these saints and be encouraged to lead a more spiritual life.

SANT' ANGELA *of the* URSULINES

MOTHER FRANCIS D'ASSISI, O.S.A.

An extraordinarily well-told, fictionalized life of the foundress of the Ursuline Order. It reveals her strength of character and her courage, quite as much as her profound spirituality, as she faced the difficult times in which she lived. $1.50

ST. ALBERT *the* GREAT

REV. THOMAS M. SCHWERTNER, O.P.

An individual whose example must inspire men of today to greater intellectual as well as spiritual pursuits. He was an authority in many fields of learning, but he was first and foremost a saint. $3.00

THOMAS MORE

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

An intensely vivid, realistic, and critical study of the life and works of Thomas More. Here will be found not only a fresh and important interpretation of More's well-known "Utopia," but sharp, analytical surveys of his spiritual works as well. $2.25

• • • • • • • • • •

BRUCE-MILWAUKEE: Please send me, *free*, a copy of your 1935 catalog of Catholic books.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

BOOKS FOR LENTEN READING

Following Christ through the Mass

REV. BERNARD C. LOEHER

An explanation of the mystical meaning of the ceremonies of the Mass. This book will be a helpful guide for the promotion of closer association between the Mass and the life of Christ. 75 cents

Marvels of Grace

REV. VICTOR MANY, S.S.

Translated by REV. ALBERT D. TALBOT, S.S.

A beautifully written presentation of one of the most fundamental and consoling doctrines of the Christian system—the indwelling of God in the soul purified by grace. $1.00

The Spiritual Legacy of Newman

REV. WILLIAM R. LAMBE, S.M.

The key to Newman's idea of the spiritual life, culled from his sermons and his writings, and teaching priceless lesson in personal sanctification. $2.00

Christian Life and Worship

REV. GERALD ELLARD, S.J.

A magnificent study of the liturgy, rich in authentic details from ancient sources and inspiring in its plea for a return to the sacrificial-mindedness of the early Church. $2.50

BRUCE-MILWAUKEE

EASTER IN ROME

sail March 30 with

MONSIGNOR J. B. O'REILLY

EASTER SUNDAY IN ROME, a whole week in the Eternal City crowned by an audience with the Holy Father. Monsignor James B. O'Reilly, Ph.D., National Director of Catholic Near East Welfare Association, whose work takes him to Rome every year will be with us and give us the benefits of his intimate knowledge of the Holy City. Springtime tour of Italy, France and the Mediterranean; journeys to the Shrines of St. Anthony of Padua, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Catherine of Siena, on this congenial Catholic pilgrimage to seven countries and islands. Your ship, the super-luxurious liner *S. S. REX*. Personal travel management of T. J. MCGUIRE, Vice-President of the JAMES BORING COMPANY.

Sailing from New York March 30

40 Days—$420

All Inclusive Rate

Since only so many may join this special Catholic group under the personal and spiritual direction of Monsignor O'Reilly and have the wonderful opportunity of spending Easter in Rome, you must act promptly. Illustrated literature and reservations at your travel agent or write

JAMES BORING CO. INC.

642 - 5th Ave., N. Y. Tel. ELdorado 5-6670
333 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Hear the Catholic Hour

Sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Men, in co-operation with the National Broadcasting Company

•

Thirty Minutes of Instruction and Enjoyment

Addresses on Subjects of Supreme Importance by Catholic Scholars of Distinction—Sacred Music of the Masters, sung by the Paulist Choristers and other vocalists of note. Instrumental music of highest quality.

One of Radio's Finest Offerings

These programs are broadcast by forty-six Stations of the National Broadcasting Company's Red Network every Sunday evening, 6 to 6:30 o'clock, Eastern Standard time.

Your Station would like to have your opinion of the Catholic Hour —and we should like to have your moral and material support for it.

Help to Assure Its Permanence

•

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CATHOLIC MEN

1312 Massachusetts Avenue
Washington, D. C.

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

A carefully selected list of representative Catholic Schools

College of Notre Dame of Maryland

Affiliated with the Catholic University of America. Registered by the University of the State of New York and by the Maryland State Board of Education. Accredited by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. Member of American Council on Education.

CHARLES STREET AVENUE, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

A CATHOLIC Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Address Registrar

Notre Dame Preparatory School

Resident and day pupils
Address Secretary

REGIS COLLEGE

WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A Catholic institution for the higher education of women. Incorporated under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts with full power to confer degrees. Standard courses leading to the degrees, Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science (curricula in Household Economics and in Secretarial Science). Affiliated to the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Listed as a standard College by the National Catholic Educational Association. Degrees "fully approved" by the University of the State of New York. Holds membership in The New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, The Association of American Colleges, The American Council of Education.

Conducted by the Sisters of Saint Joseph

For Catalogue, address: THE REGISTRAR

School Life at Canterbury

is an illustrated booklet of interest to parents who are planning to give their boys the scholastic and cultural advantages of a leading New England preparatory school, and who are concerned about bringing them up in the Catholic Faith. A copy will be mailed upon request. Address: Dr. Nelson Hume, Headmaster, Canterbury School, New Milford, Conn.

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

ROSEMONT, PA.

Catholic College for the Higher Education of Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus.

Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts and Science.

For resident and non-resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Fully accredited *Junior Year Abroad*

Telephone Bryn Mawr 14

Address REGISTRAR

Mount Mary College

A Catholic College for Women

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Conducted by The School Sisters of Notre Dame

Edward A. Fitzpatrick, Ph.D., LL.D., President

For information address the Office of Registry

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE

For Women

4928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy

Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art

Autumn, Winter and Spring Quarters Summer Term

TEACHERS' PROMOTIONAL CREDIT CLASSES

Send for Announcement

TRINITY COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

A Junior and Senior High School for Resident and Day Pupils

Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur on the property of the former Donaldson School, ILCHESTER, MARYLAND.

Easily accessible from Baltimore and from Washington, the Trinity College Preparatory School is well equipped with spacious grounds and buildings, and offers a course of studies in accordance with the College Entrance Board and the Catholic University requirements. Apply to:

THE SISTER SUPERIOR
Trinity College Preparatory School
Ilchester, Maryland

NAZARETH COLLEGE

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Arts, Science, Secretarial
Social Service

Address DEAN

SETON HILL COLLEGE

GREENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

B.A.—Major may be chosen among 12 departments of studies. B.M.—Artist courses, 4 options. Teacher Training in Public School Music. B.S. in Home Economics—Five options including vocational home economics.

Women from 37 States and 11 foreign countries

SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS COLLEGE

Accredited standard college. Courses leading to Bachelor Degrees. These include, among others, Home Economics, Library Science, Journalism, Music, and Art; teacher's certificate in education. Well-equipped buildings, up-to-date library and laboratories. All sports.

Write for the catalog.

Box 14, Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind.

IMMACULATE HEART ACADEMY

Fountain Springs (Ashland P. O.), Pa.

Conducted by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Ideal location in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, Schuylkill County. Healthful surroundings with doctor's endorsement.

Accredited High School and College Preparatory. Grammar School and Commercial Departments.

For Prospectus Address SISTER DIRECTRESS

ST. VINCENT ACADEMY

226 West Market Street, Newark, N. J.

A standard High School and Preparatory Department conducted by the Sisters of Charity. The Academy is affiliated with the College of St. Elizabeth and accredited by the New Jersey State Board of Education. Excellent advantages in music and art. Resident and day pupils.

Address MOTHER SUPERIOR

A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women

College of Mount St. Vincent on Hudson

City of New York

BOARDERS AND DAY STUDENTS

Location Unsurpassed for Convenience, Healthfulness and Beauty. One-half Hour from Grand Central Station

COLLEGE—Four Year Courses leading to the Degree of B. A. or B. S.

Courses in Pedagogy, Journalism and Secretarial Work open to Junior and Senior Students.

Write for Prospectus

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

ACADEMY MOUNT ST. VINCENT ON HUDSON

CITY OF NEW YORK

The Brothers of Mercy

of St. John of God, who care for and nurse male patients, both in hospitals and in private homes, are seeking candidates. Young men, between the ages of 17 and 37, who feel themselves called to this noble work, will please apply to the

NOVICE MASTER
BROTHERS OF MERCY
49 Cottage Street Buffalo, N. Y.

TRINITY COLLEGE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

An Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Incorporated in 1897 under the Laws of the District of Columbia with full powers to confer Collegiate Degrees, and registered by the University of the State of New York. Ranked in the first class by the United States Commissioner of Education. Affiliated to the Catholic University of America, and has professors from that University. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur.

For particulars, address the Secretary of the College

COLLEGE MISERICORDIA

DALLAS, PENNSYLVANIA

An Institution for the higher education of women. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy of the Union. Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer degrees:

B.S. in General Home Economics
A.B., B.S., B. Mus.

ADDRESS THE REGISTRAR

Mount St. Dominic Academy

CALDWELL, NEW JERSEY

Boarding and Day School for Girls

Primary, Grammar, High School, Music and Art, Prepares for College and Normal School, State and Catholic University Affiliation.

◆

50 Minutes from New York
Telephone: CAldwell 6-0569

ADDRESS: SISTER DIRECTRESS

Mt. St. Mary-on-the-Hudson

Newburgh, N. Y.

emphasizes character and health in a truly Catholic atmosphere.

Chartered by the University of the State of New York, this school offers in a cultured environment standard courses of study and exceptional direction in music and art.

Modern Gothic fireproof buildings; sixty-five acre campus overlooking the Hudson; gymnasium; athletic field.

Kindergarten; grades first to twelfth.

Illustrated Booklet
SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

A Catholic College for Women

Registered by the University of the State of New York

Membership in Leading Educational Associations

BACHELOR OF ARTS
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE
PEDAGOGY
SECRETARIAL COURSE

Beautiful location. Forty minutes from New York

EXTENSIVE CAMPUS ATHLETIC FIELD

THE QUESTION BOX REV. BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

From Creation to this, our day—a scholarly missioner answers one thousand questions on the Church with statements of Catholic doctrine and its reasonableness that are clear, frank, complete and convincing. 480 pages.

De Luxe Edition, $2.50
Paper, 50c; $35.00 the 100 Cloth, $1.00

THE PAULIST PRESS 401 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y.

College of Saint Teresa

WINONA, MINNESOTA

For the Higher Education of Catholic Women

Registered for Teachers' License by the New York Board of Regents. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Holds membership in the North Central Association of Colleges. Standard courses in Arts and Science, leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Science in Nursing.

A Standard Conservatory of Music
Attendance Exclusively Collegiate

ADDRESS THE SECRETARY

College of St. Elizabeth

A Catholic college for women, fully accredited, offering A.B. and B.S. degrees. Courses in teacher training and home economics. Beautiful 400 acre campus, one hour from New York. Attractive modern residence halls. All indoor and outdoor sports and social activities.

For Catalogue and View Book write
DEAN, 44 CONVENT STATION, N. J.

CLARKE COLLEGE

Formerly Mount St. Joseph College
DUBUQUE, IOWA

A standard college for the higher education of Women. Conducted by the Sisters of Charity, B. V. M. Accredited by the Catholic Educational Association. Membership in the Association of American Colleges and in the North Central Association. Approved for First Grade State Certificates by the Iowa Board of Education. THOROUGH MODERN EQUIPMENT. IDEAL LOCATION.

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS AND SCIENCES
Conservatories of Music and Art
Home Economics Physical Training
Address: Office of the Dean

Villa Augustina

GOFFSTOWN, N. H.
Location Ideal

Resident School for GIRLS

Conducted by Religious of Jesus and Mary
Unusual Advantages in French Language
Standard High School
Music, Art and Domestic Science
Business and Preparatory Courses
The many outdoor sports on extensive grounds are attractive features of the place

THE GUEST HOUSE

ready for occupancy, offers a restful resort for ladies during the Summer Season. Rooms and Board are at current terms per week.

Address to REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR

MOUNT SAINT MARY COLLEGE

HOOKSETT, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Ideally located among the pines, several hundred feet above sea level, commanding an extensive view of the adjacent country, including the beautiful Merrimack River and the peaks of the Uncanoonuc Mountains. This institution is incorporated under the laws of the State of New Hampshire with power to confer Degrees in Arts and Sciences. Resident and non-resident students.

Address, SISTERS OF MERCY

Mount St. Mary's Academy

NORTH PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Select Boarding School for Young Ladies

CONDUCTED BY
SISTERS OF MERCY

Preparatory to Georgian Court College
Lakewood, N. J.

UNITED STATES Secretarial Schools

THIRTY-THIRD YEAR
ENROLL NOW FOR SPRING TERM
527 Fifth Ave., at 44th St. New York, N. Y.
"Two short blocks from Grand Central"

An exclusive school devoted to
Secretarial and Business Training.

Day and Evening Classes. *Conducted under the supervision of the Estate of the late Prof. John Prescit Mangher, formerly of Cathedral College, New York City, and the school's previous Director.* Call, write or phone for catalog P.
Irving Edgar Chase, Director, VAnderbilt 3-2474
Registered by the Board of Regents University of the State of New York

CONCEPTION COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

A Boarding High School and College

Conducted by the Benedictine Fathers at Conception, Mo.

An Ideal School for Catholic Young Men

RATES VERY REASONABLE
FOR CATALOG APPLY TO
THE REVEREND RECTOR

Advertisers

appealing to the quality market will find

The Catholic World

productive in direct sales and dealer co-operation at a rate reasonably low for a quality magazine.

PUBLICATION OFFICE
401 West 59th Street
New York City

Special Classroom Rates

on

The Catholic World

To any school ordering ten or more copies of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MONTHLY, for use in conjunction with classroom work, the special rate of 25c a copy will be extended, and with every ten ordered a complimentary copy will be included for the use of the teacher.

Enter your institution on the Educational List of THE CATHOLIC WORLD for the new semester. Each number will contain:

Masterly Editorials, Articles on matters of vital concern and of special interest, Poetry, Stories, Dramatic Criticisms, Current News Events, Book Reviews.

For the Seminary, the College, the High School

ORDER BLANK

DATE.....

THE CATHOLIC WORLD,
401 West 59th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me each month in bulk, until further notice, carriage prepaid _____ copies of THE CATHOLIC WORLD *for school use, beginning with the issue of _____. I shall remit at the rate of 25c per copy on receipt of your monthly statements.*

NAME _____

SCHOOL _____

STREET _____

CITY AND STATE _____

Four Great Encyclicals

LABOR - EDUCATION - MARRIAGE
RECONSTRUCTING THE SOCIAL ORDER

ALL IN ONE BOOK

A joint publication of the four great Papal documents: Pope Pius XI on Reconstructing the Social Order, Pope Pius XI on Christian Marriage, Pope Pius XI on Christian Education of Youth, Pope Leo XIII on The Condition of Labor.

Excellent as a school textbook or as a reference book for use in conjunction with the program of the parish study club.

25 Cents the Copy—$15.00 the 100

Quadragesimo Anno

The Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on Reconstructing the Social Order

An essential publication for those studying Catholic principles as applied to economic problems.

5 Cents the Copy
$3.50 the 100—$30.00 the 1,000

Carriage Extra on All Orders

THE PAULIST PRESS

401 WEST 59th STREET **NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Nearly a million copies of the old edition sold!

Plain Facts *for* Fair Minds

V. REV. GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

New Edition

The creed of the Catholic Church set forth point by point in a comparison of the Catholic idea of Christianity with the usual Protestant Theory basing religion on the Bible alone.

An explanation of how the Catholic religion, while thoroughly in accordance with Scripture and based on it, also agrees with reason and common sense, and has nothing to fear from the discoveries or legitimate conclusions of science but satisfies the demands of the intellect, as well as the needs of the soul.

◆

256 pages

Paper bound, 50c Cloth bound, $1.00

Carriage extra

◆

Published by

THE PAULIST PRESS

401 West 59th Street New York, N. Y.

A subscriber writes:

"After reading your excellent monthly for over a year, I am sending in my renewal. I consider a source of information and news such as yours well nigh indispensable . . . . I impatiently await each new number and read it thoroughly from beginning to end."

THE CATHOLIC WORLD
401 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to THE CATHOLIC WORLD for one year, to start with your next issue. I enclose $4.00.

Name _____

Address _____

DOMESTIC $4.00 CANADA $4.50 FOREIGN $5.00

Father Conway's Books

STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY

$1.25. Postage, 10 cents extra

These essays discuss in popular fashion such questions as: Did not monasticism arise from the cults of paganism? Did Jesus really found a Church? Was not the Episcopate a human institution? Was not the early Church democratic? Were not the early Christians communists? Was there ever a female Pope? Are not Catholics afraid to publish all the documents relating to the Council of Trent?

THE INQUISITION

By E. VACANDARD

Translated from the French

Paper, 75 cents. Postage, 10 cents extra

This able work treats of the origin and development of the coercive power of the Catholic Church in matters of faith. The facts are set forth clearly and honestly, because the author holds with Cardinal Newman that the course of the Church is always helped by a frank facing of the unpleasant facts of Church History.

THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY

Translated from the French.

Paper, 35 cents. Postage, 10 cents extra

These seven Conferences of Msgr. d'Hulst, Rector of the University of Paris, give in brief outline the Catholic doctrine on the sacrament of matrimony.

THE QUESTION BOX

New Edition, cloth, $1.00. Paper, 50 cents

Postage, 10 cents extra

This volume answers 1,000 questions asked by inquirers through the medium of the Question Box on Missions to non-Catholics. 2,437,000 copies have been sold.

PAMPHLETS

The Condemnation of Galileo; St. Bartholomew's Day; Confession of Sins a Divine Institution; The False Decretals; Birth Control; Why Priests Do Not Marry; The Church and Eugenics; Is There a God?; Is There a True Religion?

Price: 5 cents; $3.50 per 100; $30.00 per 1,000

Carriage Extra

THE PAULIST PRESS, 401 West 59th Street, New York City

BOOKS WORTH READING

EUROPE AND THE FAITH

By **HILAIRE BELLOC**

A brilliant student and original thinker sketches the nature of the Roman Empire and of the Catholic Church within the empire before that civilization in its maturity accepted the Faith; lays before the reader the transformation and material decline which has erroneously been called "The Fall" of the Roman Empire; presents a picture of what society must have seemed to an onlooker just after the crisis of that transformation from Pagan to Christian times and proves how the acceptation of the Faith preserved the Roman Empire when in the fourth and fifth centuries it was in peril of full decay. He then carries one from the Dark Ages to the Middle Ages through the supreme test and temptation of the fifteenth century showing Ireland alone of those nations which the Roman Empire had not bred, preserving through the Reformation, the continuity of Christian tradition. In conclusion, he states:

> "Europe must return to the Faith, or she will perish—for we have reached as the final result of that catastrophe three hundred years ago, a state of society which cannot endure and a dissolution of standards, a melting of the spiritual framework, such that the body politic fails."

A book for all who reverence candor in history by one who has advanced the cause of truth by dealing vital blows to sham scholarship.

$1.60 postpaid

CHRIST in the CHRISTIAN LIFE

By **REV. JOHN J. BURKE, C.S.P.**

- A book of mystical theology, simple and profound. The plan of the author has been to study with a loving devotion to the scriptural text, St. Paul's own method in dealing with that which was the central burden of his teaching, Christ in the Christian life.
- A translation from the French by Rev. J. Duperray.

$1.10 postpaid

CHRISTIANITY and CIVILIZATION

By **REV. JAMES M. GILLIS, C.S.P.**

- A splendid book showing how the virtues which lie at the very foundation of our civilization are the genuine offspring and development of Christianity. The Catholic reader will find himself prouder than ever of the glory of his heritage.
- A reprint of one series of radio talks over the "Catholic Hour."

$1.10 postpaid

THE PAULIST PRESS **401 West 59th Street** **New York, N. Y.**